THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Weekly
Geo. J. F

Volume 197, Number 25

5c. DEC. 20, '24

Brigadier General Mitchell—Captain Moses—P. G. Wodehouse—Josephine Daskam Bacon
Mary Brecht Pulver—Frank Condon—Richard Washburn Child—Hugh MacNair Kahler

Only the genuine Zipper has the name Hookless Fastener on the tab . . .

' ' '

Protect Your Feet *with this* Stylish Boot

The Zipper Boot is a marvel of comfort and smartness. It is worn right over your shoes or slippers. On and off in a jiffy ' ' ' nothing to button, hook, lace or tie.

The Hookless Fastener ' ' ' exclusive on Zipper footwear ' ' ' does the trick. A little pull of the tab and ZIP! ' ' ' it opens wide or locks snug and tight.

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THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY
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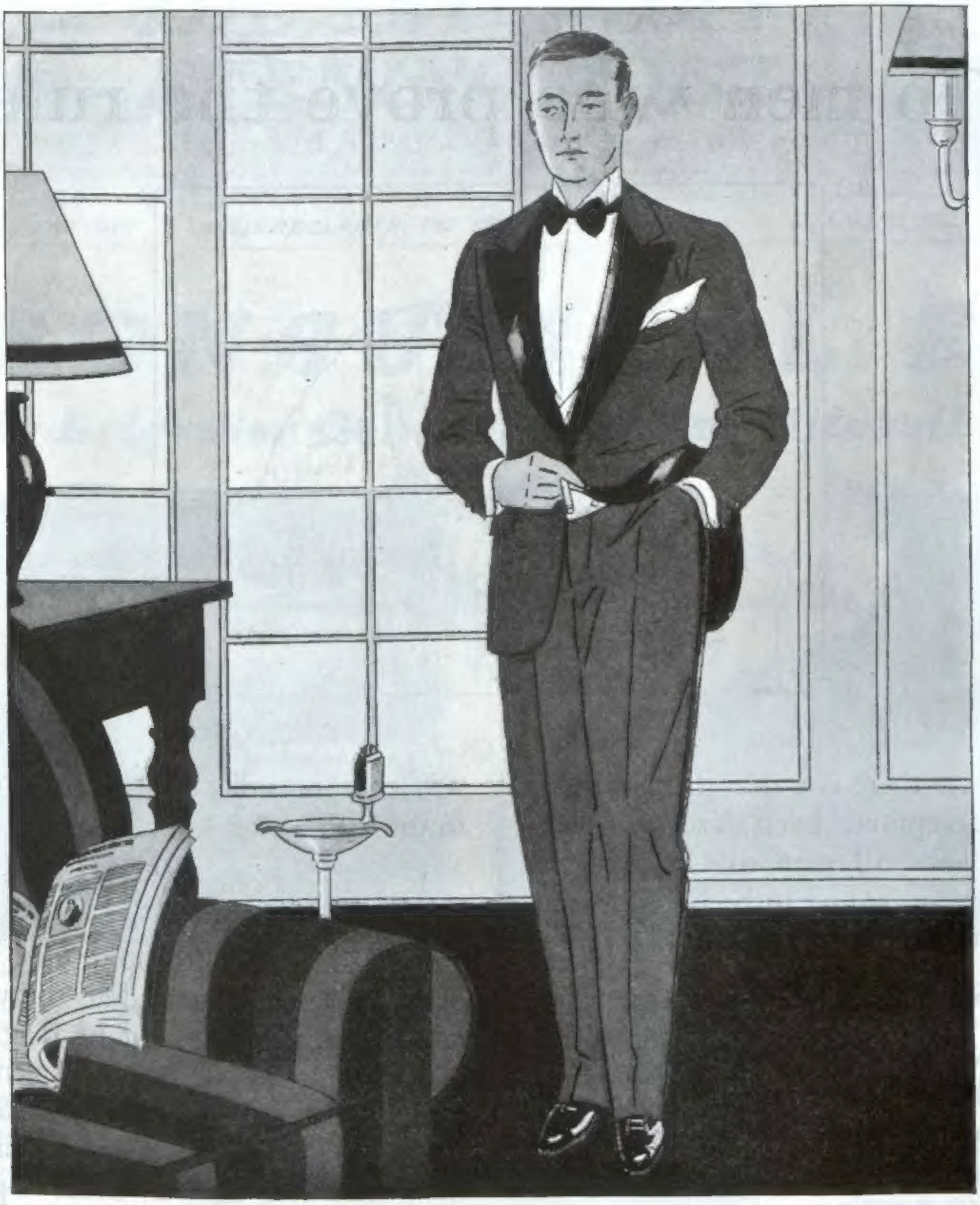
Nothing to Button, Hook, Lace or Tie

IT'S THE CUT OF YOUR CLOTHES THAT COUNTS



Correct Semi-Formal Wear The general preference of well dressed men for loose, easy clothes has greatly influenced the cut of the correct dinner coat. It is easier fitting; but, as always, every line and every fold must give the effect of faultless tailoring. This effect, much desired, is shown perfectly in the Society Brand dinner suit.

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FOR YOUNG MEN AND MEN WHO STAY YOUNG

ALFRED DECKER & COHN, MAKERS · CHICAGO · NEW YORK
In Canada: SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES LIMITED, MONTREAL

To men who prove the rule

Where there is a rule, there is always an exception. Even to such a general rule as "All men use Ivory Soap", there are bound to be occasional exceptions.

Sir, are *you* one of these exceptions?

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IVORY SOAP

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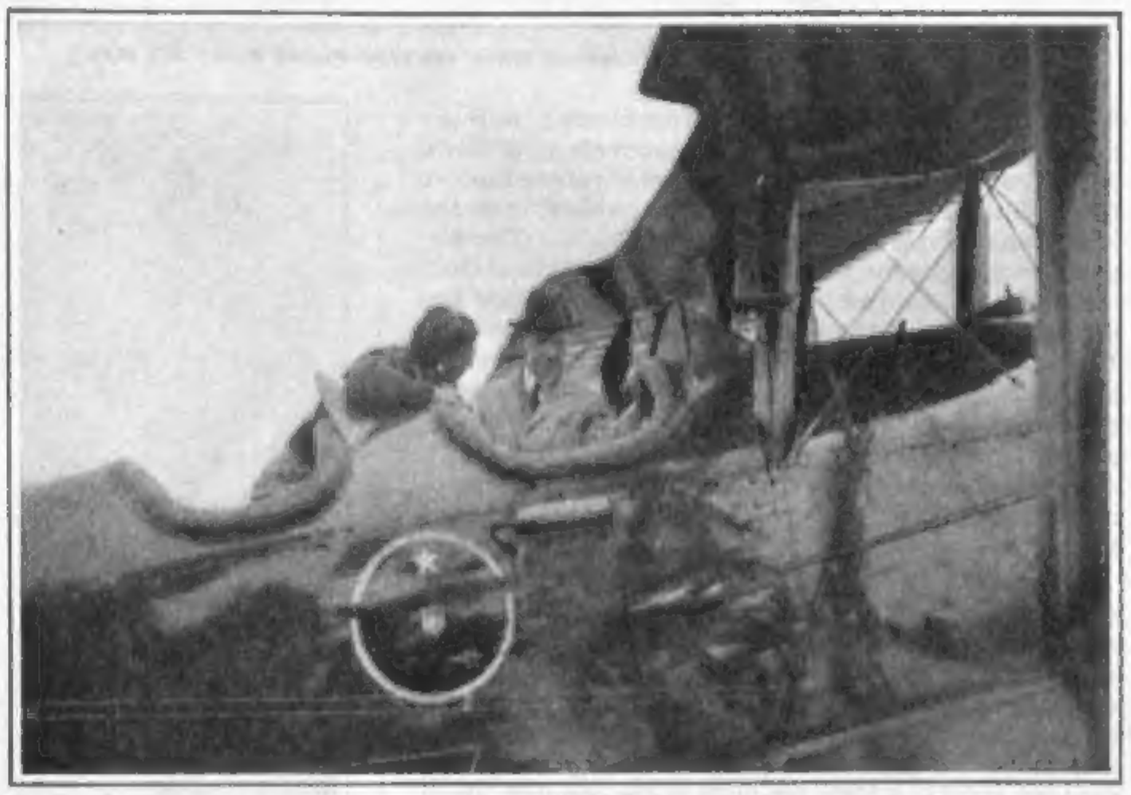
AËRONAUTICAL ERA

By Brigadier General William Mitchell

ASSISTANT CHIEF OF AIR SERVICE

PHOTOS. BY U. S. ARMY AIR SERVICE, FIFTH PHOTO. SECTION

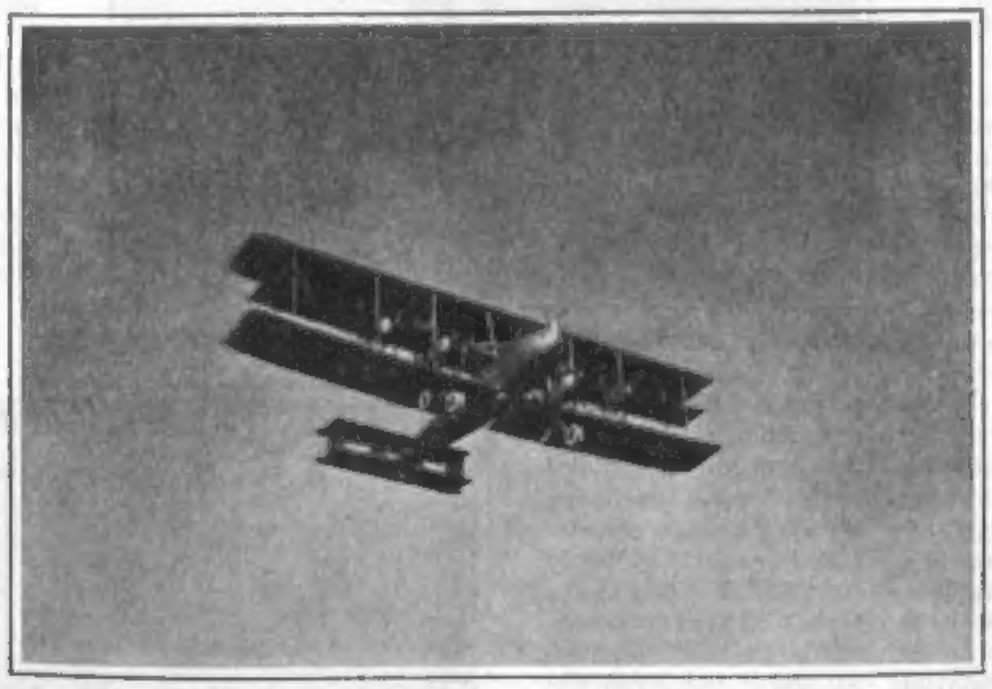
Brigadier General Mitchell Standing Beside a Pursuit Plane



President Coolidge Inspecting the Equipment in General Mitchell's Airplane

THE world stands on the threshold of the aëronautical era. During this epoch the destinies of all people will be controlled through the air. Our ancestors passed through the continental era, when they consolidated their power on land and developed their means of communication and intercourse over the land or close to it on the seacoast. Then came the era of the great navigators and the competition for the great sea lanes of power, commerce and communication, which were hitched up and harnessed to the land powers created in the continental era. Now the competition will be for the possession of the unhampered right to traverse and control the most vast, the most important and the farthest-reaching element of the earth, the air, the atmosphere that surrounds us all, that we breathe, live by, and which permeates everything.

Air power has come to stay. But what, it may be asked, is air power? Air power is the ability to do something in or through the air, and, as the air covers the whole world, aircraft are able to go anywhere on the planet. They are not dependent on the water as a means of sustentation or on the land to keep them up. Mountains, deserts, oceans, rivers and forests offer no obstacles. In a trice, aircraft have set aside all ideas of frontiers. The whole country now becomes the frontier and, in case of war, one place is just as exposed to attack as another place.



The Barling Bomber, the Largest Practical Machine in the United States

The New Armament of the Air

AIRCRAFT move hundreds of miles in an incredibly short space of time, so that even if aircraft are reported as coming into a country across its frontiers, there is no telling where they are going to strike. Wherever an object can be seen from the air, aircraft are able to hit it with their guns, bombs and other weapons. Cities and towns, railway lines and canals cannot be hidden. Not only is this the case on land; it is even more the case on the water, because on the water no object can be concealed unless it dives beneath the surface. Surface seacraft cannot hide; there are no forests, mountains or valleys to conceal them. They stand boldly out on the top of the water.

Aircraft possess the greatest weapons ever devised by man. They carry not only guns and cannon but heavy missiles that utilize the force of gravity for their propulsion and can cause more destruction than any other weapon. One of these great bombs hitting a battleship will completely destroy it. Think of what this means to the future systems of national defense. As battleships are the hardest structures to destroy, imagine how much easier it is to sink all other vessels. Aëronautical siege may be laid against a country now so as to prevent any communications with it, ingress or egress, on the surface of the water or even along railways or roads. In case of an insular power which is entirely dependent on its sea lanes of commerce for existence, an air siege of this kind would starve it into submission in a short time.

Defenseless Land Forces

ON THE other hand, an attempt to transport large bodies of troops, munitions and supplies across a great stretch of ocean by seacraft, as was done during the World War, from the United States to Europe, would be an impossibility. At that time aircraft were able to go only 100 miles before replenishing their fuel; now they can go 1000 miles and carry weapons which were hardly dreamed of in the World War. For attacking cities that are producing great quantities of war munitions that are necessary for the maintenance of an enemy army and country in case of war, the air force offers an entirely new method of subduing them. Heretofore, to reach the heart of a country and gain victory in war, the land armies always had to be defeated in the field and a long process of successive military advances made against it. Broken railroad lines, blown-up bridges and destroyed roads necessitated months of hardships, the loss of thousands of lives and untold wealth to accomplish. Now an attack from an air force using explosive bombs and tear gas may cause the complete evacuation and cessation of industry in these places. This would deprive armies, air forces and navies, even, of their means of maintenance. More than that, aërial torpedoes, which are really airplanes kept on their course by gyroscopic instruments and wireless telegraphy, with no pilots on board, can be directed for more than 100 miles in a sufficiently accurate way to hit great cities. So that in future the mere threat of bombing a town by an air force will cause it to be evacuated and all work in munitions and supply factories to be stopped.

A new set of rules for the conduct of war will have to be devised and a whole new set of ideas of strategy will have to be learned by those charged with the conduct of war. No longer is the making of war gauged merely by land and naval forces. Both these

PHOTOS, BY U. S. ARMY AIR SERVICE, 50TH PHOTO. SECTION

The U. S. S. Virginia as She Appeared When the 1100-Pound Bomb Hit Her

old well-understood theaters of conducting war are affected by air power, which operates over both of them. Already we have an entirely new class of people that we may call the air-going people as distinguished from the land-going people and the seagoing people. The air-going people have a spirit, language and customs of their own. These are just as different from those on the ground as those of the seamen are from the landsmen. In fact they are much more so, because our seagoing and land-going communities have been with us from the inception of time and everybody knows something about them, whereas the air-going people form such a new class that only those engaged in its actual development and the younger generation appreciate what it means.

The airmen fly over the country in all directions constantly; winter and summer they go, as well by night as by day. The average dweller on the earth never knows that above him aircraft in the United States are speeding between the Atlantic and the Pacific, and from the northern frontier to the southern frontier, on regular scheduled trips. The pilots of these planes, from vantage points on high, see more of the country, know more about it, and appreciate more what the country means to them than any other class of persons.

Things That Airmen See

TAKE, for instance, a trip from the East Coast out to the Middle States, accomplished in four or five hours. One starts in the morning from the Atlantic. Looking out across it for miles along the coast, the shipping coming from Europe can be plainly seen entering the harbors. Back from the coast itself stretch the industrial cities with their great factories, pushing out to the West; numberless steel lines of railways searching for the gaps in the mountains to take them through to the Middle States; past the strip of cities with their heavy populations; then the small farms straggling into the Alleghany Mountains, with the white roads growing fewer and fewer as the Blue Ridge Mountains are approached. Once into the Alleghanies the utter lack of development makes itself evident at once; as far as the eye can reach there is scarcely a habitation, a road or a clearing. Many of the inhabitants, deprived of the means of communication, have grown to be ignorant and superstitious, although probably the purest Americans in the whole country. The people inhabiting certain of our mountainous districts are the least educated, most densely ignorant and untaught.

Across the Alleghanies, we reach the rich lands of the Middle States. The great farms seem to crowd themselves against one another in order to produce the largest crops. The country is traversed by well-made roads, railroads, electric-power lines, telegraph and telephones. Bright clean cities are dotted with splendid schools, fine public works, parks and hospitals. The development of the animal industry is tremendous; cattle, pigs and sheep are in abundance; while interspersed in this great agricultural country, we still find great cities with high chimneys which belch black smoke and indicate the presence of great factories.

All the people speak one language. All of them are educated, well clothed and healthy. There is no country like it in the world. The form of government satisfies them and they are constantly developing.

Within a few hours more the airplane can traverse the whole country to the Pacific Coast. No other class of men appreciate their country or know so much about it as the air-going fraternity.

The absorbing interest in this new development is so great that the youth of the country everywhere are being inspired to make this their specialty. Bold spirits that before wanted to go down to the sea in ships, now want to go into the air in planes.

The air force has ceased to remain a mere auxiliary service for the purpose of assisting an army or navy in the execution of its task. The air force rises into the air in great masses of airplanes. Future contests will see hundreds of them in one formation. They fight in line, they have their own weapons and their own way of using them, special means of communication, of signaling and of attacking. Armies on the ground or ships on the water have always fought on one surface because they could not get off it. The air force fights in three dimensions—on the level, from up above and from underneath. Every air attack on other aircraft is based on the theory of surrounding the enemy in the middle of a sphere, with all our own airplanes around the whole periphery shooting at it.

If we attack a city or locality, we send airplanes over it at various altitudes, from 200 or 300 feet up to 30,000, all attacking at once, so that if any means of defense were devised which could hit airplanes or cause them to be destroyed from the ground, the efforts at defense would be completely nullified, because the defenders could neither see, hear nor feel all of them. No missile-throwing weapons or any other devices have yet been created or thought of which can actually stop an air attack, so that the only defense against aircraft is other aircraft which will contest with them for the supremacy of the air by air battles. Great contests for control of the air will be the rule in the future. Once supremacy of the air has been established, airplanes can fly over a hostile country at will.

How can hostile air forces be forced to fight, it may be asked, if they do not desire to leave the ground? The air strategist answers, "By finding a location of such importance to the enemy that he must defend it against a bombardment attack by airplanes." Such a place as New York, for instance, would have to be defended if attacked by hostile bombers; and as no antiaircraft guns or other efforts from the ground alone would be of any particular avail, aircraft would have to be concentrated for its defense and a succession of great air battles would result. Putting an opponent on the defensive in the air is much more valuable comparatively than putting him on the defensive on the ground. Armies may dig trenches, live in them, or sit around in them waiting for an enemy to attack them. This cannot be done in the air, for airplanes have to return to the ground periodically for refueling, consequently, not more than about one-third of an air force can be kept constantly in the air. If airplanes are not in the air when the hostile air force appears, they will have no effect on it, because they cannot rise to a great altitude and catch it. So that in the future the country that is ready with its air force and jumps on its opponent at once will bring about a speedy and lasting victory.

A 4000-Pound Bomb, Containing About 2200 Pounds of TNT

Three Classes of Countries

ONCE an air force has been destroyed it is almost impossible to build it up after hostilities commence, because all the places capable of building aircraft will be bombed and all the big air stations that train pilots and flyers will be destroyed. Even if the country on the defensive is able to create small parcels of aviation, they will be destroyed in detail, one after the other, by the victorious air force which not only has control of the air but is protecting its own interior cities that manufacture and turn out their equipment, airplanes and supplies.

From an aëronautical standpoint there are three different classes of countries. First, those which are composed of islands, subject to air attack from the coast of a continent. In this case the insular country must completely dominate the air if it wishes to use an army against its neighbors, so as to be able to transport and land it on the shores of the continent. If its opponents on the continent control the air, they can cut off all the insular country's supplies that come over the seas; they can bomb its ports and its interior cities and, with their air force alone, bring the war to a close.

The second class of country is the one that has a land frontier directly facing and joining its opponent, and is partially self-sustaining and partially dependent on food and supplies from outside, either by railways, by sea or by air. In this case there is a possibility that armies might come into hostile contact if the air forces did not act quickly enough. Even then if the air force of one or the other was ready at the start of the war, all

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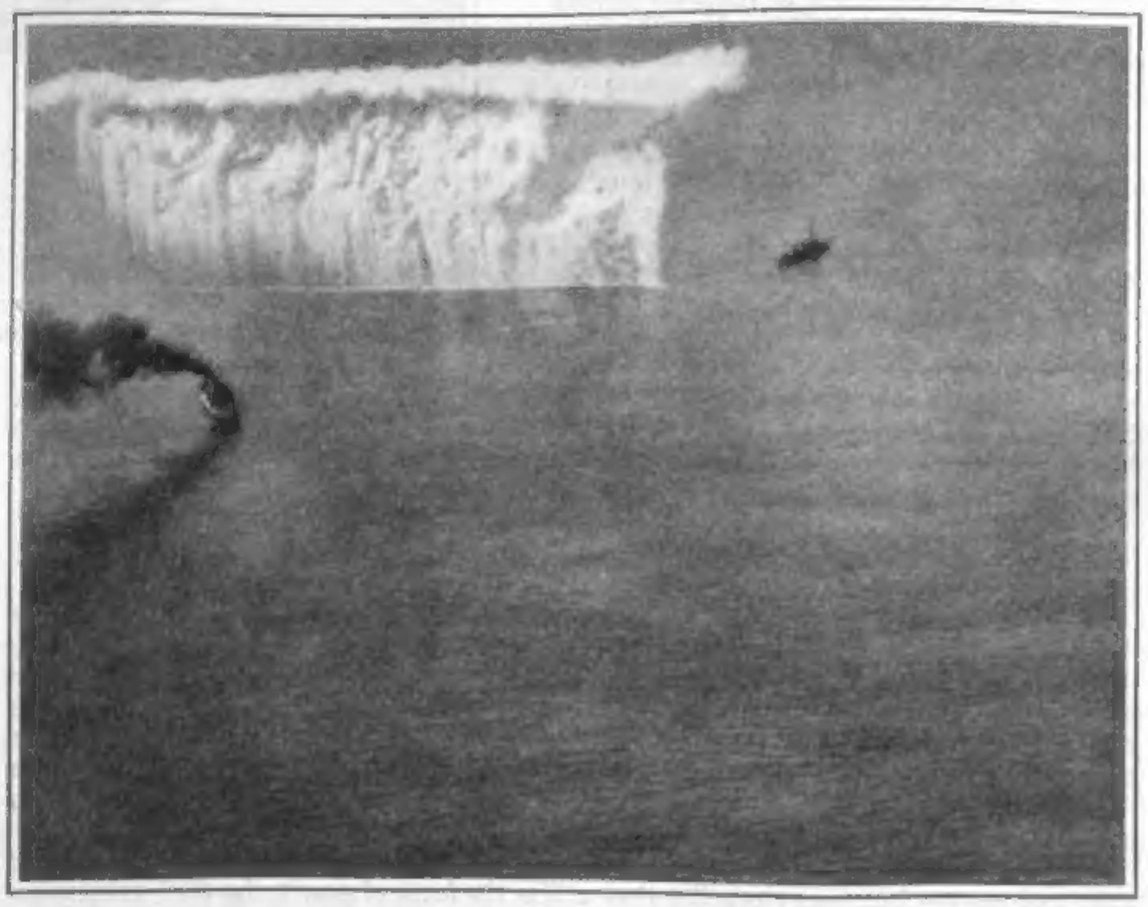


A Smoke or Gas Curtain Being Laid to Cover a Warship

LIFE ON THE SHENANDOAH

By Captain Stanford E. Moses, U. S. Navy

Commander Aircraft Squadrons, Battle Fleet

AUTHOR'S NOTE—The Indian name Shenandoah means "Daughter of the Stars." The Navy's first great rigid airship Shenandoah is so distinctively an American product that she might be called the "Daughter of the Stars and Stripes." She is essentially different from the German-built ZR-3.

The old American sailing ship Shenandoah, built at Bath, Maine, was one of the finest of that peerless fleet of Yankee clipper ships which flew the Stars and Stripes in triumph around the world. The new Shenandoah may be a forerunner of great naval and commercial air fleets which will fly the American flag on every ocean and in all the seaports of the world.

I RECENTLY made a cruise on the Shenandoah from San Diego to Seattle and return. The distance flown was about thirteen hundred miles each way, and head winds and fogs were encountered for perhaps twenty-four hundred miles, or more than nine-tenths of the distance. Severe tests, but the great airship met them successfully, and with surprising ease. On the flight up the California coast the Ruth Alexander, one of the largest ships in the coastwise trade, could be seen below the airship, both vessels driving hard to the north against head winds.

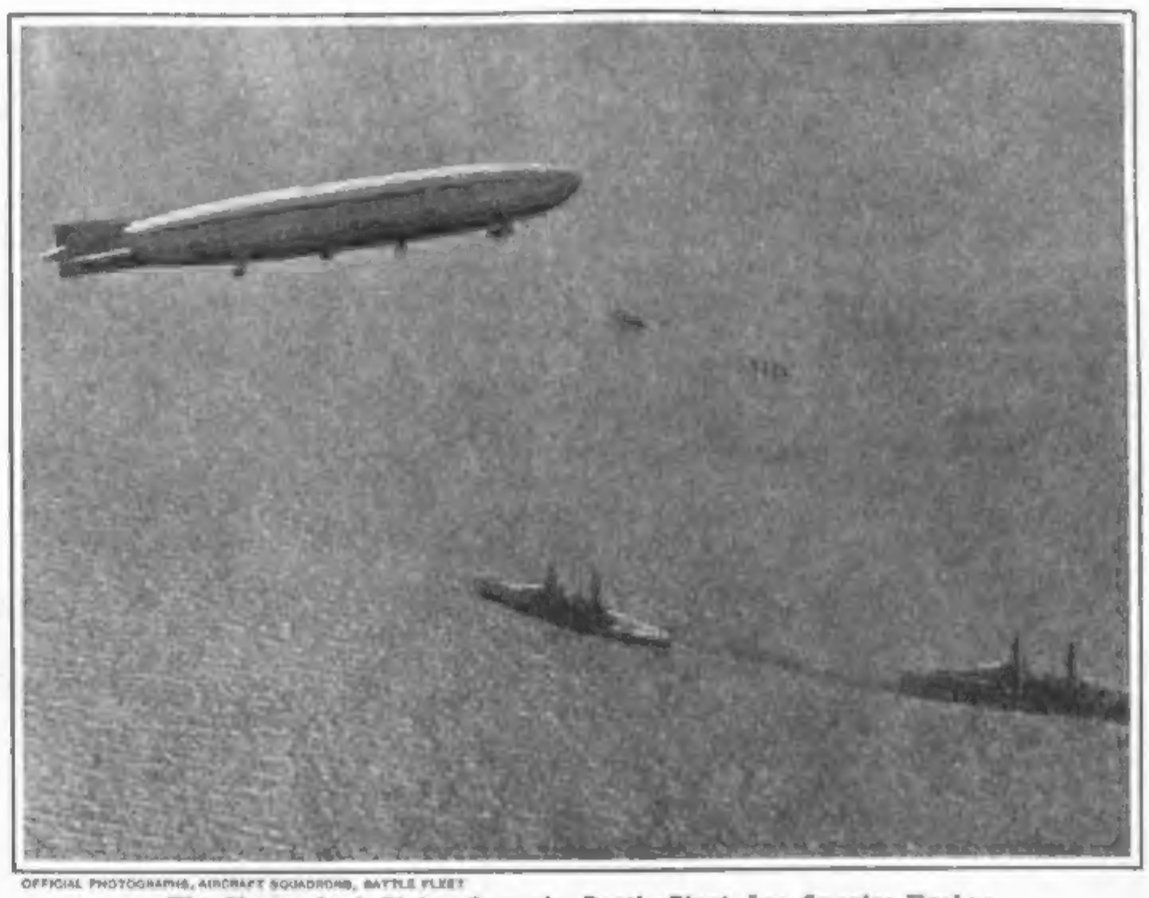
But the Ruth Alexander had to batter into head seas and nearly wrecked her upper works. Had her passengers felt like singing that day they would probably have recalled a once familiar song which said:

Let those who wish to, go to sea,
You'll never hear me murmur;
But as for me, I'd rather be
I think on terra firma.

Or they might have lifted their eyes—as seasick passengers sometimes do—and in that case they would have seen the silvered hull of the Shenandoah lying above them like a cloud, and apparently motionless. As a matter of fact, the Shenandoah did actually stem the gale without any appreciable motion, either of roll or pitch or any perceptible vibration from her motors.

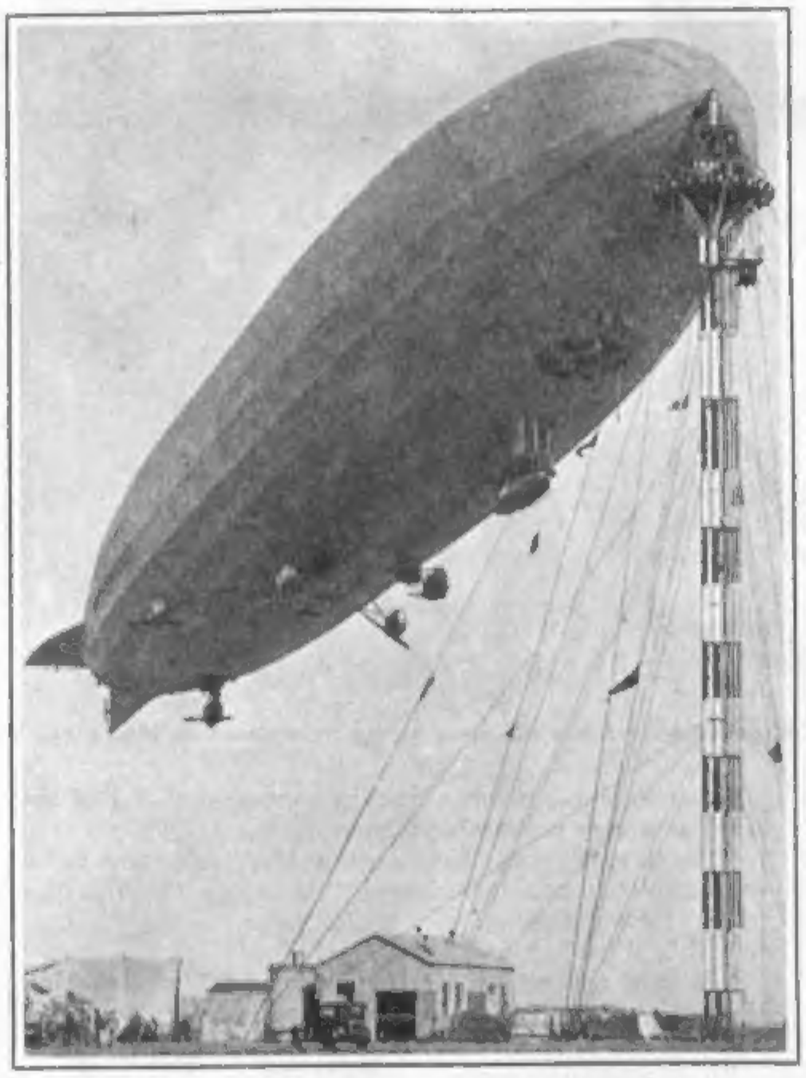
On the Upper Catwalk

A VERTICAL ladder runs for seventy feet or more diametrically through the hull of the airship. The navigator must take his sextant to the top of that ladder to get astronomical sights for working out the ship's position; and the construction officer or members of the crew climb up and walk along the top of the ship, as on the roof of a house, to inspect the outer fabric or envelope, and to see that the helium escape valves are in working order. There is no handrail. A loose life line lies along the narrow catwalk on top of the ship, but the experienced men do not use it. During one of the gales a moving-picture cameraman took his machine to the top of the ladder and photographed the men out on the upper catwalk.



OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS, AIRCRAFT SQUADRONS, BATTLE FLEET

The Shenandoah Flying Over the Battle Fleet, Los Angeles Harbor



The Shenandoah Moored to Her Mast on Rockwell Field

Commander Lansdowne and Admiral Moffett in the Control Car of the Shenandoah

Life on the Shenandoah is quite simple, but living conditions in the air are so entirely new that the whole story must be told. The modern illustrator draws the curving line of a woman's hat brim, with only a chin below it, and the average imagination completes the picture of bobbed hair, lipstick and charcoal-eyebrow effect. But when the poster or moving picture shows the Shenandoah, or when she herself is seen against the sky line, the imagination of man runneth not beneath the surface.

The inquisitiveness, or acquisitiveness, of man and of birds and animals looks upon the strange newcomer and seeks in wonder to know more about it.

From the Shenandoah the observer gets new and interesting bird's-eye views of life on land and sea and in the air. Public schools and school children make a characteristic picture—the large buildings and open playgrounds and school yards dotted with tiny specks which might be chickens, but are really children. They all stand motionless, perhaps all gazing upward, and then from the air above is seen a sudden scurrying across the school yard. Perhaps some boy or girl of eager type and active interest begins the dash to seek some point of vantage for a better view. It may be only the restless motor impulse of youth. Whatever the cause, the public school with children in the school yard makes a distinctive picture from the air.

How to Estimate Her Speed

WHEN passing over farms the chickens fly, as from a giant hawk; and sheep huddle in terror, perhaps with the lamb's instinctive terror of the eagle. Cattle, hearing the drumming motors, or seeing the moving shadow on the field, break for the barn, and the panic spreads.

Once when the Shenandoah passed out to sea a whale was seen below us, motionless on the surface. As the shadow of the airship touched the whale it spouted and disappeared into the depths of the ocean.

Some kind of sea bird, apparently a pelican, followed the tail of the airship's shadow mile after mile, descending close to the water at intervals to scrutinize the flying phantom of a whale, but apparently never hearing or seeing the ship above it, or else not associating the substance with the shadow.

When flying overland or coasting, the shadow of the ship is made to serve a useful purpose. The time it takes to pass a tree or house, or any other point, is used to calculate the ship's speed over the ground. An easily remembered thumb rule for the Shenandoah is that when the shadow passes a given point in fifteen seconds the ship is making good a speed of thirty miles an hour. If the shadow passes in five seconds the ship is making ninety miles an hour.

On several occasions during the Shenandoah's recent transcontinental cruise, her shadow stood still with the engines driving ahead at fourteen hundred revolutions a minute. It meant that the ship was bucking a sixty-mile gale, and making no headway. This situation arose when the Shenandoah was over Yuma, Arizona, and twice on the coast of California, above the stormy headlands of Point Arena and Point Reyes.

At Point Arena there is a well-defined rock about two miles offshore, where the white surf breaks when storm winds blow. While passing or attempting to pass this point the shadow of the ship did not move for half an hour. Those in the control car looking down through the open windows saw the white swirl of the breaking surf on Arena rock, minute after minute, and knew that the ship was standing still.

In that case, as in other similar emergencies, the engineer officer merely stepped on the gas on all five of the motors and the steady pressure of the propellers overcame the strong resistance of the inconstant wind.

(Continued on Page 51)

SOMETHING SQUISHY

By P. G. Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

She Read Him the First Seven Chapters of the New Novel on Which She Was Engaged

IN THE demeanor of Roland Moresby Attwater, that rising young essayist and literary critic, there appeared, as he stood holding the door open to allow the ladies to leave his Uncle Joseph's dining room, no outward and visible sign of the irritation that seethed beneath his mud-stained shirt front. Well bred and highly civilized, he knew how to wear the mask. The lofty forehead that shone above his rimless pince-nez was smooth and unruffled; and if he bared his teeth, it was only in a polite smile. Nevertheless, Roland Attwater was fed to the eyebrows. In the first place, he hated these family dinners. In the second place, he had been longing all the evening for a chance to explain that muddy shirt, and everybody had treated it with a silent tact which was simply maddening. In the third place, he knew that his Uncle Joseph was only waiting for the women to go to bring up once again the infuriating topic of Lucy.

After a preliminary fluttering, not unlike that of hens disturbed in a barnyard, the female members of the party rustled past him in single file—his Aunt Emily; his Aunt Emily's friend, Mrs. Hughes-Higham; his Aunt Emily's companion and secretary, Miss Partlett; and his Aunt Emily's adopted daughter, Lucy. The last-named brought up the rear of the procession. She was a gentle-looking girl with spaniel eyes and freckles; and as she passed, she gave Roland a swift, shy glance of admiration and gratitude. It was the sort of look Ariadne might have given Theseus immediately after his turn-up with the Minotaur; and a casual observer, not knowing the facts, would have supposed that instead of merely opening a door for her Roland had rescued her at considerable bodily risk from some frightful doom.

Roland closed the door and returned to the table. His uncle, having pushed port toward him, coughed significantly and opened fire.

"How did you think Lucy was looking tonight, Roland?"

The young man winced, but the fine courtly spirit which is such a characteristic of the younger members of the intelligentzia did not fail him. Instead of banging the speaker over the head with the decanter, he replied with quiet civility.

"Splendid," he said.

"Nice girl."

"Very."

"Wonderful disposition."

"Quite."

"And so sensible."

"Precisely."

"Very different from these shingled, cigarette-smoking young women who infest the place nowadays."

"Decidedly."

"Had one of 'em up before me this morning," said Uncle Joseph, frowning austerely over his port. Sir Joseph Moresby was by profession a metropolitan magistrate. "Charged with speeding. That's their idea of life."

"Girls," argued Roland, "will be girls."

"Not while I'm sitting at Bosher Street police court, they won't," said his uncle with decision. "Unless they want to pay five-pound fines and have their licenses indorsed." He sipped thoughtfully. "Look here, Roland," he said, as one struck by a novel idea, "why the devil don't you marry Lucy?"

"Well, uncle ——"

"You've got a bit of money, she's got a bit of money. Ideal. Besides, you want somebody to look after you."

"Do you suggest," inquired Roland, his eyebrows rising coldly, "that I am incapable of looking after myself?"

"Yes, I do. Why, dammit, you can't even dress for dinner without getting mud all over your shirt front!"

Roland's cue had been long in coming, but it had arrived at a very acceptable moment.

"If you really want to know how that mud came to be on my shirt front, Uncle Joseph," he said with quiet dignity, "I got it saving a man's life."

"Eh? What? How?"

"A man slipped on the pavement as I was passing through Grosvenor Square on my way here. It was raining, you know. And I ——"

"You walked here?"

"Yes. And just as I reached the corner of Duke Street ——"

"Walked here in the rain? There you are! Lucy would never let you do a foolish thing like that."

"It began to rain after I had started."

"Lucy would never have let you start."

"Are you interested in my story, uncle," said Roland stiffly, "or shall we go upstairs?"

"Eh? My dear boy, of course, of course. Most interested. Want to hear the whole thing from beginning to end. You say it was raining and this fellow slipped off the pavement. And then I suppose a car or a taxi or something came along suddenly and you pulled him out of danger. Yes, go on, my boy."

"How do you mean, go on?" said Roland morosely. He felt like a public speaker whose chairman has appropriated the cream of his speech and inserted it in his own introductory remarks. "That's all there is."

"Well, who was the man? Did he ask you for your name and address?"

"He did."

"Good! A young fellow once did something very similar to what you did, and the man turned out to be a millionaire and left him his entire fortune. I remember reading about it."

"In the Family Herald, no doubt."

"Did your man look like a millionaire?"

"He did not. He looked like what he actually was—the proprietor of a small bird-and-snake shop in Seven Dials."

"Oh?" said Sir Joseph, a trifle dashed. "Well, I must tell Lucy about this," he said, brightening. "She will be tremendously excited. Just the sort of thing to appeal to a warm-hearted girl like her. Look here, Roland, why don't you marry Lucy?"

Roland came to a swift decision. It had not been his intention to lay bare his secret dreams to this pertinacious old blighter, but there seemed no other way of stopping him. He drained a glass of port.

"Don't gulp it, my boy! Don't gulp it like that!" cried his uncle, shocked, and spoke crisply.

"Uncle Joseph, I love somebody else."

"Eh? What's that? Who?"

"This is, of course, strictly between ourselves."

"Of course."

"Her name is Wickham. I expect you know the family. The Hertfordshire Wickhams."

"Hertfordshire Wickhams!" Sir Joseph snorted with extraordinary violence. "Bosher Street Wickhams, you mean. If it's Roberta Wickham, a red-headed hussy who ought to be smacked and sent to bed without her supper, that's the girl I fined this morning."

"You fined her!" gasped Roland.

"Five pounds," said his uncle complacently. "Wish I could have given her five years. Menace to the public safety. How on earth did you get to know a girl like that?"

"I met her at a dance. I happened to mention that I was a critic of some small standing, and she told me that her mother wrote novels. I chanced to receive one of Lady Wickham's books for review shortly afterward, and the—er—favorable tone of my notice apparently gave her some pleasure." Roland's voice trembled slightly and he blushed. Only he knew what it had cost him to write eulogistically of that terrible book. "She has invited me down to Skeldings, their place in Hertfordshire, for the week-end tomorrow."

"Send her a telegram."

"Saying what?"

"That you can't go."

"But I am going." It is a pretty tough thing if a man of letters who has sold his critical soul is not to receive the reward of his crime. "I wouldn't miss it for anything."

"Don't you be a fool, my boy," said Sir Joseph. "I've known you all your life—know you better than you know yourself—and I tell you it's sheer insanity for a man like you to dream of marrying a girl like that. Forty miles she was going, right down the middle of Piccadilly. The constable proved it up to the hilt. You're a quiet, sensible fellow, and you ought to marry a quiet, sensible girl. You're what I call a rabbit."

"A rabbit!" cried Roland, stung.

"There is no stigma attached to being a rabbit," said Sir Joseph pacifically. "Every man with a grain of sense is one. It simply means that you prefer a normal, wholesome life to gadding about like a—like a nonrabbit. You're going out of your class, my boy. You're trying to change your zoölogical species, and it can't be done. Half the divorces today are due to the fact that rabbits won't believe they're rabbits till it's too late. It is the peculiar nature of the rabbit."

"I think we had better join the ladies, Uncle Joseph," said Roland frostily. "Aunt Emily will be wondering what has become of us."

In spite of the innate modesty of all heroes, it was with something closely resembling chagrin that Roland discovered, on going to his club in the morning, that the press of London was unanimously silent on the subject of his last night's exploit. Not that one expected anything in the nature of publicity, of course, or even desired it. Still, if there had happened to be some small paragraph under

some such title as Gallant Behavior of an Author or Critical Moment for a Critic, it would have done no harm to the sale of that little book of thoughtful essays which Blenkinsop's had just put on the market.

And the fellow had seemed so touchingly grateful at the time. Pawing at Roland's chest with muddy hands, he had told him that he would never forget this blinking moment as long as he lived. And he had not bothered even to go and call at a newspaper office.

Well, well! It was hardly for one of Roland's mentality to waste his time in callow wonderment at the fleeting nature of man's gratitude. He swallowed his disappointment and a light lunch, and returned to his flat, where he found Bryce, his manservant, completing the packing of his suitcase.

"Packing?" said Roland. "That's right. Did those socks arrive?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good!" said Roland. They were some rather special gents' half hose from the Burlington Arcade, subtly passionate, and he was hoping much from them. He wandered to the table and became aware that on it lay a large cardboard box. "Hullo, what's this?"

Bryce regarded the box with a disapproving tightening of the lips. It seemed to give him little pleasure.

"A man left it a short while ago, sir; a somewhat shabbily dressed person. The note accompanying it is on the mantelpiece, sir."

Roland went to the mantelpiece, and, having inspected the dirty envelope for a moment with fastidious distaste, opened it in a gingerly manner.

"The box appears to me, sir," continued Bryce with a slight shiver, "to contain something alive. It seemed to me that I received the impression of something squirming."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Roland, staring at the letter.

"Sir?"

"It's a snake. That fool has sent me a snake. Of all the ——" A hearty ringing at the front-door bell interrupted him. Bryce, rising from the suitcase, vanished silently. Roland continued to regard the unwelcome gift with a peevish frown.

"Miss Wickham, sir," said Bryce at the door.

The visitor, who walked springily into the room, was a girl of remarkable and rather impish beauty. She resembled a particularly good-looking schoolboy who had dressed up in his sister's clothes. She appeared, from the way she moved, to be built of whalebone and India rubber, and there was a vitality in her bright hazel eyes which for years had caused nervous relatives to wonder apprehensively what she was going to be up to next. Under her small and becoming hat lay a crop of that brilliantly auburn hair which had caused Sir Joseph Moresby to bestow upon her the sour description of red-headed hussy.

"Ah," she said, cocking a bright eye at the suitcase, "I'm glad you're bustling about. We ought to be starting soon. I'm going to drive you down in the two-seater." She began a restless tour of the room. "Hullo!" she said, arriving at the box. "What might this be?" She shook it experimentally. "I say, there's something squishy inside!"

"Yes, it's ——"

"Roland," said Miss Wickham, having conducted further experiments, "immediate investigation is called for. Inside this box, old dear, there is most certainly some living organism. When you shake it, it distinctly squishes."

"It's all right. It's only a snake."

"Snake!"

"Perfectly harmless," he hastened to assure her. "The fool expressly states that. Not that it matters, because I'm going to send it straight back, unopened."

Miss Wickham squeaked with pleased excitement.

"Who's been sending you snakes?"

Roland coughed diffidently.

"I happened to—er—save a man's life last night. I was coming along at the corner of Duke Street ——"

"Now, isn't that an extraordinary thing!" said Miss Wickham meditatively. "Here have I lived all these years and never thought of getting a snake!"

"—— when a man ——"

"The one thing every young girl should have."

"——slipped off the pavement ——"

"There are the most tremendous possibilities in a snake. The diner-out's best friend. Pop it onto the table after the soup and be society's pet."

Roland, though nothing, of course, could shake his great love, was conscious of a passing feeling of annoyance.

"I'll tell Bryce to take the thing back to the man," he said, abandoning his story as a total loss.

"Take it back?" said Miss Wickham, amazed. "But, Roland, what frightful waste! Why, there are moments in life when knowing where to lay your hand on a snake means more than words can tell!" She started. "Golly! Didn't you once say that old Sir Joseph What's-His-Name—the beak, you know—was your uncle? He fined me five of the best yesterday for absolutely crawling along Piccadilly. He needs a sharp lesson. He must be taught that he can't go about the place persecuting the innocent like that. I'll tell you what. Ask him to lunch here and hide the thing in his napkin. That'll make him think a bit!"

"No, no!" cried Roland, shuddering strongly.

"Roland! For my sake!"

"No, no, really!"

"And you've said dozens of times that you would do anything in the world for me!" She mused. "Well, at least let me tie a string to it and dangle it out of window in front of the next old lady that comes along."

"No, no, please! I must send it back to the man."

Miss Wickham's discontent was plain, but she seemed to accept defeat.

"Oh, all right, if you're going to refuse me every little thing. But let me tell you, my lad, that you're throwing away the laugh of a lifetime; wantonly and callously chucking it away. Where is Bryce? Gone to earth in the kitchen, I suppose. I'll go and give him the thing while you strap the suitcase. We ought to be starting or we shan't get there by tea time."

"Let me do it."

"No, I'll do it."

"You mustn't trouble."

"No trouble," said Miss Wickham amiably.

In this world, as has been pointed out in various ways by a great many sages and philosophers, it is wiser for the man who shrinks from being disappointed not to look forward too keenly to moments that promise pleasure. Roland Attwater, who had anticipated considerable enjoyment from his drive down to Skeldings Hall, soon discovered, when the car had threaded its way through the London traffic and was out in the open country, that the conditions were not right for enjoyment. Miss Wickham did not appear to share the modern girl's distaste for her home. She plainly wanted to get there as quickly as possible. It seemed to Roland that from the time they left High Barnet to the moment when with a grinding of brakes they drew up at the door of Skeldings Hall, the two-seater had only touched Hertfordshire at odd spots.

Yet, as they alighted, Roberta Wickham voiced a certain dissatisfaction with her work.

"Forty-three minutes," she said, frowning at her watch. "I can do better than that."

"Can you?" gulped Roland. "Can you, indeed?"

"Well, we're in time for tea, anyhow. Come in and meet the mater. Forgotten Sports of the Past—Number Three, Meeting the Mater."

Roland met the mater. The phrase, however, is too mild and inexpressive and does not give a true picture of the facts. He not merely met the mater; he was engulfed and swallowed up by the mater. Lady Wickham, that popular novelist—"Strikes a singularly fresh note." R. Moresby Attwater in the New Examiner—was delighted to see her guest. Welcoming Roland to her side, she proceeded to strike so many singularly fresh notes that he was unable to tear himself away till it was time to dress for dinner. She was a large, placid woman with a voice that never stopped, and she was still talking with unimpaired volubility on the subject of her books, of which Roland had been kind enough to write so appreciatively, when the gong sounded.

"Is it as late as that?" she said, surprised, releasing Roland, who had thought it later. "We shall have to go on with our little talk after dinner. You know your room? No? Oh, well, Claude will show you. Claude, will you take Mr. Attwater up with you? His room is at the end of your corridor. By the way, you don't know each other, do you? Sir Claude Lynn, Mr. Attwater."

The two men bowed; but in Roland's bow there was not that heartiness which we like to see in our friends when we introduce them to fellow guests. A considerable part of the agony which he had been enduring for the last two hours had been caused not so much by Lady Wickham's eloquence, though that had afflicted him sorely, as by the spectacle of this man Lynn, whoever he might be, monopolizing the society of Bobbie Wickham in a distant corner. There had been to him something intolerably possessive about the back of Sir Claude's neck as he bent toward Miss Wickham. It was the neck of a man who is being much more intimate and devotional than a jealous rival cares about.

The close-up which he now received of this person did nothing to allay Roland's apprehension. The man was handsome,

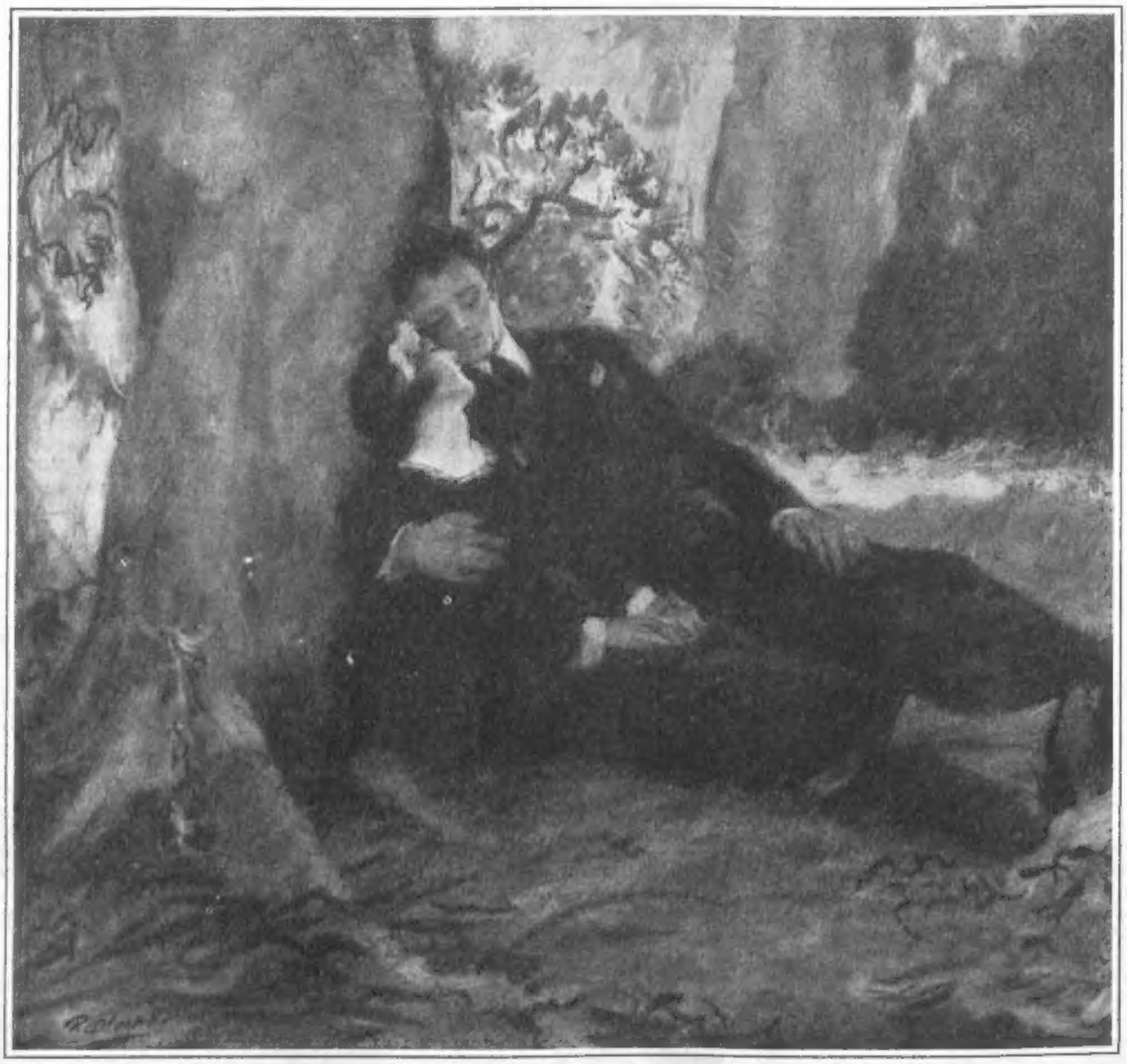
(Continued on Page 75)

She Shook it Experimentally. "I Say, There's Something Squishy Inside!"

TOUCHSTONE

By Josephine Daskam Bacon

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD



And at the Foot of a Great Beech, Her Head on His Shoulder, She Sat and Slept, Instantly, Profoundly

A VERY gay, very luxurious and, on the whole, sufficiently interesting picnic party sat upon the ground in the wood of Achères, not very far from Paris, on a lovely day in May.

I say they sat upon the ground, but this is not quite literally correct. Heavy silky motor rugs and bright heaps of cushions protected their obviously pampered persons from those slight inequalities of the earth's surface which even a careful French wood presents to the traveler; and the hostess, Mrs. Enos Slack Pettiford, had, besides, a marvelous folding motor seat. Although she had become middle-aged in a part of her native country where middle age still exists, Nellie Pettiford had been a charmingly pretty girl in her day, and was a handsome if somewhat portly woman now. The Place Vendôme had dressed her with the adequacy reserved almost exclusively for foreigners in a pinched postwar country, and her jewels had been reduced to the minimum of a self-respecting if wealthy woman's deserts.

Near her, effectively sprawled upon a crimson cushion, was the Countess Borowsky, a typically white-skinned, red-mouthed, black-haired Russian, who gave no indications of any particular age and quite clearly intended to give none. Next her sat Prince Udalschino, a delightfully handsome person, who spoke much better English than his many English friends and was not entirely unaware of the fact. He had very lazy brown-velvet eyes and white pointed teeth like a young fox. Beside him Nina Pettiford, her mother's oldest child, half leaned, half lay, the long straight lines of her figure plainly defined under her severe white frock. Not nearly so pretty as her mother must have been at her age, she had, one guessed, more distinction than the older woman could ever have possessed. Her full pouting lips were clearly cut, her smooth sandy hair, piled high on her white neck, gave her a touch of the statuesque, most refreshing among her bobbed-haired, free-and-easy contemporaries. Her eyes were gray and rather impenetrable. Her young brother and sister walked with their governess, a demure French girl, along one of the fascinating little paths that beckon through the forest, the boy calling out from time to time after Reeves Decker, one of his father's young secretaries, who accompanied the family while abroad and who served as general guide, philosopher and friend, in addition to his more serious and practical duties.

William Platt, one of those pink-cheeked, white-haired, perfectly clothed bachelors without whom no such excursion is complete, sat neatly cross-legged beside the countess; and a genial French aviator, an attractive, red-cheeked Breton lad, gay with decorations and eager to practice his amusing English, devoted himself with a pretty ease to Mrs. Pettiford. Two chauffeurs in unimpeachable livery, assisted by the prince's valet, were occupied in transporting the food from the motor cars, which could not be brought too near to the delicious little glade.

"But what a perfect spot for a picnic!" the countess cried. "And how wonderful of you to find it, dear Mrs. Pettiford! Why is it that you delightful people know more about Europe than we do? It's amazing. I have lived half my life in Paris and I never-r saw this enchanting spot!"

"All Mrs. Pettiford's parties are enchanting," said the Italian nobleman lazily; "and the people who come to them," he added, lower, to the girl beside him. He had the gift, so remarkable to Americans, of altering the pitch of his warm clear voice so as to render it audible exactly when and where he wished. Nina turned the white column of her neck slightly and smiled a little without speaking. She was not a talkative girl.

"That's quite simple, countess—we travel more," chirped William Platt. "I'll wager I could show the prince some Italian towns he's never seen!"

"I should not bet with you, sir," said Udalschino gravely. "I could not afford it."

The luncheon was now in full swing. Mysteriously masked salads glistened through their mayonnaise, the inevitable feathery *pâtés* promised treasures of succulence to the explorer, fruit was piled like stained-glass windows among cool leaves, little silver dishes of chocolates drew the children's eyes like magnets. They chattered with their governess, a little apart from the small circle, but not too far to prevent Reeves Decker's acting as a sort of liaison officer between the two groups. This quietly efficient young man, without overpassing for a moment the line which in democratic countries must strictly separate the server from the served, seemed equally comprehensive of everyone's need and personality. It was oddly noticeable—or would have been so if there had been any detached and analytic observer present—that he displayed slightly less ceremony in addressing his employer's titled guests than in his few words with Mrs. Pettiford and Mr. Platt.

When the countess began to grow a little uncomfortable on her crimson rug, he appeared behind her shoulder with a chair like Mrs. Pettiford's, which he had quietly ordered from the car, and helped her into it with the exact amount of appreciation of such a handsome woman as the situation required.

She gave him a flashing, enigmatic little smile and watched him, later, as he offered the Italian a light for his fat tight-rolled cigarette and made some sympathetic comment on the quality of the European matches.

"But he is char-r-ming, your young man," she remarked to Mrs. Pettiford in her slightly guttural contralto. "Ar-re there many more like that in America?"

"Why, yes, I think so, countess," her hostess answered seriously, with that evident desire to arrive at the literal truth of the matter at issue, which is at once so puzzling and so amusing to Continentals. "I am sure there are. Most all of our American boys are very nice, I think. Mr. Decker is very clever, though; my husband thinks very highly of him. He only sent him over after we arrived. We hadn't met him before. I thought we could get along very well. I had one of those courier maids, and they're supposed to manage everything, you know. But I got my check book so awfully mixed up, and we changed our minds so often, that Mr. Pettiford got nervous and sent Mr. Decker right over. He said we needed somebody to look after us, and I'd better let the maid pack the trunks and let it go at that. And it certainly has been a great comfort having him. Mr. Pettiford never believed much in that courier maid; he doesn't think women can really manage anything," she added with her characteristic apologetic little laugh.

"That is very amusing," the prince commented, his eyes on Nina's smooth vague-colored hair, "since in your country it appears that the women manage everything. How do you account for it?"

Reeves Decker arrived suddenly with a plate of macaroons and sat for a moment beside Nina, eating contentedly.

"I'll bring you over what I have left," he called teasingly to little Helen Pettiford; and turning to Udalschino, he smiled and answered his question.

"We let them manage everything that we don't consider important, prince," he said; "little things like art and literature and music and ways of living. You feel differently about those things, you see, and the system confuses you—that's all."

The prince laughed shortly and shot an amused friendly glance at the tall supple young man, whose freckled face and auburn hair gave him an almost English appearance.

"And your government," he questioned, "and all this voting—how about that, eh?"

"Perhaps we don't think that's so very important," Reeves Decker answered airily, selecting a macaroon. "Here, Helen, catch!"

"I must say I don't know what you mean by such a statement, Mr.—Mr. Decker," Willy Platt exploded fussily, "and I doubt very much if Prince Udalschino would be well advised to take any stock in it. Personally, I have always been highly in favor of women's influence in politics. Our American women are about as intelligent and certainly as refined as any women can be, and if there is anything that needs intelligence and refinement today it is politics. Why not give them a chance at it then, I say?"

"By all means," the secretary agreed deferentially, "why not, as you say? If you'll excuse me a moment, sir, I think I'd better see what's the matter over there. Mademoiselle seems to be in difficulties."

He strolled over among the farther trees in the direction of the children's voices.

"Perfectly absurd—half-baked Harvard ideas—boys setting themselves up for critics," Mr. Platt mumbled through a macaroon; he was very fond of sweets.

"Decker's Yale," Nina announced briefly, following the secretary's progress with her eyes.

"Why do you all call him a boy?" the Italian asked curiously. "He seems very much of a man to me"

"Reeves Decker? He's only twenty-eight," Nina volunteered, surprised, staring at him.

He laughed and caught her large gray eyes in his veiled brown ones.

"And if so?" he persisted, smiling. "At twenty-eight, mademoiselle, I had already fought three duels, two of them dangerous ones, and lived, working hard, in the five great capitals of Europe I did not feel like a boy, I assure you"

"Oh, that's different," she murmured, glancing aside with drooping lips.

"You know," the countess began, taking a small cup of black coffee from one of the chauffeurs and lighting an immensely long cigarette, extended still farther by a green jade holder, "I don't think we pay enough attention to this extremely beautiful spot, my good friends. It is like a fair-ry tale—*regardez moi donc!*"

She waved the bit of jade in a graceful circle before her and they followed her gesture automatically. Her admiration was quite just. In the midst and heart of the beautiful forest five broad paths met in a star, each one wandering off among the smooth-boled beeches to its own mysterious leafy glade. The sun shot broad arrows of gold down the silvery gray trunks, exquisitely streaked with velvet lichen; a few little darting, twittering birds wheeled in the open spaces. The broad empty forest paths seemed actual highways to fairyland; anyone, anything might walk toward one suddenly.

"If Joan of Arc, or Puss in Boots, or—or Undine should appear, one couldn't be surprised," said the Countess Borowsky softly, her dark eyes widening.

The Italian smiled quietly and watched her heavy straight eyebrows.

"Look hard," he said, "perhaps they may come—who knows?"

She stared, smiling, and as her hand relaxed along the folds of her sea-green dress, he touched her fingers lightly. Her smile rippled with a tiny amused indifference, but she did not move her hand.

"Who is that with Decker?" Nina asked suddenly.

They all altered their relaxed attitudes slightly, looking curiously at the secretary, who was returning down one of the shimmery green paths, swinging Helen's hand lightly in his own, with her younger brother trotting close at his other side. The little governess walked just ahead of them, carrying Helen's hat in one hand and a book of Mrs Pettiford's in the other. Behind the group there followed an odd figure of a woman, elderly, to judge from her iron-gray hair and heavy wrinkles; but young and vigorous, if one rated her by her elastic straight-backed walk and her brilliant flashing eyes. These were very nearly true black, and, with her swarthy olive-toned skin, would have enabled any one of the party to have given her a name without the help of her deep-blue petticoat, gay red kerchief and tinkling gaudy chains.

"Why, it's a gypsy!" cried Mrs. Pettiford "Do you suppose she'll tell our fortunes? What fun!"

She looked around at her guests good-naturedly, expecting fresh compliments on her capacity for delightful entertainment; but for once they seemed likely to disappoint her.

"Not for me," said Udalschino carelessly, sinking back between the countess and Nina, but a little nearer now to the Russian. "It is one of the things in which I see no fun."

"Nor I," said the countess, frowning a little. "I don't care for that nonsense It is not tr-rue, to begin with, and it only—worries one."

"I do not think well of it," the young aviator added, in his careful English, "and I am sure that it is foolish to believe in it—if it is not wrong."

At her mother's surprised and fallen countenance, Nina Pettiford broke into a sudden abrupt laughter.

"Oh, how funny how terribly funny!" she cried. "It's no good, Reeves, they won't play! There's only me and Mr. Platt to tell!"

"Oh, my fortune was told long ago," Willy Platt protested, embarrassed "That's for the young people—all that. Where did she drop from, Mr Decker?"

The secretary and his capture now stood in the center of the picnic glade; the children and their governess had stopped a little short of the circle. The gypsy flashed a white-toothed smile at them, made an odd, rather beautiful sort of curtsy which included them all, and, turning to her escort, began to speak rapidly, in a baffling, barking kind of language, at which he smiled, amused.

"I don't know, Mr. Platt," he answered promptly; "she just sort of appeared round a tree. I suppose there's a wagonful of them somewhere near by. I thought somebody might know what it is she talks. It's more like German than anything else, but I can't get it. She can speak a little very bad French, though, and by showing me her hand, and grabbing mine, and gabbling something about *l'amour* and *toute la vie* and *argent*, I concluded she wanted to tell your fortunes. So I brought her along on the chance How about you, Miss Nina?"

"Oh, I'd be too conspicuous," the girl answered indifferently. "The gypsy market is low today, I'm afraid."

He glanced quickly around, felt the adverse atmosphere instantly, and put his hand in his pocket.

"*Rien ne va plus, ma mère,*" he said. "*Merci et—au revoir!*"

The gypsy shook her head violently and began to chatter again, protesting. Decker laughed and waved her off.

"*Versteh nicht!*" he said. "*Allez, allez!*"

"That is a kind of Bohemian dialect she is using," the prince interrupted. "I think my man understands it. Carlo! Carlo!"

The valet ran forward, felt the situation quickly and barked out a rapid question to the gypsy. Her face brightened, she grinned delightedly and waved her hand at the circle, explaining vociferously.

"She is very desirous to read the fortunes of all these ladies and gentlemen," said Carlo, smiling; "she says that she never fails and that May month is for her a great time of success always. She has most powers then. She would like to tell the fair young lady of her future—and the distinguished nobleman," he added, with a discreet smile, at the gypsy's earnest prompting.

The Prince Udalschino put his hand into his pocket.

"Unfortunately, May does not happen to be my own favorite month," he said dryly; "it is, indeed, my most unlucky one—up to the present year," he added slowly. "Give the woman this, Carlo, and tell her that I am perfectly willing to pay for the privilege of not having my fortune told."

"And so am I," Mr. Willy Platt chimed in, pushing into a plump pocket and bringing out a few coins. "Take this, Carlo, will you?"

The lieutenant reached resignedly for his purse, and Carlo, smiling sympathetically, passed with his handful to

Continued on Page 55

"She Can't Be Refusing Money!" the Russian Cried, Amazed. "No! It's Not Possible!"

TIPS WITHIN TIPS

BEHIND THE SCENES WITH A STEWARD'S YEOMAN

By Ralph McAllister Ingersoll

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

I Stood Under the Proud Ensign of My Silver Cap, as Shy and Retiring as Six Feet Two Can Be

ADVENTURES are supposed to lurk around corners. My own began in an untidy office at the foot of Old Slip, after an interview with a tolerant gentleman who bore carelessly the title of port steward. My announcement that I wanted to be a steward on a ship sailing for South America was received with a grim nod. He did not even smile when I confessed my consuming passion to become a waiter; but he relaxed to a grin when I mentioned bell boy as second choice. I never did anything about growing to be six feet two, though sometimes I wondered if it wasn't in some way my own fault

"We haven't any uniforms that would fit you, but there is one job open—steward's yeoman. Know how to use a typewriter?"

I did, and I learned that my own wardrobe would supply the necessary white trousers and the blue coat.

So it was done, and a few minutes later I was climbing to the decks of the Steamship Spica. I was about to become a servant of the public. My reason for choosing a steamship bound for the strange, much-advertised lands of South America should be obvious to anyone who is young and who has caught the fever of a Latin-American country in a mining camp.

As I reached the topmost slat of the almost perpendicular gangplank and was asking myself "Just what in the world is a steward's yeoman?" a towheaded youngster in broken-down knickers and a dark white undershirt shot by, bellowing down the companionway ahead of me: "Signing on in the engineer's mess; steward's department." I took my cue and followed.

Signing on is the technical process by which landlubbers are made seamen, and by which seamen renew their vows to the sea.

Thrice Round the World

A LARGE jovial man in a silk shirt and rakish straw hat—port commissioner is his title—signs on the crew of each ship leaving the port of New York. In a clipped, singsong voice, with the speed of a bashful schoolboy, he reads off a sort of contract to sail, and to stay sailing for six months. No one understands a word of this, but when the formality is over he seats himself before a table and inscribes the age, birthplace, nationality, capacity and nearest of kin of each prospective voyager. And the steward-in-the-making grows tense in an effort to spell his name correctly, to get it down twice in black ink on white paper. His name—or his mark—binds him to the laws of the high seas.

I was swept into the machinery of this operation the minute I stuck my head in the doorway and announced that I was the new steward's yeoman.

"Here!" Sheafs of huge blanks were pushed toward me by one of the uniforms. He was the second steward, my immediate boss, a great powerful fellow, who sat by my side and bellowed directions to the line of embryo servants going through the mill. There was authority in his gesture; apathetic men became feverishly active under his glance. They stepped briskly up to the commissioner, stammered replies to his staccato questions, and signed away their liberty, while I strove mightily with the spelling of their curious names.

Here at last was a thrill!

In half an hour I went around the world three times. I heard fifty-seven new languages spoken, had a thumb nail picture of the pasts, presents and probable futures of one hundred and ten men given me and wrote them down. I saw an organization which was to run like clockwork—occasionally a little slow or a trifle fast—for six weeks, conceived, born and set in motion.

The next duty of a yeoman, I found, was buying a white cap. When the last disgruntled applicant had finally shuffled away, the second steward led me to what was to be my lair for many a long hour, a hole in the wall actually four by five feet, just aft of the galley. Into it were crammed two tables with typewriters, a chair and a huge filing cabinet.

In what space was left there waited the cap which was to confirm my servitude—and a gentleman demanding shekels therefor. The beautiful silver braid and the words "Stew'd Yeoman," written across the front above the visor, were so appealing that the operation was almost painless. At least I should look like a steward now.

Throughout the two days that followed there seemed to be nothing which I had learned about a ship in half a dozen crossings of the Atlantic which I could recognize in the Spica. It was as though the steward's department had always before been a mirror, decorative and polished, which had surrounded and brightened my existence as a passenger; now I was on the other side of that mirror. Behind its glittering surface lay an intricate machinery, a human machinery whose work and play, whose standards and whose attitude toward life were rich with tradition, accepted and taken for granted. And of these I could be no more than silent and observant in the hope that I would fit in.

And so, at three o'clock, on a Saturday in May, I stood under the proud ensign of my silver cap, as shy and retiring as six feet two can be, on the hurricane deck aft, in beautiful ignorance that such territory was not for the likes o' me. Below me the tugs whistled to one another and the mate in the bow barked his orders to cast off and haul in the lines. I had purposely kept away from the gangplank over which my new masters had come trooping; time enough to know them.

The vista of the harbor spread out, seen over a long line of slowly moving barges; the tarnished Goddess with her upraised torch; the sketchy black lines that were docks and islands and fortresses; far ahead, to starboard, two transatlantic liners in quarantine, their yellow flags just discernible; turtle-backed ferries and pug-nosed tugs and dirty green water; all vague and indolent in misty gold.

At last, behind us, towered the modern Babylon with its hanging gardens of sooty stone and bright silica, red and yellow from the horizontal rays of the sun. It was good to lose oneself in reverence of the mighty scene.

"Yeoman! What in ——" An irate figure in immaculate creased uniform was bellowing up at me from the deck below. "Whatter you think this is? A bloomin' yacht?"

Like water rushing from a dam, my illusions slipped away from me. The Spica was a little sixteen-thousand-ton boat, one of half a dozen clearing that day from the port of New York. Not a hundred people in all those millions there even knew we were sailing. Insignificant. And I was no more than a steward's yeoman, trying to find out what in the world a steward's yeoman was, with a second steward, who seemed quite sure of his own position, calling me down to typewrite lists of supplies.

That afternoon on deck was a sort of mental weaning.

When I got below another transformation had taken place in the ship. The last bit of cargo to come aboard must have been a ration of *esprit de corps;* where, in the days ashore, we had all been individuals, departing at five o'clock each to his home—or lack of it—cast off and sailed, we suddenly became a crew.

As I sat typing, the second steward entered, pushed his cap to the back of his head and roared, "Gimme a cigarette!"

Assuaged, he told me that I was to have half of a first-class cabin with the barber. Moreover, luxury upon luxury, I was to eat in the first-class saloon, half an hour before the passengers, with the aristocracy of the department.

New Friends and Shipmates

AT A NEWLY spread table in one corner of the great dining hall, a few hours later, I met them. Across from me sat Harry, the head waiter, deceivingly called the saloon steward. He wore a swank tuxedo with enormous padded shoulders which gave his slight figure a grotesque air of immense and proportionless development. As I sat down he nodded to me.

"Another victim," he said laconically.

There was a subtle air about him of a characterless mask come to life. Laughing or frowning, he could never quite erase the lines of that habitual, half-understanding smile which was his stock in trade.

"'Tis a fine way you have to greet a new shipmate, Harry," grinned the jovial third steward, who sat on his right. The head waiter of the five messes on board, he filled to overflowing the armchair he could move no nearer than a foot to the table.

"I'm Pat O'Connor," he said. His blue eyes radiated all the twinkling humor of the Celt, and the army of plates about him seemed to apologize for his figure.

The fourth was my roommate, Scotty the German barber. Hans Schroeder was, and is, more or less of an enigma to me.

He sat under a great bald misshapen forehead and grinned at me with waggish meaningless features; only sharp pin-pricked eyes, which seemed to draw up into themselves in a knowing expression, told of his shrewdness.

That first night when I met them I had an Arabian Nights feeling of having been dropped into my seat in some infinitely magical way. For, with hardly more than the introductions, it was as if we four had been eating opposite one another all our lives. Thus do those of the sea take life for granted; no jockeying about for position as people of other worlds do when they have just met, no subtle pointing out of the high lights in one's portrait.

"Plenty o' beer we'll be needing in B. A. this time o' year."

Mutual Enemies From the First Bitter Glance

(Continued on Page 86

ROADSIDE MARKETS

By Elizabeth Frazer

WE HAD done close to 250 miles since breakfast on the magnificent automobile highway leading from Northern Montana, through rugged passes over the Rockies and Cascades; and when, on the second afternoon of the trip, with the hot westering sun striking swords into our eyes, we swung down into the rich farming valleys of Eastern Oregon, paradise of the apple, we were still a matter of seventy-five miles short on the day's itinerary. Detours and breakdowns had dogged our route. We were hot. We were dusty. We were tired. But above all, we were consumed with thirst; throats parched; lips cracked and dry as if we had been baked in a kiln. Fruit—that was what we wanted. For fruit can be negotiated en route, and on a long overland trip it is a form of nourishment highly esteemed by the internal economy. And fruit was all around us far as the eye could reach; its beauty filled our vision; its perfume, distilled in the hot sunshine, plagued our nostrils—but it was not for sale.

"There should be a roadside market somewhere around here," murmured the man at the wheel.

Starving in the Apple Country

THERE should be—but there was not. And we were right in the heart of a fruit country famous the length and breadth of the land. Not only apples, big, glowing and fragrant as those of the fabled Hesperides, but peaches, early plums and golden pears hung all about us in glorious profusion. The trees were so laden with their opulent crop that they had to be propped. Each dusky green leaf looked as healthy and clean as if it had been scrubbed with a toothbrush. The apple orchards in particular exhaled a faint delicious odor which scented the air for miles. We looked at them longingly. Here were we, the public, eager to eat; there were they, destined to be eaten, with only the narrow space of a highway between us. But we might as well have been in the Sahara. For nobody, it appeared, had thought of eliminating that space and putting some of those apples on sale. They were, we were told, already contracted for by the Eastern markets, and if we wanted them badly enough we could go East and buy them, plus freight rates, plus commission rates, plus fresh percentages every time they were handled! It was the deuce.

Nor were we the only motorists abroad suffering from suppressed apple desires. This was a great national highway. Thousands of trippers passed along that route each day, and this being the week-end, all the world, with its family on the back seat, was on wheels. It was almost as populous as Fifth Avenue or the Boston Post Road of a late Sunday afternoon. Here was the great consuming public, rolling past by tens of thousands, spot cash in their pockets and in a buying frame of mind. There was the fruit, waiting to be sold. No heavy freight tolls, no middlemen, no reconditioning or costly overhead. It was just a step from the producer to the consumer—but a step so short, so simple and obvious that it could not be seen. No one had thought to capitalize this rich roadside opportunity. And yet, in that fragrant atmosphere, fine Grade A apples, sold by the dozen or by the crate, would have gone like hot cakes or like opera tickets on a Chaliapin night—and at top prices, at that. This was demonstrated up to the hilt on a big Eastern automobile artery by a shrewd little woman who, from her roadside perch, in one season sold $50,000 worth of apples alone. She sold 500 baskets of fresh peaches in one afternoon! More of her later on.

The fact is motorists think nothing these days of transporting fruit 75 or 100 miles in their cars. And to the city cliff dwellers, cribbed up inside of steel-and-concrete walls, there is a peculiar pleasure in driving along a prosperous countryside and picking up vegetables fresh from the fields. Long level rows of green lettuce, spinach of a deeper green, the dusky red of beets, fields of softly rustling corn, orchards propped to support their luscious burden, pumpkins and melons and tomatoes glowing along the vines—all these, to the city man, make a strong gastronomic appeal. It puts him in a buying frame of mind. Nature is a crafty old advertiser and she has a fine approach; she knows how to dispose of her wares, to lure by sight and smell; she is a go-getter every time.

Eventually we came upon a fruit stand set up by the front gate of a comfortable farmhouse. It was late and the farmer's wife who served us had just about sold out. It had been, she admitted, a very busy day. We refreshed ourselves with a great green dusky-mottled melon, ripe to the minute, and invested further in peaches to eat, like Sairey Gamp, later when we felt "diapoged." For a finish, the farmer led us around to the back yard and pumped dipperfuls of "the finest water in the world, sir," while we spoke feelingly of our trouble in buying fruit in the heart of the fruit world.

"Too Small Potatoes"

"WELL," he explained, "most of that fruit you see is already contracted for. The farmers can't bother with retail stuff. It's too small potatoes. Some places, of course, might possibly accommodate you with a crate or two if you'd drive in. This stand of mine," he added apologetically, "is just a kind of tryout. My wife's idea. A fruit farm's a mighty expensive proposition these days, what with fertilizer and labor and constant spraying and transportation costs. It seems sort of piffling, in a way, to sell stuff like that at our front gate; as if we were hard up; as if I were a bum farmer that couldn't make a go of it and had to stand on the street corner like a blind beggar, holding out his tin cup. It kind of stung me at first. But here is how it started—sort of natural, you might say: So many motor folks stopped at our place to ask where they could buy fruit that they got to be a plain nuisance. My wife was forever dropping her work and running to the door. I thought of putting a sign out: No Fruit for Sale.

(Continued on Page 58)

On Such a Highway, With Such a Public, the Selling Possibilities of Certain Commodities is Limited Only by the Blue Sky Vault Overhead

THE FOURTH GRACE

By Mary Brecht Pulver

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

NOW the windows are sealed, for the rain of autumn has come and the caravels of the merchants have turned south. In the courtyard the doves hold their heads beneath their wings, and fires are lighted in the braziers. And remembering thee, O Once-Dear, I am saddened. On my soul is thy name written.

"It is because I remember the season of the planting of rice, when the new rivers ran forth from the hills. I remember thy words of then, O Wicked-Beautiful. I remember the depth of thy gaze, like wine in the cup of Hwang-tse, and I perceive the madness wrought within my mind. Yet am I powerless to heal myself.

"I say he will hold thee lightly, as a copper tael; he hath already forgotten thee, and hath gone away singing into the south.

"I weep, thinking on this, O Stalk-of-the-Barley. I am lonely as the kite that hath no friend ——"

As mother's resonant contralto paused the Karcher boy—according to rehearsal and careful instruction—swept his hand across the strings of the samisen that Dr. Wilfred Parker had brought from Japan when he came home from being a missionary doctor, and now had so kindly loaned for the occasion. The samisen gave out a low poignant cry, such as a breaking heart might easily utter.

The Karcher boy was doing very well. He played a ukulele, anyhow, which made his part a lot easier. Frances had fixed up both boys, but Willy Karcher was the more dramatic of the two. He knelt now, dropped on one knee, his arms and legs tinted a pleasant even Mongol yellow, a pale-blue starched linen smock drawn down over his short navy-blue trousers, and a Navajo bowl of reedwork inverted on his head and fastened under his chin. He was better than the other paddy boy who was helping to supply atmosphere.

Victor Jones was hopelessly stiff, kneeling like a caryatid before the lectern where mother was reading. You could see waves of natural color sweep across Victor's freckles under the make-up, and at intervals he trembled like an aspen.

But of course no one actually noticed. No one really saw Victor or Willy Karcher, or even Thelma, sitting up front so conspicuously, looking cool and clever as usual and twiddling the broad black ribbon on her eyeglass; or for that matter mother herself, handsome and competent, in Mrs. Captain Towdy's black-and-gold Manchu coat, with the old-gold pillow placed over the lectern desk, and reading Thelma's Chinese poetry from the parchment scroll wrapped around the wooden cylinder and ornamented with the two red bead-and-silk tassels she—Frances—had bought for the occasion at the ten-cent store.

It Seemed to Her She Stood Facing a Stranger. Something Glamorous and Enchanted Was Gone—a Fair Bubble of Illusion That Was Dispelled

Because everybody—all the guests in the darkened, musk-heavy, incense-sweet room—was too busy looking at Janet, who was being the pièce de résistance of mother's Oriental afternoon. Everybody always looked at Janet, even when she made no overt claim on attention; and now, of course, wearing her parrot-green Chinese coat and trousers, posed against a tight-stretched panel of pale gold lamé, with tropic humming birds and pomegranate blossoms splashed on her surface, following each rhythmic cadence with a slow terpsichorean movement and a winglike fanning of wide green sleeves—doing a kind of interpretative dance to Thelma's lines—she was simply stunning. Her little mouth was painted into a scarlet cherry; her face was a tinted flower; her hair, covered with a glossy lacquerlike stuff which darkened it a little, was drawn back from her natural widow's peak to a great whorl at the temple, à la Chinoise, spiked with cut crystal and bangle pins which trembled with light as she moved. And of course, as always, her hands were the loveliest things about Janet—the family pride and the objects of Janet's endless ritualistic worship. They fluttered now like white doves above nodding green palms as Janet gestured, and you could see that each rose-and-ivory finger tip was capped with a pierced gold guard.

"Beautiful!" someone murmured ecstatically, in the little hushed pause. Then someone else spoke—near by, very close to Frances, in a hoarse low contralto—a deaf person's contralto—old Mrs. Commodore Fulham, with a critical baked-apple face tilted beneath a crooked lace bonnet trimmed with silk and jet mixed pickles, and wearing in her ears heavy black-and-gold earrings resembling a pair of small handcuffs.

"Who," inquired Mrs. Fulham deafly, "ever heard of a red-headed Chinee woman?"

A small defender—a little man named Meeker and a new admirer of mother's—whirled sharply just in front of Mrs. Fulham.

"Exquisite!" he hissed. "I have never seen anything so exquisite! I have never seen such a union of gifts in one family, such a distribution of talents and beauty in a mother and two daughters. A family made entirely of the three graces!"

"Oh, not entirely. There is a fourth one, you know. Not so gifted or so b—— I beg your pardon?"

Mrs. Fulham turned, booming to the man behind her.

It was young Dr. Ezra Taylor. He was sitting very close to her.

"What did you say, Doctor Taylor? . . . You are on my foot? . . . I beg your pardon? . . . Oh, I am on yours? Excuse me!"

Dr. Ezra Taylor ran up one eyebrow at Frances, in that crooked whimsical fashion of his, across Mrs. Fulham's shoulder. He was, of course, covering Mrs. Fulham's little faux pas, trying as usual to save Frances. He was always trying to do that, in one way or another. As though, she reflected with amusement, she wasn't used all her life—all her twenty-four years—to being overshadowed and overpowered aesthetically by the Three Lowry Graces: Mother, fascinating, energetic, stunning looking, always getting up something clever like this affair, figuring in intellectual stunts, giving costume travel courses, arranging current-events classes, a social and civic force locally; Thelma, who had been brilliant from birth, who wrote exquisite prose and verse studies in the Oriental manner, chiefly of an erotic character, and who was a close student of Far East ritualistic practice; and Janet, who was a student of appearance and undeniably the family peaches-in-cream and the cat's corset for pulchritude, as Frances heartily agreed.

You couldn't really say that she herself contributed anything to the atmosphere of mother's afternoon, unless you counted in the fact that the dress she wore, a straight, pocketed affair she had made herself, was of pongee, and that she had decorated all three of these rooms, and had got together through the week all the numerous pieces of Oriental color, the hundred or so objects loaned for the occasion; that she had made the scenery, the gold panel, for Janet's poses—Frances had a queer unwomanly knack with hammer and nails—had designed and sewed up six costumes besides; drilled and posed the actors; had baked four large layer cakes and made a huge bowl of chicken salad for refreshments; had shopped in the city for additional dainties, and finally had marshaled all the arriving guests to the upstairs chambers to prepare themselves for the afternoon's pleasure.

But of course all this—Frances reflected, shifting from one foot to another because her back and legs ached a little after a pretty strenuous week—was only what practically any active person could have done, the usual Martha sort of thing. What mattered really about any event was the performance that stood out—the Mary kind of thing, the irreplaceable.

There was no one hereabouts, for instance, who could write plaintive love poetry—the outcry of one Chu-San, an ivory painter of the fourth dynasty of Ming-Tse, bereaved of a lover—as Thelma could. There was nobody else who would have thought of trying.

There was nobody who could read that poetry as mother could, with her presence and practice in locution, and certainly no one who could dance it as Janet. Mrs. Commodore Fulham was right. The fourth grace in the Lowry family was distinctly "not so gifted or so b——" But it was very kind of Dr. Ezra Taylor—very kind of him to pretend that Mrs. Fulham was on his foot.

And rousing from her abstraction, a mixture of mild weariness and profound absorption in her inner reverie, Frances wiggled her eyebrows at Doctor Taylor in return. For, of course, no one was speaking by now, mother being on the last parchment lap of Thelma's manuscript:

"Nay, my love is like a coat of fine silk sewn with jade and azure stars. It drifts across the heart of Chu-San even as a leaf of willow floats upon the Yang-tse. Though thou never comest again, yet is it thy willow leaf, O Wicked-But-Forgiven."

Once more the Karcher boy smote the samisen, and mother bowed and in a patter of handclapping stepped down from behind the lectern. At once the air was charged with congratulatory din. Laughter and enthusiastic babble mounted in a swelling surge. A great many of the audience advanced upon mother, standing with an arm about Thelma. Those who didn't besieged Janet, with one exception—young Dr. Ezra Taylor. He pressed near to Frances, wiping his forehead with a large square of fresh white linen.

"Golly!" he said. "What I mean is—shutting out a June day like this with thick silk over the windows and all this warm, musty stench."

"You're a lowbrow, Doctor Taylor. You're a lowbrow pill peddler. How can you appreciate the broken heart of a lady of the fourth dynasty of Ming-tse—to say nothing of all my perfectly good decorations and costumes that I worked so hard over? At that, though, I forgot one thing." And Frances extracted from the pocket of her pongee dress a small silver-colored object. "This belongs with Dora Pennyman's stuff too. It's a Chinese snuff bottle—I imagine one of the trinkets brought back by Capt. David Pennyman of the clipper Sally Lou; at least Dora had it along with his things."

"A snuff bottle, eh? 'Outer China 'crost the Bay.'"

Doctor Taylor took it into his hand and examined it idly.

It was about four inches long and about one in diameter at the base. It was done in a sort of metallic gray luster on a dark pottery. The bottom, as he turned it up, showed almost black, with a narrow binding of the metal'd stuff. Most of it was a smooth even cylinder, but just at the top it narrowed abruptly to a tiny jug neck, capped with a minute opening. On one side was etched in darker hues, in all its delicate perfection, a flying crane.

"Give it back to me," said Frances, dropping it into her pocket again, "and I'll stick it along with the rest of the Pennyman stuff presently—if I don't forget. I brought over a whole basketful of bits from Dora's house—nothing of terrific value, of course, though Dora's such a brick about anything like that; she'd let me borrow the moon if she had it. But still I feel responsible ——"

Four little girls cantered into the room, dressed in Chinese coats and trousers. They carried willow trays heaped with Oriental refreshment. Handleless cups of hot tea with jasmine petal floating on it; tiny individual dishes of preserved ginger, litchi nuts, candied melon and plum, blanched almonds, little cakes of pale sweetened rice paste.

"Good Lord, hot smoke and hot tea a day like this!" groaned Doctor Taylor. "Aren't you supplying anything to eat but atmosphere today, Frances?"

"Of course," said Frances absently, "on the dining-room table. Lots of thick dark chocolate cake, salad and ice cream and an Eiffel Tower of sandwiches—for anybody vulgar enough to complain."

"Then lead me to it. If I mistake not, I saw my vulgar, stout and only rival in this village—old Doctor Bortree—cutting a bee line for that buffet five minutes ago."

It was curious, Frances thought as she led Dr. Ezra Taylor through the chattering crowd toward the dining room, how abstractedly, how matter-of-factly, she was doing it, as compared, say, with sensations derived under similar proceedings a short time—yes, a brief two weeks ago.

Not that she had been—well, violently emotional over Dr. Ezra Taylor. She was almost too busy for emotion anyhow. At least it didn't seem to be her part in the daily wear and tear of life here with mother and Thelma and Janet. But there had been a distinct pleasure in being near Doctor Taylor a very real happiness found in his presence—that now, in these past few days, seemed to have evaporated like mist in the sun. She had found it—yes, be honest, Frances—delightful to realize that Dr. Ezra Taylor came up to the house to see her, and her alone; that he was specifically, as no other young man had ever been—no sane young man, even Frances would have admitted—interested in her, even though she lived in the same house with Janet. For alongside of Janet she was, of course, negligible—nothing. Not that Doctor Taylor was at all Janet's kind of man.

Frances could see them both approaching the cake-laden buffet now, reflected in its mirror. She saw a tall quick-moving girl with a great deal of lustrous dark hair parted simply in the middle and bound in braids around her head. This girl suggested strength, a certain breezy capacity and a complete indifference to what women mean by style. Witness the plain unmodish tan pongee. She had a nice forehead, but her nose was plebeian, and her hands and feet were indubitably, though shapely enough, rather large. Certainly few human beings could compete with Janet there anyhow. Her skin was healthy looking, a tanned sun-flushed apricot; she had nicely colored deep-violet eyes, with a pair of thick velvety brows, fine white teeth and a dimple in her left cheek that came into play when she laughed, which was often and boyish in character. But there was nothing much, she admitted freely, in this ensemble to take the eye of a man, even a man of as modest physical pretensions as Dr. Ezra Taylor.

Doctor Taylor's gifts were more spiritual than apparent. He was the beloved of his patients in these two years of his settling here; the adored of the town's small boys, among whom he had organized and zealously conducted a Big Brother Club; an adherent of the fistic art, cold baths, athletics of all kinds; poor as a church mouse; slangy, sincere; had served with a medical unit in Serbia, sang barytone in the church choir and was twenty-nine years of age. What the mirror actually revealed was a young person in well-worn blue serge, of medium height and fairly strong build, blessed with a pair of crooked, extremely whimsical eyebrows over very attractive gray eyes, a slightly thinning patch on top of his brown head and a pleasant but very so-so face, on the upper lip of which was now growing a very small hirsute culture in the interest of professional dignity.

"Sit down here, Doctor Taylor," said Frances, setting before him an outsize dish of chicken salad and thickly frosted cake.

She laid her hands on the back of his chair as she stepped aside, experimentally; just as she would have done quite involuntarily a brief two weeks ago, with a kind of queer yearning wish to lay them on Doctor Taylor's hair and shoulders. Today she didn't care at all about Doctor Taylor's hair and shoulders. The battery was dead.

"Gracious, I must be even more fickle than Janet!"

She sounded apprehensive to herself, but she realized the truth. She didn't even care about that—that her caring powers should exhibit this sudden jack-in-the-box elasticity. After all, she couldn't help it.

It was because of the thing that had come upon her—the curious unwished-for tide of dreamy feeling that had swept upon her lately and borne her off on its current. A sensation of drifting and exquisite suspension, of vague uncharted bliss utterly outside her experience, whose elements on analysis offered nothing substantial—not even good sense, she reflected—but which overpowered and crowded aside other values of life, which seemed infinitely more precious and to be desired than facts she was accustomed to in her daily living.

"It must be because it's so different. It must be what novelists call romance. But I don't want to be substantial—nor sensible."

Even she decided this was ridiculous—in terms of that substantial and sensible girl in the looking-glass. And Frances drove the girl from her thoughts.

"I've got to have it, I guess, because I seem to want it so fearfully. If I'm sick, if that's what ails me, and it's possible, because I don't seem to be myself at all—well, everybody gets sick at times. Anyhow, I don't know where it's leading. I don't know where I'm going. I don't believe I want to know. But I'm on the way, I guess—and it seems to lead me far enough away from Dr. Ezra Taylor."

He was looking up at her with a pleading eye.

"Aren't you going to sit down beside me, Frances? I was hoping you would ——"

She evaded hastily.

"Oh, I've got a lot to do. There's Victor Jones peeping in here. I must go and unmake-up those children."

"But I've got something to see you about specially. Not here—over cake. But, Frances, you haven't given me a chance lately. Sit down a minute, or promise you'll come back again. You've shied away from me all this week." Frances shied now.

"Oh, I'll be back—if I can," she said vaguely. "This has been a busy week, you see—so much to do." She was halfway across the room, with something, probably her conscience, giving her little twisting uneasy stabs. It was true that it had been a busy week, but not the least busy part had been her activities avoiding Doctor Taylor. "As though that alone doesn't prove that you must be out of your mind, girl," she thought gloomily; "out of your mind and glorying in it."

II

STILL, she had continued to avoid Doctor Taylor, and right to the end of the afternoon. He had remained to the last. He had remained even after being sated with refreshment and emptied of all conversation; until even mother said pointedly, "Your practice must be in remarkable health, Doctor Taylor."

Old Doctor Bortree, his rival, had rushed away after food at once, like any properly harassed busy physician. The tea fight itself—all mother's local guests, the artistic friends and notables she and Thelma had asked out from the city for the event—gradually dissolved. Even the last of Janet's current twelve gentleman followers had folded his tent like a well-bred Arab and silently stolen away. But, of course, in an endurance test between breeding—

Janet Was a Student of Appearance and Undeniably the Family Peaches-in-Cream for Pulchritude, as Frances Heartily Agreed

that is, social finish—and sheer determination on a point, you'd know beforehand where Doctor Taylor would stand, Frances sighed.

He had wrested this much: at the last he had caught her hand fiercely and half whispered right under mother's nose, "You've got to let me talk to you—as much as I please—on Friday evening. Just make up your mind to that!"

Frances herself had made no sign. And now she divested herself of thoughts of Doctor Taylor as quickly as possible.

(Continued on Page 55)

THE ANACHRONISM

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

SUBSIDING inconspicuously upon the chair deftly thrust against his knees by the formidable head waiter, Marvin Gibb regarded Ellie's Uncle Al with blended emotions. As always, an uneasy respect predominated in this mixture, tempered by an apologetic regret for certain of Uncle Al's idiosyncrasies of dress and speech and deportment, an apprehension as to the form in which the two latter eccentricities might, on this occasion, express themselves.

It was quite impossible to anticipate accurately on this point; Marvin Gibb's nervousness was not specific. Unfolding his napkin to the correctly narrow strip, he endeavored to seem unaware of the preliminary conversation between Uncle Al and the waiter.

"George," said Uncle Al, producing a large, untidy lump of bills and thumbing them mostly, "you see before you a cash customer for about two dollars' worth of service." He separated a bill of this denomination from the mass, and flattened it under the water glass. "If you don't think two-dollar bills are unlucky, George, this is going to be all yours after you've brought us—let's see, it's pretty hot for anything heavy—suppose you bring us a nice big bowl of chicken salad and some iced tea. Afterwards we'll try that fresh peach ice cream."

Marvin Gibb twisted his neck so that he enjoyed a view of the waiter's profile and discovered, to his relief, that this servitor was manifestly not one of those who, according to the text and advertisements of Mind Your Manners, smile behind their palms at such ungenteel demands as these. This waiter was not smiling; he regarded Uncle Al with a strained and passionate adoration in which, not disagreeably, Marvin Gibb felt himself to be included.

"Don't be Silly, Marvin! You Know Perfectly Well You'd Never Hurt Uncle Al's Feelings That Way—After All He's Done for Us"

Reassured, he brought his glance back to Uncle Al and drew breath for the first installment of the prepared conversation he intended to deliver. It was high time that he demonstrated to Uncle Al that he was no mere listener, but a forceful, informed and entertaining conversationalist, who, like the deservedly fortunate Young Evans in the advertisements, stored his mind in leisure moments with the wit and wisdom provided in each monthly issue of Things to Talk About. It was a pity that he had not discovered this publication before Uncle Al's earlier visits, but the omission could be remedied now. He cleared his throat

"Speaking of dogs, I read some pretty startling statistics the other evening. Surprise to me to find out that there were eight million six hundred thousand dogs in the United States, and that they cost, at a conservative estimate, about a hundred million a year to feed. It seems ——"

"You don't say!" said Uncle Al. "Say, there's a dog-gone handsome woman over there by the window—third table, the one with the black do-funny on her hat. Sort of makes me think of Ellie, some ways." He removed his gaze with a suggestion of reluctance. "How is Ellie, Marv? Same good-looker she used to be, I'll bet. Wish I could get out there to see her, but I can't make it this time." He sighed fatly. "One of these days I'm going to quit everything and settle down out in the country with you and Ellie and take it easy. Getting too old for the harness, I guess."

"We're counting on you," said Marvin Gibb uncomfortably. He wanted to be cordial, emphatic, but it was, he felt, a delicate topic. Ellie was Uncle Al's only connection, and naturally, some day, whatever he had would come to her. Under the circumstances it seemed safer to bring the conversation back to the matter of dogs.

"Speaking of dogs," he repeated, "it said in this article that the whole sheep industry had been wiped out in entire states because so many people kept on raising dogs. Yes, sir—whole states, it said. Did you know that there were a hundred and four murders in the United States in the first six months of last year, just on account of quarrels over dogs; and I think it was six thousand cases in the civil courts, besides. And you take hydrophobia, for instance—modern science would have stamped the disease clear out if it wasn't being spread all the time by these dogs."

"A dog-gone good-looking woman," said Uncle Al absently. "Never knew you took so much interest in dogs, Marv. Yes, sir, that's my notion of a fine figure of a woman."

Marvin Gibb was delighted. While Uncle Al settled his jaw deeper in the nested chins he rehearsed fresh statistics, a little disappointed that he failed to secure the undivided attention of his audience, but encouraged, whenever he paused, by admiring comment on his information.

"Must've made quite a study of it," said Uncle Al, devoting himself to the salad, his eye still lifting wistfully in the direction of the window. Marvin Gibb warmed under the tribute; the advertisement, he saw, had stated no more than the truth in declaring that it was the trained talker who made himself a power among men. He discussed dogs brilliantly and with bitterness, arriving, with the peach ice cream, at a peroration in which the animal was described as an economic loss, a sanitary menace and a social nuisance, an absurd, expensive, deadly anachronism, permitted to survive, through silly sentiment, from a barbaric age.

"Looks quite a lot like Ellie," said Uncle Al, as the impressive person of the window passed their table, leaving an aromatic wake. "Say, Marvin, I want to send something out to Ellie, and you—know anything she'd specially like, this time?"

Marvin Gibb deliberated. Unguided, Uncle Al's avuncular affection expressed itself in tokens more spectacular than he himself would have chosen. There had been the cuckoo clock, for instance, and the two gilded and spidery chairs, the twin plaster statuettes for which even Ellie's ingenuity had with difficulty found standing room. On the other hand he found himself under a certain restraint in the matter of suggestions. He couldn't gracefully propose an expensive gift like the Fifteen-Minute Classics—the set of books which, according to the innuendo of the advertisements, had enabled Mr. Jack Dempsey to gain the heavyweight championship of the world.

"You don't have to send us presents every time you come to town, Uncle Al," he protested. "You've given us so many things as it is ——"

"Forget it. Ellie's all the niece I've got. Think of anything she'd like?"

Marvin Gibb decided that it would hardly do to mention the Fifteen-Minute Classics, in view of this repeated limitation of the inquiry to Ellie's preference.

"I guess she'd rather have you pick out something for her yourself," he said. "Anything you choose."

"All right. I'll take a look around this afternoon." Uncle Al waddled ponderously to the lobby and offered a large, moist hand. "Enjoyed seeing you, Marvin. Certainly surprised me, the way you know dogs. Give Ellie a big kiss for me."

Marvin Gibb, consulting his watch, made haste back to the office, where he was already overdue. A certain natural anxiety as to what Mr. Hornby might have to say on this topic was mitigated by the memory of his talk with Uncle Al. He'd succeeded at last in making an impression there; almost anything might come of it. He seemed to see a mental wash drawing in which Marvin Gibb was presented by Ellie's uncle to a grave, attentive group of industrial captains gathered about a conference table. There was a headline: "Gentlemen, We've Found Our Man!"

He was further reassured by the sight of Haggerty approaching the doorway as he neared it. There would be, at least, someone to share whatever reproach might await his tardiness. He went to his desk under cover of Haggerty's swaggering entrance, avoiding a glance at Mr. Hornby's open door.

"Take your watch along the next time you go out to lunch, Gibb."

Hornby shot the words at him harshly. He mumbled an apology and slid into his chair, aware of a certain sense of injustice. Haggerty had gone out earlier than he; it was queer that Mr. Hornby hadn't rebuked him, too, for being late. Marvin Gibb realized that this phenomenon had presented itself to his notice on more than one earlier occasion; now, before resuming his single-minded attention to his dictating machine and tray of letters, he paused a moment to wonder whether Haggerty might have already purchased and absorbed the Fifteen-Minute Classics. It seemed probable, upon reflection. There was a prominence about Haggerty's chin that distinctly suggested the formidable jaws of the young men in the wash-drawing illustrations. Marvin Gibb lifted an experimental hand to his own chin. One of these days, he decided, he would certainly buy that set of books.

During the high-pressure activities of the following morning, into which, by virtue of the Saturday half holiday, a full day's labor must be compressed, Marvin Gibb was persistently distracted by a mounting curiosity as to Uncle Al's choice of a gift. He and Ellie had discussed the matter at some length last evening without arriving at even a common basis of conjecture, and Uncle Al, bidding Marvin Gibb a briefly cordial farewell over the office telephone, had chosen to be archly mysterious upon the topic.

"Keep your eye peeled for that little present of mine," he had warned Marvin. "You might not notice it if you don't look sharp. Ought to be out there sometime today. Just a piece of luck I happened to be out on Long Island yesterday afternoon and ran across a place where they had 'em for sale. Be back in two-three months and get out there to have a good look at it, sure. Got to beat it for the boat now."

He repeated his reference to a big kiss that was to be delivered, for his account and risk, to Ellie. Marvin Gibb found it difficult to concentrate decently on business correspondence during what remained of the morning, especially as he was compelled to listen, in spite of the closed door of Mr. Hornby's office, to a stormy interview with Haggerty, terminating in something that seemed to be at once a resignation and a dismissal.

Haggerty, removing his personal effects from the adjacent desk, seemed undismayed by the catastrophe. He informed Marvin Gibb that he had anticipated and arranged for this result, that he and Gelbfuss were going into business for themselves and that they would speedily indicate to Mr. Hornby the exact spot at which, as Haggerty put it, the old pussyfoot could get off.

To Marvin Gibb the affair held something of the morbid fascination he had felt upon beholding motion pictures of men who climbed skyscraper flagpoles. He saw now that Haggerty could not have acquainted himself, after all, with the Fifteen-Minute Classics. Men who had enjoyed those enlightening contacts with the world's best brains acquired, to be sure, that degree of justified self-confidence that permitted them to face unflinching the appraising scrutiny of department heads, but certainly not the foolhardiness that would detach them voluntarily from the pay roll, send them out into the world to risk labor and savings on the hazards of individual endeavor!

His compassion for Haggerty deepened his approval of his own estate. Always he had mildly enjoyed his work in the mail-order department, had been content to depend for his advancement upon that eventual acquirement and recognition of competency which, as revealed in nearly all the advertisements, was the inevitable reward of those who missed no opportunity to train their minds for bigger things. Now, with the example of Haggerty before him, he was able to find a more positive pleasure in the contemplation of his lot, to feel a stimulating sense of superiority in which the security of his job, the comfortable thrift of the flat in East Juniper, the slow increase of the balance in the savings-bank pass book seemed definite proof of sagacity and merit.

He shook hands with Haggerty and wished him a success in which he felt no confidence whatever. He left the office at noon with a feeling almost of affection for the desk and the dictating machine, the long row of filing cabinets; even, for once, for the irascible Mr. Hornby himself.

The 12:45, as usual, carried too many passengers. Besides the rightful presence of other homing commuters, Marvin Gibb observed with displeasure the Saturday complement of those who traveled with golf bags, over which he stumbled as he moved forward in vain quest of a seat. A compassion for the ignorant folly that wasted time on such a game yielded to a sense of grievance; it was the fault of these light-minded persons that Marvin Gibb must choose between standing in an aisle, where it would be impossible to concentrate on the new issue of Things to Talk About, and riding in the tainted atmosphere of the smoker, which would cling for days to his hair and clothes.

Electing the latter evil, he was disturbed by the levity of the bridge players across the aisle, a loudly jocular group in which, to his surprised regret, Marvin Gibb observed Henry Weaver.

Prior to this revelation of frivolity he had looked up to Weaver, had taken a righteous pride in his acquaintance, made at a church supper. A substantial citizen, a man not only of wealth but of weight in the community, discovered in his present company and employment, must naturally be embarrassed. Marvin Gibb endeavored to spare him this by feigning complete absorption in his pamphlet, but, lifting his eyes when the conductor punched his ticket, he met Weaver's glance too directly to continue the pretense and nodded stiffly. He saw, by the slight hesitation and the frugality of the answering how, that his surmise had been accurate, and returned to his reading, telling himself sternly that if Weaver felt uncomfortable it was only what he deserved.

Descending at the East Juniper station he was obliged to traverse the platform in full view of the taxi drivers drawn up along its outer rim—aggressive, importunate persons who seemed to demand patronage rather than to solicit it, calling loudly and by name on those travelers they recognized, many of whom yielded weakly to their insistence. Marvin Gibb breathed more freely when he had reached the street; again he had run this daily gantlet without attracting the notice of any of the drivers, and was free to continue his journey safely—and cheaply—on foot.

The sense of achievement lasted for a quarter of a mile; he was again aware of a quickening curiosity as to Uncle Al's gift, which speeded his steps for a like distance. Here, however, a cloud obscured his mood; his pace lost its decisive briskness and at the corner of McKinley Street he came to an uneasy pause, leaning warily forward from the shelter of the board fence about the excavation for the new flats, to survey the stretch of flagstone sidewalk which separated him from his own doorstep.

It was reassuringly clear and for a moment Marvin Gibb was tempted to go boldly forward, but an afterthought reminded him that more than once he had been misled by just such a false appearance of safety. He crossed the street and continued for another block, turned down Harrison Place and, slipping between the boards of the fence which bounded the back yard, approached the rear steps with a sense of minor triumph.

He had almost reached them when the afternoon stillness was rent by a tirade of yelps, soprano in pitch but touched, for Marvin Gibb's ear, with a petulance and choler all the more formidable for this shrillness.

He drew back warily before the furious advance of a dog, a dog that propelled a furry, excessive body upon legs monstrously bowed and foreshortened, accomplishing its locomotion in the wise of the inchworm, with alternative archings and flattenings of its back, a dog of patently evil visage, its eyes bulging, froglike and baleful, its muzzle so shortened as to be inadequate for a perpetually protruded pink tongue.

Still giving voice to its splenetic intention, Mrs. Werfer's Pekingese advanced upon Marvin Gibb as he circled the angle of the house, keeping his face vigilantly to the enemy and reflecting with bitterness that his strategic recourse to the rear approach had been of no more avail than the bold frontal attack which would have spared him the weary circuit of the block. Fragmentary recollections of the article in Things to Talk About embittered the retreat; a man could contract hydrophobia from the bite of even the smallest dog—the merest scratch of the skin. He backed at last against the front door, beleaguered by the infuriated Ting, inching his hideous deformity up the steps. He slipped into the sanctuary of the entry just in time to interpose the door before the final scuttling rush.

His finger hovered wistfully before the push button appertaining to the lower floor; for the hundredth time he meditated downright protest to the Werfers, even at the risks of inaugurating a feud that might necessitate removal from the flat when the lease expired. It was a bargain, to be sure, the best value for the money in all East Juniper; it

(Continued on Page 76)

"I Don't See ——" He Began. The Speech Froze on His Lips as the Springs Groaned and, Against His Will, He Did See. Upreared Above the End Board of the Bed-a-Sofa He Saw, Without Believing, the Head of Something Out of Geology Books, Out of the Woodcut Fairy Stories of Infancy

DIRECTED BY ANDY

By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

JOHN O'DAY O'DAY AND GROGAN PICTURES CORPORATION HOLLYWOOD CALIFORNIA NIGHT LETTER PAID LAST THREE GIL AND SHORTY [illegible] EXTREMELY DISAPPOINTING AND NOT FUNNY SPELL LAST ONE [illegible] DOOR STOP SO [illegible] GET A GOOD FIRE FOR GIL AND DEVELOP ME A FEW MORE LIKE THESE LAST ONES AND WE WON'T BE ABLE TO SELL THEM STOP GARRISON

GARRISON NEW YORK NIGHT LETTER PAID GIL [illegible] RES ME FOUR COMING PICTURES CERTAIN TO PLEASE AND MUCH BETTER IN EVERY WAY STOP IMPOSSIBLE TO FIND DIRECTOR WITH WHOM GIL WOULD WORK STOP O'DAY

O'DAY HOLLYWOOD CALIFORNIA NIGHT LETTER PAID IF YOU DON'T TAKE GIL OFF THE COMEDIES AND PUT IN A DIRECTOR WE WILL HAVE TROUBLE SELLING THEM AT ANY PRICE STOP GIL'S POPULARITY RAPIDLY DROPPING [illegible] STOP GARRISON

GARRISON NEW YORK STRAIGHT TELEGRAM PAID WILL TRY TO FIND DIRECTOR AND GET GIL TO WORK WITH HIM BUT MAKING NO PROMISES BECAUSE GOOD DIRECTORS DON'T GROW ON BUSHES STOP O'DAY

GARRISON NEW YORK STRAIGHT DAY TELEGRAM COLLECT IF YOU THINK LAST THREE COMEDIES WERE ROTTEN YOU'RE CRAZY AND BELIEVE THAT YOU OUGHT TO BE SELLING OVERALLS INSTEAD OF MOTION PICTURES STOP WATCH BOX OFFICE RECEIPTS AND SEE FOR YOURSELF YOUR FIRST STOP GILFILLAN

O'DAY HOLLYWOOD CALIFORNIA NIGHT LETTER PAID GLAD YOU'RE GOING TO GET A DIRECTOR FOR GIL STOP GIL A GOOD COMEDIAN BUT A CHEESE DIRECTOR STOP WITH GOOD DIRECTION WE CAN PROBABLY DOUBLE SALES [illegible] STOP GARRISON

GARRISON NEW YORK TELEGRAM COLLECT IF YOU'D SPEND MORE TIME SELLING COMEDIES TO EXHIBITORS AND LESS MONEY ON TELEGRAMS WE'D ALL BE BETTER OFF GILFILLAN

"This is Mr. Parkman," O'Day said

THE final telegram was inspired by Shorty Hamp, Gil's plump little running mate who hated the New York office with a complete and bitter hatred that matched the disgust of Mr. Walter Wesley Gilfillan, comedian, director, story writer and star. Gil's film antics have been making people laugh for the last ten years, and even at this time, six years ago, Mr. Gilfillan esteemed himself highly and conceded to no man a greater knowledge of what it is in gesture and word that tickles the American public.

There were other telegrams besides the few sampled. For weeks Mr. O'Day and Mr. Grogan, officials of the corporation, had been fruitlessly arguing with the sulky actor.

"You can see how it is, Gil," O'Day declared, indicating the pile of dispatches. "We must find you a director."

"It's all bull," Gil replied. "I'm the best comedy director in Hollywood and everybody knows it. Them stiffs are always yelling about something. I'm willing to admit the last picture wasn't any too funny, but anybody's liable to slump now and then."

President O'Day shook his head gloomily and stared up at the stained-glass window.

"Somewhere," he persisted, "we have got to dig up a director. I am convinced of that."

"Yes, but we already lost two weeks," the comedian grumbled. "I've been ready to start and I keep telling you I don't need a director."

"We have got to consider the sales department, Gil," Mr. Grogan remarked soothingly. "Garrison has a hard job and we must help him when we can."

Gil growled and departed gloomily, with a final prophecy that New York would eventually ruin the studio. The problem remained unsolved, and there is no telling how long things would have drifted if it had not been for a fortunate accident. A mere business function, in the form of a dinner, with speeches, disclosed the existence of Mr. Andrew Getty, editor, journalist, compositor, reporter and local patriot.

Messrs. O'Day and Grogan were solid citizens of Hollywood and warm in their admiration of the town. They owned their own homes, watered their lawns, held stock in the local banks, belonged to business organizations and omitted no opportunity to inform a doubting world that Hollywood, California, was the world's greatest spot and would eventually put New York where it belonged and pass Chicago in building permits.

The chamber of commerce, as is its custom, gave an annual banquet, and among those present were O'Day and Grogan, in evening clothes. The secretary of the chamber cleared his throat at eight o'clock and recited the usual optimistic figures, showing that three hundred and fifty thousand tourists had walked down Hollywood Boulevard and that 10 per cent of them had made inquiries about real estate and the cost of furniture.

Louis Gratzman, proprietor of Gratzman's Market, read a report and indignantly denied the base charge that the retail grocery business was falling off. A filling station gentleman declared that the filling business had never before faced such a prosperous outlook. And Andrew Getty made his speech.

The chamber had asked Mr. Getty to be present and say a few words as editor of the Hollywood Weekly Argus, a newspaper that has since been gathered to its fathers. Andrew ran the paper, collected news matter, set some of it in type, solicited advertising, fought for circulation and wrote bitter editorials denouncing the criminal attitude of the board of aldermen with regard to the sewer-pipe delay on Wilcox Avenue. His salary was thirty dollars a week.

As editor of the Argus, Andy had fought the money devil wherever its ugly head appeared and had proved that the sun shines three hundred and forty days a year in Hollywood. He came to theannual banquet loaded with a speech which pointed exclusively with pride.

Part of the speech Andy wrote with his own firm hand, and the rest of it was hurriedly written by a young college lad in the Argus office. It was an oration filled with witty sallies and humorous thrusts, and hearty laughter rippled to and fro amongst the business men. They applauded his philosophy and cheered his satire, and there was not a drop served at the dinner.

"This fellow is good," said O'Day to Grogan. "Who is he?"

"Search me," replied the vice president. "I'll ask George Daniels."

They discovered before the evening waned that Mr. Getty was a young editor and they learned of the thirty dollars a week.

"This man," said O'Day, "is extremely funny in a refined way. There is polish and wit to what he says. Why wouldn't it be sensible to hire him to direct Gil? This genteel humor of his, coupled up with Gil's rough stuff, might be just what we want. We might get a roaring good comedy out of such a combination."

"And," added Vice President Grogan, "we can get him because he now draws thirty dollars a week."

Mr. Getty was immediately notified that the O'Day and Grogan Pictures Corporation desired to confer with him over a business proposition. I happened to enter O'Day's sanctuary at the tail end of the conference with papers requiring the presidential signature.

"And so," O'Day was concluding, "you are to direct Gil in his next picture and we will see how it comes out. We will pay you two hundred a week."

"Thank you," said Mr. Getty in a low voice.

"If this experiment is successful," continued the president, "we will later on discuss future terms."

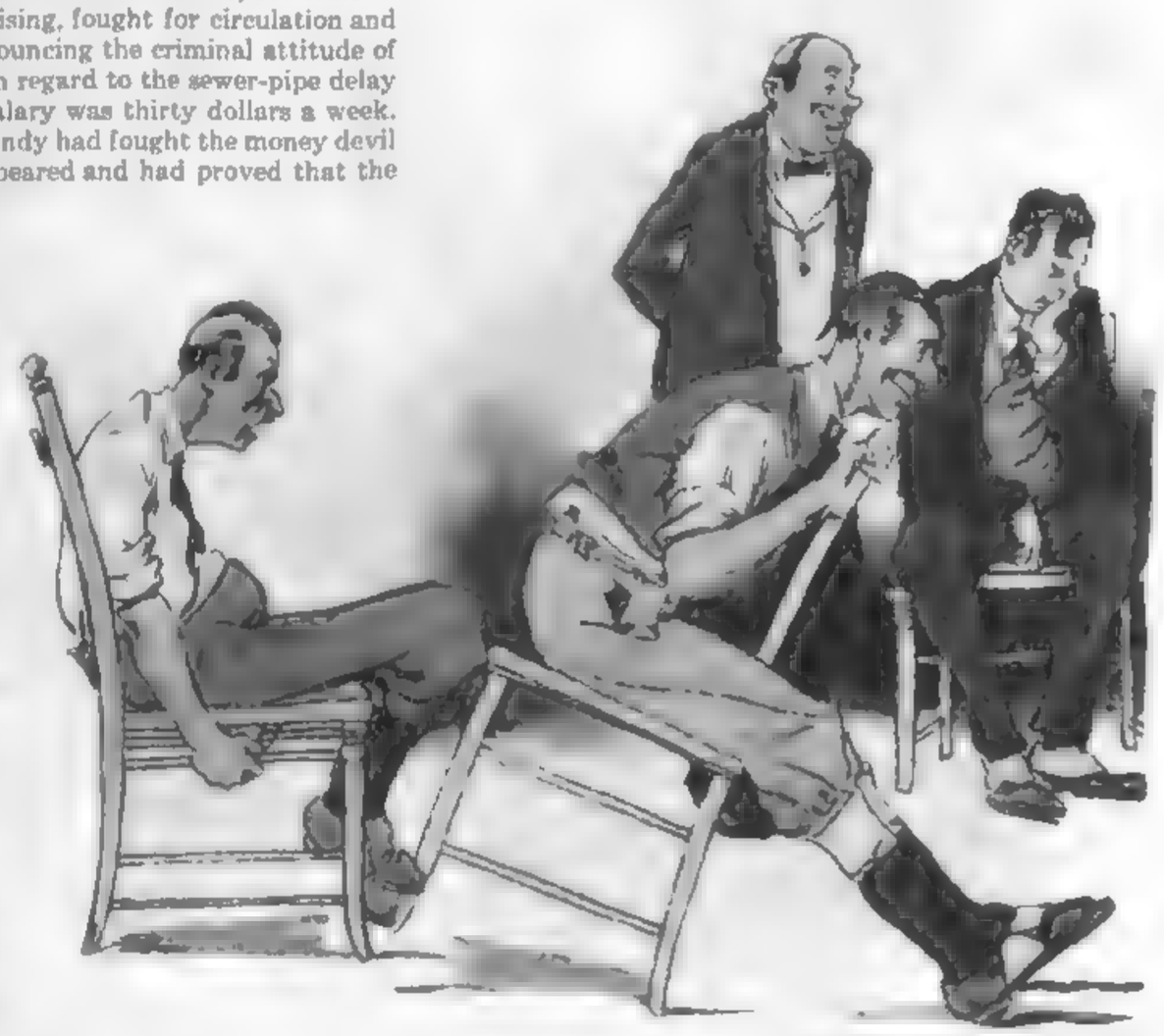
"Very well," the new director murmured, and as he turned I had my first view of the individual into whose hands Gil's artistic future had been thrust. He was not an impressive sight.

"This is Mr. Parkman," O'Day said. "Mr. Parkman will provide you with your story."

"Glad to know you," Mr. Getty smiled, shaking hands

He was a tall, astonished-looking man with a thin white face and piercing black eyes and black eyebrows There was a belligerent air about him, which deceived, because his nature was calm and his voice gentle. He had a large hooked nose and was unbeautiful, and he wore glasses that fell from the bridge of his nose at frequent intervals and which he replaced with a slight gesture of apology.

It required the remainder of that afternoon to learn all the facts, which were that Mr. Getty possessed a peculiar gift of humor, that it was to be joined to and mingled with the coarser jocosities of Walter Gilfillan; that Mr. Getty was to direct, although until that day he had never set foot in a studio. I encountered Gil in the late afternoon and we discussed the outlook.



Presently the Lights Came Up

"I don't understand it," I said, being a new man in the picture business. "My impression is that a comedy director should have a certain amount of experience."

"Sure," said Gil. "What ails you?"

"How about this Andy Getty?"

"Nothing about him. O'Day and Grogan are having one of their inspirations. They suddenly hear a guy make a speech and they decide he's the new Mark Twain. They then hire him to direct me in a comedy. Put it all together and it spells 'mother.'"

"Of course," I ventured, "Mr. Getty might produce a genuinely good comedy. It has been done."

"Yes," grunted Gil, "and once there was a horse that could sing Dixie. Listen, Henry. It's the same old studio disease. Every so often they have to get me a director. He usually lasts six weeks, they fire him, and I then go back and direct my own pictures. I been all through it."

"Then there's nothing to worry about?"

"Not a thing. This we-have-with-us-tonight will last exactly one picture. I'm going to teach O'Day and Grogan to let me alone, and Garrison too. And furthermore, I'm going to make it expensive for them so they'll remember it."

"It's going to be interesting," I remarked.

"A dang sight more interesting than anybody around here thinks right now," Gil returned.

It was quite true that Andy knew nothing of studio work and that the mechanical processes involved in making a motion picture were to him as Greek songs. He strolled into the studio the day following his appointment, leaving his editorial job to the college lad, and we began to find out about Andy. There was a full meeting of the comedy unit in Gil's office.

"I wish to say, Mr. Gilfillan," Andy began in his gentle voice, "that I don't know anything about this picture business. I am a newspaper man, but they hired me and I shall do the best I can. If I have help from you and your organization, and suggestions from your staff, it may be that we will turn out a pretty good comedy."

"You'll get all the help you want," Gil answered; "that's what we're here for."

O'Day ordered that the picture be started immediately and Gil came to me with a cheerful grin.

"We got to have a story for the young genius to direct."

"We've got it," I replied, for a story had been turned into the scenario department many days before by Horace Rascoe, a completed script with titles, set requirements, estimated costs, locations and all needful details.

"Not that one," said Gil. "Where's the thing you wrote about three months ago?"

"I can find it," I said wonderingly.

The thing was a so-called country comedy entitled Farm Days, written by me before I discovered that one cannot and must not write comedies about rural places. At least Gil had said so.

"Henry," he had explained, referring to Farm Days at the time it was written, "let me tell you something about film comedies. Comedies are city things and they won't work out right if you put them in the country. In a comedy like we make you got to have cops and autos and street cars, with Chinamen washing shirts and stenographers going to work. Snappy city stuff is what we got to have. Country stories are no good to me and Shorty, so throw that junk away and write me something—something like, maybe, I'm a tired business man with a pretty stenographer, and my wife is sore because she hired me a homely dame. Get me?"

"Sweet Spirits of Light!" Said Mr. O'Day

I got him immediately, bowing to his superior knowledge and years of two-reel experience. The country comedy was shelved. This was the story he now demanded.

"Why?" I inquired.

"Because it's the worst thing I can think of, and what we aim to do is to make a quick and awful bad picture."

"And chase this long-nosed editor off the lot," said Shorty Hamp, who strolled into the scene. "I been in the business nine years and no printer can come in here and tell me where to get off."

We searched through the dusty files and disentombed the manuscript of Farm Days, and at an ensuing staff conference Gil handed it to Andy Getty with the cheerful assurance that here was a brisk comedy story that had been kicking around the studio for several months and seemed to have good possibilities.

"Of course," Gil said sarcastically, "you know what you want."

"I know only in theory," replied Mr. Getty, who began to look even taller and thinner and more starved than at first as the days followed each other.

At His Side, Talking Earnestly, Was Amanda Glosfoot

"Where do we make this picture?" Gil asked in the manner of one man leaving a great decision to another.

"Aren't the pictures made here in the studio?" inquired Andy.

"They are not," said Gil. "You have to go on location. This is a farm comedy and we haven't any regular farms around the lot."

"Well," suggested Andy, thinking hard, "the only farm I know of is a little chicken ranch up in the Rainbow River country. We might go there."

"Where is it?" asked the star.

"About two hundred miles north."

"Zeek!" said Gil, indicating approval, and it was decided that Farm Days should be shot in the Rainbow River Valley, up in the Lone Pine Mountains, a long way from Hollywood. Gil had a clear-cut reason for this which he later explained to a grinning group.

"This rare bird," he said, "is naturally going to make a terrible picture, which O'Day and Grogan would know now if they weren't both crazy. If we shoot the stuff, and let them see the daily rushes while we're doing it, they'll stop us and fire Getty. So, to prevent this, we make the whole thing before they see any of it, and teach them a lesson, which they can remember the next time they decide to hang a director around my neck."

"Very good," said Shorty, with warm enthusiasm, "and we can toss a lot of old punk gags into it, because Andy won't know a good gag from a bad one."

"There's a real idea," said Gil, struck by the suggestion. "Take Joe Murfin along with us. Of all the gag men in Hollywood, Joe is the extreme worst."

The Gil and Shorty unit packed its trunks and departed on a night train for the Rainbow River chicken ranch. We learned, after our arrival, that Andy Getty had selected this particular ranch because for five years he had admired it, and like many newspaper men he had yearned to possess a chicken farm. He had been dickering with the owner, one Jim Allison, without the slightest hope of ever having money enough to swing the deal.

We arrived, thirty strong, including the mechanical staff, and prepared to manufacture the saddest and worst motion picture ever produced by the forces of O'Day and Grogan. Joe Murfin came with us, our regular gag man, Eugene Van Hoven, having lost his job during the shooting of a previous picture.

At this stage of my career I knew very little about the true inwardness of two-reel comedies. Some eight months before I had drifted into Hollywood, a lone novelist, a literary lamb among the celluloid wolves, and Mr. Gilfillan had tried to teach me the rudiments of the business; but even with my poor knowledge of ways and means, I realized that Andy Getty hadn't a chance in the world. He was an editorial lump of sugar floating upon an Arctic iceberg.

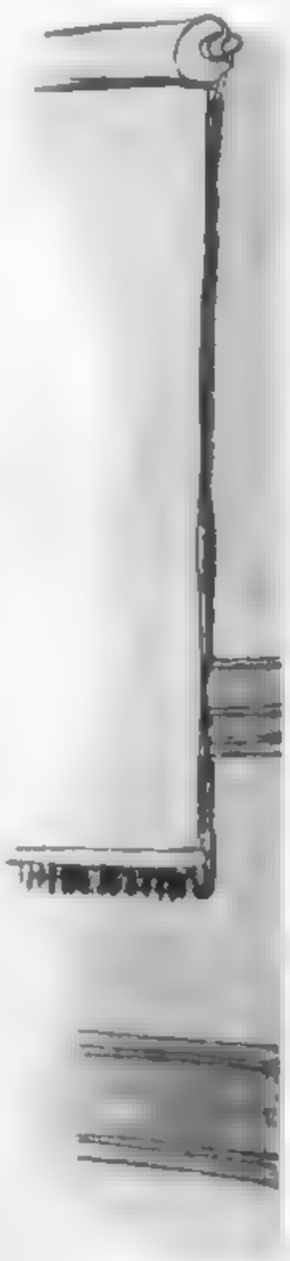
Shorty and Gil outlined their campaign of hate the first morning at the Rainbow Hotel, and approached Andy, whose conception of how to begin was extremely vague. He was sitting on a salt barrel, puzzling over the half-hearted continuity Horace Rascoe had written overnight.

"How do you want to start?" Gil asked.

"I don't know," said Andy. "Let's go out to the ranch."

We encountered and were introduced to Jim Allison, the chicken man, who immediately and cheerfully agreed to let us shoot our picture on his property. The story had to do with a farmer and his hired man. Gil was to be the farmer and Shorty the employe. A rich and beautiful young lady, passing through in a limousine, paused long enough to lose a priceless pearl, which was found by the hired man. In attempting to return it to the beautiful lady the hired man dropped it and a chicken swallowed it.

The hired man chased the chicken. The farmer chased the hired man. A constable chased the farmer, shooting at him with a shotgun. The chicken bearing the pearl traveled hither and yon, at the discretion of the director, and presently joined its own flock, which consisted of four hundred chickens of its own color and general appearance. This seemed to make the finding of the pearl difficult.



I will admit it sounds a bit silly, but many two-reel comedy plots, if examined closely, will reveal no great and gripping story; and perhaps it is just as well for the two-reel comedy business. When the cameras were lined up behind the Allison kitchen, Gil explained the method to be followed.

"You shoot your story, of course," he said to Andy, who was pacing about in a bewildered way, "and we'll put in the gags. Gags are technical things and I don't suppose you know about them."

"I do not," admitted Andy.

We began work at ten in the morning, and at eleven I felt my first twinge of sympathy, because it was like taking candy from a small blind child. Gil and Shorty were filled with a single desire—a fiendish resolve to use up a few weeks making as costly a picture as possible, as bad a picture as possible, and one which would automatically remove Mr. Getty from the business. Andy may have been a witty fellow at a banquet, but beside a camera he was as lost as the pearl in our storied chicken. Everyone laughed at him. The prop boys made fun of him behind his back, and his assistant grinned and gestured derisively; but the new director struggled on gamely, suspecting nothing.

There was one other person in the unit who likewise felt sorry for the ridiculed young editor. Amanda Glosfoot was

(Continued on Page 113)

THE LAST NIGHT

By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

II

THE restaurant which Cynthia had selected was one of the most expensive in a city not famous for the cheapness of its restaurants. It was a place of striped silk sofas against the wall, of subtle-faced head waiters, of mysterious chafing dishes trundled to the sides of tiny tables, of peaches in cotton wool, of frosted bottles quite openly produced, and of enormous fawn-colored menu cards half as large as newspapers, printed in dark brown.

Cynthia, greeted by name by the head waiter and ushered to the best table—that is to say, the smallest and most remote—had the superb courage to order scrambled eggs, cocoa and brown-bread toast.

"But I hope you'll do better for the management," she said.

"The equivalent of quail on toast?" murmured Casley, studying the menu

The head waiter, who, happily, had no reason to be familiar with the conventions of the English penal system, made a gesture indicating that quail was a thing of the past; and Casley ordered broiled lobster, and, on being assured that Cynthia never touched the stuff, a pint of Lanson, 1911.

Cynthia pushed away the plates and forks to lean her elbows better on the table and, without even looking about to see who was there, said, "And now to work."

"To work?" asked Casley, coming back from a great distance.

"Yes," she answered. "Grimesy will be here in half an hour. The letter, you know. Here, we can use the back of the menu, if you have a pencil."

"Yes, I have," he answered sadly, detaching a gold object from his watch chain. "Every college professor always has a pencil, in case some day he might have an idea." He turned the menu card over. There was something tempting about its smooth fawn-colored expanse. "I think, under the circumstances, I may call you Cynthia."

"Oh, please do," said Miss Brooks eagerly, and then added less gayly:

"Oh, I see! You mean in your letter. Of course. Fancy anyone's killing themselves for the sake of someone he did not call by her first name!"

"That's very easy to imagine," replied Casley, writing down near the top of the sheet the words "Dearest Cynthia," in a running university hand which was perfectly legible. "Romance often reaches its climax in a first meeting."

"Do you really think so?" asked Cynthia softly.

He nodded

"Love affairs are often a slow decline from the first meeting to marriage—or whatever form of permanent indifference happens to be called for."

"You are very cynical," said Cynthia. "Don't you believe in love?"

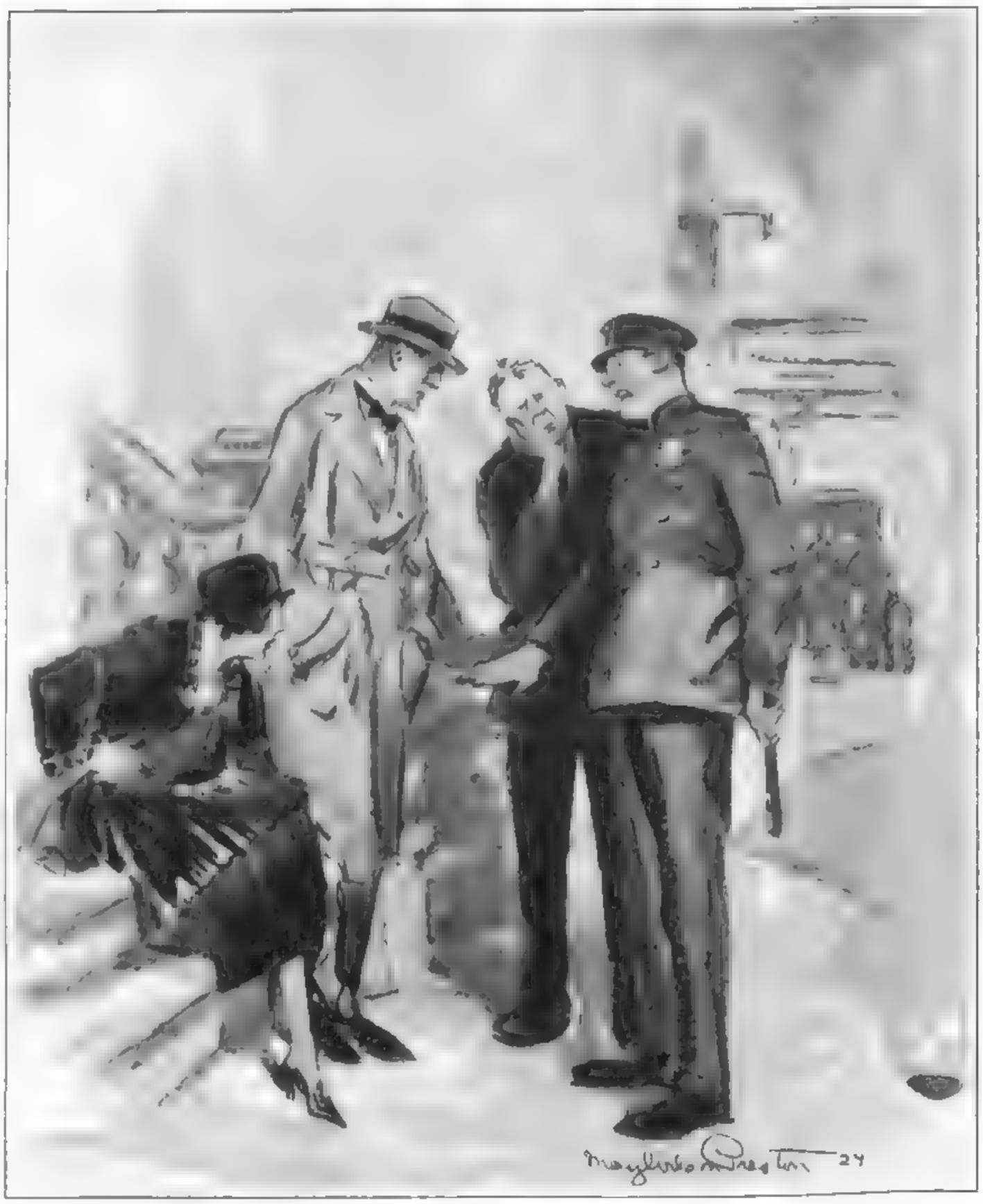
"In its devastating, tragic aspects—yes. In this idea that it is a source of joy—no. I've never seen the faintest connection between love and happiness, and I doubt if anyone has."

"You don't think love makes people happy?" asked Cynthia, really surprised.

He shook his head.

"The opposite. It makes them wretched and makes them make other people wretched, particularly the unfortunate objects of their passion."

And as if this subject were now exhausted, he took up his pencil and began to write again. Cynthia, however, had not quite finished.



"Us and They Have No Differences of Opinion"

"Oh, dear," she sighed, "I had always imagined that when I fell in love I was going to live happily ever after."

At this Casley looked up and smiled at her his sad twisted smile, this time with something paternal in it.

"I dare say you will be happy," he said, "whether you fall in love or not, because you ——"

He hesitated and she suggested a phrase to him:

"—— are a sort of moron?"

"No, because you radiate something beautiful and joyous, and so I suppose you must have an inner fund of beauty and joy."

"I'm glad you think that," she said, and made an effort to look into those cold gray eyes of his, but they were already fixed on his composition.

"Dearest Cynthia," he read aloud in a peculiarly professional drawl, "I hope you will not reproach yourself when you hear of my death, for, indeed, I am in full accord with your decision that I am not a fitting object for your love. But life, which has always seemed to me a pretty tragic adventure, seems, without you, to be utterly unbearable. I love you with so—with a ——" He scowled reflectively as he looked up at her. "How the deuce do I love you?" he demanded crossly.

"Excuse, please," said the waiter, bringing Cynthia's scrambled eggs and Casley's lobster.

It was necessary to lay the letter aside for a moment; and as Casley laid it aside face downward—that is to say, menu upward—it had a narrow escape from being whisked away to inform a neighboring table, not about the latest fashion in suicide notes but about the special dishes of the restaurant.

"That's a very pretty pencil you have," said Cynthia, and she picked it up and turned it about with her pointed finger tips, and pressed it between the palms of her hands, while the waiter was taking off the covers of the dishes with an egotistical flourish as if he had cooked them all himself. "Something tells me it was given to you by a lady."

"Yes, and under very romantic circumstances," said Casley.

He was contemplating the beautiful coral-colored lobster lying in its shallow silver dish.

"I cannot say I want to eat that lobster, but having, like all college officials, a tremendous sense of fitness, I suppose I shall."

"I hope you know," replied Cynthia, "that I have a terrible time making up my mind when you're in fun and when you're serious."

"But think how my classes feel," said Casley. "It is an axiom with college students that the sure way to flunk a course is not to laugh when the professor means to be funny; or, per contra, to laugh when he doesn't mean to be. They complain bitterly—they have even gone to the president complaining formally that I give them no clew." And at the recollection a faint smile curved his lips.

"Oh, how I feel for them!" answered Cynthia, turning each piece of buttered toast to find an ideal one to begin with.

Casley poured himself out a second glass of champagne.

"I have a colleague in the mathematical department who always says, 'The interpretation of the problem is an essential part of the examination.' In my course I say, 'The interpretation of the professor is an essential part of the course.' But then they don't seem to be sure how I mean that to be taken. . . . Do you consider the claws the best part of a lobster? Might I lay one of these at your feet?"

Cynthia shook her head.

"Tell me about the pencil," she said. "Did you love her?"

"Not a bit. She was a great big handsome girl—I don't care for large women."

"That's nice," said Cynthia, but he would not follow her lead, and continued his narrative

"I was in the history room of the library. You must know that I am a specialist in the Tudor period and have written a rather tiresome book about Owen Tudor. Well, she was asking for it, she was demanding it, and it happened that all the copies ——"

"I've read it," said Cynthia, "and it isn't dull—it's wonderful."

"—— were out. That made her angry, and when the librarian offered her another which he said covered the same period, that made her angrier still. Nothing, she said, covered the same ground as my book—nothing could. My attention was attracted by hearing my own name, and on observing that a handsome woman was saying flattering things about my work, I took a hand. I said, 'Madam, you are mistaken in saying that Morgan and Bennett do not cover the same ground—one, it is true, in an inaccurate and the other in a wearisome manner; but still ——' She turned on me like a wildcat and said I must be a very indiscriminating student of history to compare either man to Casley."

"And then you told her who you were."

"Certainly not. I spent half an hour proving to her that Bennett's book was a better book than mine, until in fact we made so much noise that we were requested to go and do our talking somewhere else, and so I took her out to lunch."

"And she gave you the pencil?"

"No, she dropped it under the table, and the waiter found it after she had gone and gave it to me; but as I did

not know her name, I could not return it to her. And when at last I did see her again ——"

"Oho," said Cynthia, "you did see her again, did you?"

"She is now the wife of my colleague, Professor Bennett."

"I bet she finds him dull after you," said Cynthia.

"Very probably," answered Casley; "but it must console her to reflect that if the circumstances had been reversed she would have found me equally dull after him."

"There it is again!" cried Miss Brooks. "Haven't you ever been in love?"

"That's what it did for me," he returned. Then picking up the pencil and turning over the menu, he said, "I suppose we must have this ready for our fat friend."

"Aren't you going to tell me the story of how you fell in love?"

He shook his head.

"It isn't a story," he answered. "Things like that—death and birth and love—they can't be made into stories, really. They are just ugly commonplace emotions."

Her brown eyes fixed themselves on him.

"I want to hear," she said.

"Oh," he answered, "it was a long time ago. I was studying for my Ph.D." His drawl died away. "I don't think I can tell you," he said. "It's so dull. It wouldn't amuse you and it would bore me."

"What did she look like?" asked Cynthia.

He sighed and said, "*Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem*"

"We'll find out what that means later," answered Cynthia. "What did she look like?"

"She was small and fragile, and had one of these white-rose skins that look as if a speck of dust would injure it, but which actually never tan or burn or roughen, and she had immense brown eyes, almost as good as yours—in fact she wasn't so very unlike you."

The first time he had seen her he had fallen in love with her, completely and passionately; he didn't sleep or eat or work. They became engaged. There was always another man other men; he had been wildly, bitterly jealous; she had explained with explanations he knew were lies. Then it appeared that she was engaged to both men at once.

"She thought that funny?" asked Cynthia.

"She had almost no sense of humor," answered Casley. "I think it was the risk that appealed to her. She was a gambler; she loved danger, although she eventually married the chairman of the board of trustees."

"But I think she sounds terrible," said Cynthia. "I don't see how you could have liked her."

"I didn't like her," answered Casley. "I loved her and hated her and desired her and despised her—those are the emotions that go together. It wouldn't have made any difference if I had known from the first what she was This cruel, humiliating passion took hold of me like a cyclone and wrecked me like a frame house in Kansas."

"Wrecked you?" she questioned.

"I think so," he answered moderately; "wrecked me emotionally. I have not really felt anything since then, and as emotion is the only basis of action—the spring of life—it really killed me. It's been all over for five or six years, but the aftermath of it is that I haven't the interest to go on with this dull, complex, losing game of living."

"You haven't felt anything since then?"

He smiled a little.

"If I stub my toe it hurts me, and if my play fails I'm sorry; but "

"Suppose," said Cynthia, "that someone really nice fell in love with you—someone like me." She gave a little smile to indicate that she knew she oughtn't to say she was nice, and yet that after all she was. "Suppose I should begin to make love to you—what would you do?"

"I should leave the restaurant," he answered, accepting it as a purely hypothetical case. "Psychologists would say that I had built up a particularly strong defense against love; all my associations with it are painful. If I thought I was falling in love I wouldn't wait to go home and take poison; I should run down the street and jump into the river. But," he added, quite clearly, "I'm not." He looked down at the menu. "But we must not forget the approach of Mr. Grimes," he said. "I believe I was in the midst of describing my hopeless passion. Hadn't we better get on with it?"

There was a distinct pause before Cynthia replied, "Oh, yes; read me what you've written so far."

He read aloud as he might have read an abstract of universal history.

"Dearest Cynthia, I hope you will not ——"

They had been so occupied with their own affairs that they had not noticed two people at an adjacent table - Gertrude and Caldecott.

Gertrude, like Claudio in Much Ado About Nothing – indeed, like everyone in the world—did not prize to the full the things she had; but when they were lacked and lost, or even threatened with loss, she began at once to find, as the bard has said, the virtue which possession did not show. Though she felt confident that her cousin, if not hers, was certainly no other woman's, she allowed herself to find him at times dreary. But when she saw him supping with a beautiful actress, a bottle of champagne between them-two heads bent over a pencil and paper— her evening with Caldecott was completely ruined. Earlier in the night the great critic had seemed to her big game, but now she felt as a man might feel who has been distracted by a rabbit from tracking down some monarch of the glen.

Nor was Caldecott any better pleased. He had a great affection for Cynthia —an affection which was assumed in

(Continued on Page 91)

"If I Have Tea With Anyone Tomorrow, it Will Probably be With You, Gertrude," He Replied

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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 20, 1924

Again the Price of Wheat

BEFORE election anti-Administration politicians asserted that the increase in the price of wheat was the result of a Wall Street pool set up to influence the farmer vote. Some of the politicians who gave expression to this proposition were ignorant and deluded; others were just politicians. The preposterousness of such an idea is best shown by taking the volume of future trading on the grain exchanges and converting it into terms of money, on the theory that the price was being forced up by the buying of a bull pool, later to be allowed to decline to the normal level, the pool to take its losses in return for the predicated influence on the election.

In effect, since the farmers have been selling wheat heavily, the operation of such a pool would have been to buy the farmer vote in the wheat states in the shape of an artificial and temporary price of wheat. All students of the markets know that this could not be done in practice. They know also that short supplies of wheat fully justified the rise in price.

The later developments have been convincing enough. Within the week following the election, after the farmer vote had been counted and discounted, the price of wheat rose nearly fifteen cents more.

If this was the work of a Wall Street pool it was a free gift. More than that, it was doubly a free gift, since the other grains rose with wheat.

Of course, the explanation for the later rise in price is the same as for the earlier rise—the conviction of buyers and traders that the world supply of wheat is less than the current demand. There is a short crop in Canada, Europe and Russia, a good crop in the United States. From Australia come reports of a good crop; but from Argentina come disquieting reports of unfavorable weather. The world carry-over of wheat on July first was less than previously anticipated. No wheat is to come out of Russia this year and the exports from Canada have been delayed. This left the United States as the principal source of supply during the autumnal months, and before the date of the election more than a hundred million bushels of wheat had already been exported.

Naturally, the buying of this wheat tended to raise the price, supported by high price in Liverpool. Europe needs the wheat, we have it, we have been for the time being the chief source of supply. In effect, Europe has bid up the price of wheat on our markets.

Doubtless Wall Street would like to have the credit of having secured for the American farmer the enlargement of income that is represented in the sale of our large crop of wheat at enhanced prices.

And yet cold facts compel us to attribute it to short crops elsewhere in the Northern Hemisphere and to the pressing need of Europe for bread.

Paul Pry Legislation

DESPITE many manifest inequalities and injustices disclosed in the course of its continued operation there are but few who deny the value rendered to American war participation by the Federal income tax. With but a fraction of the strain and suffering of other nations, we carried none the less a financial load for ourselves and allies which, while proportionately less than others, was in itself a burden that will not soon be forgotten. Deprived of the mighty fiscal instrument of the income tax it might well have proved intolerable ere this, for there is no other known measure which could in so few years have raised so many billions of revenue as the tax upon the incomes of individuals and corporations. The general levy upon property, which is mainly borne by land and buildings, had of necessity to be left to the local communities. Attempts to reach consumption, with the prohibition of alcoholic beverages and a practical cessation of imports, could at best produce only a fraction of the needed revenue; and a death duty calculated to net a billion dollars or more in a single year, suddenly enforced, might well have destroyed the institution of property itself.

The nation enjoyed a large income, which necessity decreed should be tapped. No genius of finance then lived, no modern Alexander Hamilton could be found, capable of smiting the rock of public credit without the yearly revenues made possible by the income tax. Nor is the value of this great financial weapon as yet a thing of the past. Year by year the national debt must be reduced, and the magician remains to be born who can liquidate the remaining obligation by any other means than taking from the people a slice of their income sufficient to be missed.

The collection, or administration, of the income tax, it may be said, is an intricate, delicate and extraordinarily difficult undertaking. Thousands of controversial questions involving large sums are constantly being settled by a personnel necessarily temporary in tenure and for the most part underpaid. Large taxpayers send in their returns not on single sheets of paper but in loads of documents, schedules and reports. The Government carries on with several millions of its individual and corporate citizens a continuous series of financial transactions of the utmost magnitude and of a personal and intimate character.

Until last June, when President Coolidge was forced most reluctantly to sign the revised revenue bill, the law had always called for complete secrecy as regards the taxes paid. When the states ratified the constitutional amendment providing for a Federal income tax it was understood that such taxes should not be made public, and it has always been supposed within the Treasury Department itself that the full frankness of dealings existing between the taxpayer and the Government would be ruined if ever the citizen should be compelled to expose his private financial affairs to the idle curiosity of the multitude.

The income tax is in reality self-assessed. Though the Government has ample power to follow the citizen into every detail of his accounting for years past, it cannot, in many cases, afford to do so. The theory is that most persons will make a fairly honest return, knowing, as each one does, that the Government may pick on him instead of upon his neighbor. The result is a relatively high average of honesty, frankness of statement and detail of disclosure. But knowledge that one's relatives, friends, acquaintances, business associates, enemies and competitors may now also share in these exposures destroys the frame of mind that makes for frank disclosure and renders far more difficult the task of collection.

Such at least is the opinion always held, and still held, by those in whose hands rests the responsibility of collecting the revenues.

It was argued, of course, that the publicity of income-tax returns would prevent tax dodging by showing up the dodgers. No man, it was urged, ought to object to telling the world how much he is worth, unless he is ashamed of it. But although Congress paid very little attention to many recommendations made by the Treasury Department, the less extreme advocates of publicity realized that it would be physically impossible to make public the complete returns. These are so extensive that publication would seriously hamper the routine work of the Bureau of Internal Revenue, if it did not stop it altogether.

So Congress compromised by providing for the publication of the amounts of taxes paid by individuals and corporations, together with the names and post-office addresses of the same. In consequence the country has been regaled of late with much spicy information. Many persons supposed to be wealthy are shown to have paid next to nothing, and others unknown for their affluence contributed astonishingly large amounts to the support of Government. Within an organization one man credited with an income in the hundreds of thousands was disclosed as paying only a thousand dollars, while another with but a fraction of this wealth paid nearly six thousand dollars.

Said the second man: "I feel like a fool when I read how little other people of far greater wealth are paying. I have always paid honestly. It is a sorry exhibit, and tends to destroy one's faith in human nature."

Thus the land is filled with a luxuriant crop of envy, suspicion, hatred, insinuation and innuendo, much of it false and unfair; for the honesty of an income-tax return cannot be determined by the mere amount of payment in a single year. One must know the details of a return to judge the real significance of the tax paid. The tax which a man should lawfully pay depends upon the losses sustained, interest paid, tax-exempt securities owned, contributions to charity, gifts to members of his family, other taxes paid, and, most important of all, the character of the occupation or business he is in and the manner in which it is organized.

The publication of the amount of tax paid is not only unfair; it confuses still more both the understanding and the administration of the income tax. If on the other hand every factor which goes into the making up of an individual or corporate return were made public, the mass of data would be so great as to defy analysis. Even the publication of the amount of tax places an additional burden of no small magnitude upon an already overworked bureau of the Government.

Sensible people, whether tax experts or those without pretensions to specialized knowledge in this field, know that the only way to make the income tax fairer and more equitable is gradually to lighten it. If the affairs of the Federal Government are conducted with a strict adherence to economy the tax can be slowly but surely reduced from year to year.

Amateur tinkering with delicate machinery is rarely helpful. Congress made several changes in the revenue law, affecting highly controversial and complicated parts of the act, with only a few hours of debate in each branch, and with a minimum of public hearings. Points were decided in conference that it would take experts much time to dispose of.

But with rare exceptions senators and congressmen are not elected because of their expert knowledge of taxation, and the voters know perfectly well that they are not. Indeed, most of the voters don't bother to go to the primaries to choose their representatives. Complaint of a law which is registered months after Congress has adjourned is strangely belated.

With the superficiality that characterizes his class a certain type of politician seizes upon some shallow, external aspect of an intricate and technical subject which he far from understands, and delivers all the big guns of a noisy and meaningless verbosity against "the interests." Which, of course, solves the problem. Is it any wonder that now and then certain features of the tax law work badly and cause undue hardship?

International Show Windows

By Richard Washburn Child

MOST international difficulties do not rise from intrigue and conscious deceptions, deep-laid villainies and aims of concentrated selfishness. Most of them arise, however, because of groundless fears on the part of one nation that the other nation is engaging in these vices.

In my diplomatic experience, partly as ambassador and partly at international conferences, I learned, quite against some of my preconceptions, that moral persuasion on the one hand and conspiracy on the other had none of the value or force which are given them by the average mind. It is rather joyous to find that intrigue and conspiracy play smaller parts in diplomacy than they do in storybook and popular conception; but some hopeful persons may be bitterly disappointed to learn that moral persuasion, although not ten-tenths, is nine-tenths wasted breath. The chief bare fact, whatever we may hope for in a higher development of international relations, is that the trump cards of the game are still the cards of fear, well-founded fear or groundless fear—the fear of peoples of menaces from without and fear of representatives of political attacks upon them from their own parliaments or their own public opinion.

I learned that one of the sources of strength of American diplomacy has been to dispel fear. When fear is gone nations arrive at conciliatory terms. I learned that one of the sources of weakness of American diplomacy comes from the pressure of a part of our public opinion to have American diplomats depend upon moral persuasion. At the present development of the world, moral persuasion with nothing behind it is given polite attention, and if possible it is rewarded by open assent; but secretly it often bores statesmen who deal with facts rather than with talk; it creates the appearance of weakness in those who set it forth in place of a currency of more real value; and when standing completely alone, it has amounted to less than nothing in the world diplomacy during and since the war.

It may stir the people at home, but it never is quite capable of stirring the peoples of other nations to a point where their representatives need to feel the fear of losing their political heads if the representatives do not follow the preacher's emotional and moral leadership. Accordingly the mere preacher in an international meeting holds a weak hand. He is often regarded as a mark. Those who deal with the realities, details, facts and self-interest hoodwink and confuse him; and they are finally able to go back to their own people and convince them that the mere preacher in international affairs is either something of a hypocrite or is unsound, or even an enemy to the general welfare. Many nations in Europe can whistle their press into that service. It is a one-sided battle. All this Wilson finally learned at Paris.

Who or what is to blame? One learns after a time that one cannot easily fasten the blame on individual statesmen. Of course it is difficult to defend Lloyd George when he indicates to his electorate that he will squeeze from the Paris Conference the cost of the war; indeed it is difficult to put the Treaty of Versailles side by side with the Armistice terms as laid down by our own President and convince the elevator boy that one meets the promise of the other And yet on the whole men do their best.

It is too much to expect that when national interest is at stake a nation's representatives will be even as generous as they would be in their own personal affairs. The human element of the public opinion of the various countries enters into it, the habits of fear of nations used to living near volcanic ground of animosities and old grudges and greeds enter into it. The immense advantage of those who have grown up with the facts over those who are impatient with facts, as obstacles to any moral conclusion, enters

(Continued on Page 105)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Written on a Beastly Day

WHAT'S the sort of weather that they have in Honolulu?
How's the winter climate in the Straits of Singapore?
Who has any dope about the country of the Zulu,
The island of Sumatra or the city of Lahore?
How about the Amazon,
Where they have pajamas on
In the dead of winter, but remove 'em in the spring?
How are things in Texico, New Mexico, Calexico?
Winter's given warning, and I hate the dog-goned thing!

Somewheres east of Suez—or it's southward of Manila—
North of Mallicolo, slightly westward from Bombay,
Espiritu Santo, Erromango, Tutuila,
Mogador, Angola or the Road to Mandalay—
Somewhere the thermometer,
Likewise the barometer,
String along together on a high and lofty plane;
Promising delivery from pestilential, shivery
Spattering and shattering of tempest and of rain.

Christmas Burglar: "There's No Use o' Talkin'—the Spirit Certainly Gits You"

Came today a gasman and a hailstorm and the plumber;
Comes next week a snowstorm and bronchitis and their bills!
All the dope is winterish, and all my dreams are summer—
Happy, hoppy, tropic dreams to punctuate my chills!
How of Abyssinia,
Egypt or Virginia?
What's the winter climate of Majorca and Algiers?
What's the news from Syria, Sumeria, Illyria?
Tell me all you know, before the frost can nip my ears!

—*Ted Robinson.*

Bluebeard, Revised

BLUEBEARD, owner of the Rapacious, a well-known New York hotel, was about to leave for Chicago to see how his other place, the Dizzyprice, was keeping the wolf from the door.

"Now remember," he said to his wife, whom he had called into his private office, "if you want a change, you can have any other available room in the house, but not Room X! Here is the key—I don't even intrust it to the room clerk."

After she had seen his taxi disappear around the corner, she sidled over to the room clerk.

"Johnny," she said, "did you ever hear of Room X?"

"No, madam," said the room clerk respectfully.

It took Mrs. Bluebeard almost the whole afternoon to find it, but find it she did. It was back of a linen room on one of the upper floors, and access was had through the linen room and then by tapping a sliding panel after inserting the key. What she saw on crawling through the panel made her give a low, startled cry. The room had never been used since the hotel was built in 1895, but it was fitted for occupancy, except that everything was covered with fine dust.

Mrs. Bluebeard walked over to the dresser and ran her finger over it. Right there is where she made her big mistake. The dust smeared and stained her finger. She could not wipe it off—the surface of the glass had been previously coated with thick indelible ink. Bluebeard knew his wife.

When he returned and asked for the key, he saw the tell-tale stain on her hand at a glance.

"Had to know what was in Room X, eh?" stormed Bluebeard. "Just for that you'll have to pack your things and move to Chicago. I won't have anybody in New York know anything about the hotel's widely advertised but only—and never available—three-dollar room."

Edmund J. Kiefer.

Going!—Going!!——

FOR fifty years Jane Sarah Jones
Informed the world about her bones,
And how they caused her grievous groans;
Her plaint indeed was gripping.
Whoever heard her tell her pains
From rheumatism and chilblains
Believed, without a doubt, that Jane's
Faint hold on life was slipping.

But Jane held on, and still she's here;
She's ninety-odd, if she's a year;
Each day her pains and symptoms drear
She lists and whimpers over;
While husky folks are in the grave
To whom a thought we never gave;
So now my sympathy I save
Till folks are 'neath the clover.

—*Wallace M. Bayliss.*

The Poor Little Rich Boy's Christmas

AUTHOR'S NOTE—It is commonly said that the rich suffer as much from their privations as we do from ours. I have therefore taken a Christmas story out of stock and adapted it to the use of rich little boys and girls.

IT WAS to be a bare Christmas for tiny J. Prendergast Payne. Yet little did he, poor child, suspect it. As he fell asleep in his Louis XV crib his mind was full of Christmas wonders. "Dear Santy," he murmured, "bring Prendy a dreat big steam yacht all his very own to play wif in Florida." He saw himself walking the bridge of his own yacht, discharging the captain for impudence, docking the engineer's pay. Soon he was gallantly steering his craft through the purple seas of Dreamland.

But meanwhile, in the Louis XVI salon below, Prendy's father, G. Scavinger Payne, and his mother, Mrs. G. Scavinger Payne, were pacing the floor in agitation. On their brows were written agony, misery, despair.

"So," burst out Mrs. Payne, "you did not bring home the steam yacht? And why not?"

"Times are hard! And I am ruined—wiped out!"

"Then you brought him nothing?"

"Just a beggarly speed boat." He pointed to a vast crate in the shadowy Louis XVII hall.

"Twelve cylinders?"

"Eight."

"You will break his heart," said Mrs. Payne simply.

"I fear so. And this on Christmas Day, of all days!"

Silence brooded over them for a space. Then Mrs. Payne turned fiercely on her husband. "Can you do nothing? Nothing? Must you stand there helpless, knowing that your son will weep his heart away, in want and privation, while the rest of the world is rejoicing?"

A look of steely resolve came into the eyes of G. Scavinger Payne. "No!" he muttered. "No! My son shall not dine on crusts—I speak figuratively—on Christmas Day!"

"What are you going to do?" cried his wife.

"I am going to rob the United States Treasury!"

Who can tell with what cunning devices, known only to malefactors of great wealth, he committed his raid on the Treasury? Who can tell how he penetrated all the safeguards set up by the taxpayers? I cannot, for one.

Let it suffice that ere long he found himself in the central strong room of the Treasury. All about him stood great heaps of gold and bills, with labels: Extortions From the Poor, Concealed Assets, Blood Money, and so on.

(Continued on Page 96)

Mr. and Mrs. Beans

"So Tomorrow Will be Christmas, Buster. It Hardly Seems Like Holiday Time Without Snow. Your Father is Getting Old. He Grumbles and Growls at the Least Drop in Temperature

"But I Wish We Might Have Such a Joyous Old-Fashioned Christmas With Snow and Cold as We Had When I Was a Girl. What Wouldn't I Give to Wake in the Morning and Look Out on a Real Old-Fashioned Christmas!"

"Br-r-r-r!—Ugh!—Oh, Vi! Here's Your Old-Fashioned Christmas! And You Won't Have to Look Out on It: It's Right in Bed With Us!"

Soup that brings sunshine to the meal

That wonderful and refreshing flavor which can come only from tomatoes steeped in sunlight!

That richness which only tomatoes can give after they have ripened to their deepest red, right on the vines!

The perfection of Campbell's Tomato Soup starts with the tomatoes. We grow and perfect them. By years of study and effort we have produced the best kind to make the best tomato soup.

Taste this blend of pure tomato juices and luscious tomato "meat" strained to a fine puree, enriched with golden butter! Taste how delicately it is seasoned—how deliciously the Campbell's chefs have brought out the fine tomato flavor!

21 kinds
12 cents a can

In this puree, you'll surely say,
There dwells a sunny smile
The kind you'll wear without a care—
Eat Campbell's all the while!

BARTER

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

XI

WE HURRIED up the weedy path. There was a dim light in the kitchen. I stepped to the door and saw old Pompey huddled in a chair, the ancient hound crouched beside him. I clapped my hands, and as these two relicts of a bygone age roused themselves, told Pompey to bring the biggest lamp he had into the drawing-room. He ducked and grimaced and pointed to the front of the house, from which I gathered that this order had been anticipated. Evidently we had bought this old servant with the other antiques.

"What are we going to do with that mummy?" I asked Allaire, as we made our way round the corner of the house.

"Keep him on, I suppose. What else is there to do?"

"Well, he's a good cook and still seems galvanized with some sort of uncanny activity."

"Sling That Flat Tire of Yours Aboard and Heave Up Your Hook and Start Your Motor and Get Out!"

"Galvanized is right, Pom; as if he were being operated by wireless from some source removed. Perhaps he is."

"It's that way sometimes when the human machine declines to quit after the soul moves out. I've read about such cases."

There was light streaming between tormented *jalousies* of the big room, of which the broad slats were partly missing or awry.

We entered and found that Pompey had set a lamp in the big quarter lantern. In so big a room the glare of it was thin, with awesome shadows in the recesses, while the mirrors, spotted and leprous from the rain that had dripped down their backs, gave a ghostly and broken reflection that augmented the vastness of the gloom, baffling all idea of its dimensions.

"Cheerful place for a honeymoon, Pom." Allaire sank down in the huge prelate's chair at the head of the tarnished table.

"Well, I'm not so sure but what that trying epoch might do better in a place like this. The bride would not be apt to slam off to sulk."

"No, I'll say she'd stick tight. I've never been a 'fraid cat; but if you were Blackbeard, I'd rather take a chance with you than go upstairs alone."

"And you really think you can sell this abysmal horror of a place to a cheerful libertine like Nick Sayles?"

"Who said anything about Nick Sayles?"

"It wasn't hard to guess. I've learned something about your methods. He would give it one look and run."

"You lack imagination, Pom. I can see its possibilities. With a bit of money spent on the house and grounds, and light and color and servants and a gay crowd, it would be a dream place."

"It's that now—a nightmare."

"Rather worse; a shabby tomb with the bones all bare. But it could be rehabilitated. I can see it restored, rosy and sweet and with a background of old-time dignity, which modern places can't attain. You wait and see. If we get away with this stuff, I'm coming back to clean it up. Then I'll show it to Nick, in a sort of bathed but undressed way. He's got plenty of artistry of a splashy stage-manager sort beneath his barbarism. He will get it at the first glance and love to play with it. Think of all the money he could spend!"

"Well, perhaps you're right, Allaire. It would be fun to see what one could do, and it would be unique. The enchanted-island thing, with Persian gardens and a dash of old planter days. Something to hit your Philistine friends in the eye. Nick likes that sort of thing. . . Listen! Here comes our visitor."

We heard a brisk step outside, a stifled imprecation as it tripped on something, followed by a chuckle and an awed "My unsainted aunt!" Evidently the stark fearfulness of the old barrack looming with defiant blatancy in the brilliant moonlight had struck at our caller's aesthetic sense, more with humor than dismay, as if some coquettish grand dame in her ninetieth year had flung a silvered scarf over her gaunt bony shoulders and exposed herself for admiration on a moonlit terrace, boldly facing the searching rays of a lovers' moon.

He came up onto the porch with a caution that I felt to be more for the loose rotted planks than for ourselves and struck the big bronze knocker two light taps. I had risen, and went out into the antechamber to the door, which I threw open.

"Good evening," I said. "Will you come in?"

"Thanks awfully. Hope I don't intrude."

"Impossible, if you don't mind it a little subdued as to light and cheer. You see, we've just entered into possession, and there seems to be a bit to do."

He laughed. The moonlight was behind him, and the interior being plunged in gloom, I was able to distinguish no more than a trim, broad-shouldered figure in white with a well-shaped head. I ushered him to the room where Allaire was sitting. She looked up with a smile and I found myself suddenly under an intense embarrassment. I did not want to present our caller to her as my wife, while on the other hand I certainly did not care to mention her as anybody else.

Allaire's quick wit and poise came to my rescue. She laughed and said easily, "We are not yet receiving officially, captain. But you have probably been here before and know what to expect."

He did it for me then.

"Quite right, Mrs. Stirling. It's not the ghastly old ruin sets me aback. It's finding it so charmingly and unexpectedly tenanted. Can't quite get the why and wherefore of it—even after what your man tells me."

This was said pleasantly enough so far as concerned the phrasing. But there was a cut to his tone that stiffened me, as if he had said, "What the devil right have you here anyhow?" Which was precisely the idea he intended to convey.

"Would you mind telling us who you are?" I asked, then got a surprise.

"Not a bit. I'm Carstairs, *ci-devant* lieutenant commander, R. N., at this moment skipper of the schooner Gadfly, Nassau to Halifax with rum." He gave a short laugh. "The Halifax is a code word for New Jersey beach. Good name, Gadfly, what? Buzzes round for a chance to inject the jolly old poison and fly before gettin' swatted."

"Will you sit down, Captain Carstairs?" said Allaire. "I think perhaps I know some of your people in England Kent, isn't it?"

He accepted her invitation, and his face darkened. It seemed to me that I had never seen a handsomer man, so far as features went, or one who impressed me as more vicious in a high-bred way. Thick, wavy chestnut hair graying a little at the temples; a square face cleanly featured, with one of those absolutely straight and rather classic noses; lean cheeks and his mouth a clean-cut gash with a short, closely trimmed mustache. His eyes were what betrayed the wrongness of a face otherwise entirely right. They were a blue-gray, so light as to be startling, and their setting was a bit off. Not quite on the same horizontal line. Also it struck me that he was slightly drunk, after the way of these pale drinkers whose blood alcohol appears to chill rather than to warm, making them keen rather than confused, but with a savage keenness. It appeared that Allaire and I had reckoned pretty closely on his sort, merely from the distant intonation of his voice as it reached us across the still water.

Here, I perceived, was a dangerous man, whatever his errand might be. He would be anywhere at any time, and no matter how engaged, a dangerous man. One of those overbred, high-strung, supercharged members of an aristocracy that is effete only in spots, gone wrong at some time of his career, labeled a bad lot, black sheep, wrong 'un and all the rest of it; and having thrown his bonnet over the mill, accepted such a finding and determined to live up to it. Such an individual might be capable of anything until haply he was killed.

Now at Allaire's mention of knowing his people—which I was inclined to doubt—he flushed swarthily under his ruddy tan. I believed Allaire had given this touch the better to get his measure, for if there is anything that flicks such a type of aristocratic renegade on the raw it is a reference to his family and the family home.

"That's the other branch, Mrs. Stirling. Mine's Devon—or rather was. I'm the last. Just as well, maybe. I say, I am set flat aback to find you here and in possession—if you can call it that."

"Why not call it that?" I asked.

His eyes shot me a pale glare from under eyebrows darker than his hair and too heavy for so young a man. He might be in the early thirties, I thought, though with twice that of hard living behind him; hard, yet healthy in a physical way.

(Continued on Page 26)

The First Eight Built For the American Family

Hupmobile is an institution—a closely knit organization of men who for 16 years have submerged their individual identities and acted as a unit for the good of the whole

Next week's issue of The Saturday Evening Post will tell how Hupmobile is building this new Eight.

First showing of this new car early in January.

In all the months in which Hupmobile executives and engineers were engaged in designing, developing, building, testing and proving the Hupmobile Eight, they kept steadily in mind the high standing of Hupmobile in the average American home.

They remembered that as a responsibility and an inspiration. They reminded themselves a thousand times, also, that when three men who know the subject sit down to talk of automobile motors, it is almost certain that one of them will say that the Hupmobile is the greatest gas engine ever made.

To produce a fairly efficient eight—or a six or a four—is one thing.

But who but Hupmobile could produce an eight exemplifying the most brilliant possibilities of the eight principle and *combine with them* the qualities which spring into everyone's mind the minute Hupmobile is mentioned?

It must be not merely an eight of highest efficiency, but must also be what other eights have not been and Hupmobile has always been—a car of such complete reliability and economy that it will become a practical contribution to the comfort, thrift and happiness of the average American home.

How completely Hupmobile has realized this ambition in the new Eight will be impressively shown in a subsequent announcement.

Meanwhile, it is interesting to get the viewpoint of the man most largely responsible, as chief engineer, for the direction of Hupmobile development during the past.

Even within the four walls of his own private office, he has never belittled another car. He has never been known to over-rate his own.

Always he has been the last man to be satisfied with Hupmobile—if, indeed, he has ever admitted more than passing satisfaction.

To repeat from last week's announcement—it is not so much *what* you are promised in a new car as who *makes* the promise.

It is, to us at least, highly significant that the reticent, quiet-spoken man who heads the Hupmobile engineering department and who has always held the Hupmobile to be the best value for the money in the world, has now broken the taciturn habit of years.

Consider the cautious conservatism that could not be upset by sixteen years of world-wide recognition, and then consider the startling significance of his statement concerning the new Hupmobile Eight:

"*This is the only car I have ever seen which fully meets my own requirements and into which I would want to put my own money, if I were on the outside paying full list price, and with no limitations on price or type.*"

What he means, of course, is that he considers the Hupmobile Eight the happiest balance between price and highest possible efficiency that he has ever experienced—

The first eight in which highest quality is joined to economy and a moderate price—

The first eight built for the average American family.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

(Continued from Page 24)

"Why, because, chappy-o, I was under the distinct impression that the rummy old key and all atop it belonged to me."

So here was the joker. I drew up a chair between Carstairs and Allaire and seated myself. Carstairs moved forward a little, not to have his view of Allaire obstructed. His pale eyes fastened on her in a devouring way. She was precisely the type of young womanhood to appeal to a man of his sort and ancestry. Like a cool breath from home, reminiscent of the Devon girls of family he might have been permitted to know when he was a young scapegrace boy instead of a young scapegrace man, and worse.

This was enough to tauten me up, aside from the patronizing "chappy-o."

I could not help but feel that it was going to take some piloting to get us past the reefs ahead without striking somewhere.

"Will you please tell us on what you base your claim?" I asked.

"Best in the world, old egg." He looked round. "I say, it's a fairish hot night, and since we've got a bit of a gam ahead ——"

I clapped my hands. Old Pompey came bobbing in. He had slipped on his quaint old tailed coat with the brass buttons.

"Fetch some wine, Pompey," I said.

"And some water, if you don't mind my asking," Carstairs said. "Don't know how you may happen to be off for ambrosia, but we can soon remove that doubt. Please tell that shriveled ape not to bother about the wine. Excuse me, Mrs. Stirling."

He whipped out of his chair, went to the front door and blew a whistle, then waited there for his boatman. Allaire leaned toward me.

"This looks a little thick, Pom."

"That joker you were asking for. Leave it to me. This is my game."

"He's pure devil, Pom. I know that sort."

"So do I. Very intelligent, highly efficient and decidedly mad. Sober, he might be amenable to some suggestions of the decency of early training. Drunk, he would do anything that came into his head. He is a little drunk now. You sit tight and leave him to me."

"But, Pom, you can see that he's as strong as a lion, and you're not armed or—anything."

"That last is wrong. I'm always something. If he wants to drink, then let him. I could do with one myself."

"But, Pom, he's got his crew, and they are probably horrors. I'm I'm ——"

"You are nothing of the sort. You wanted to run rum yourself, and here now is a sample of that brotherhood. Sit tight and watch. I've handled men. Girls like you are where I come a cropper."

"But he is not like other men. I tell you, Pom, he's ——"

A cockney whine came nasally, "'Ere, sir."

"Get out aboard as fast as God'll let you and break out a case of Cordon Rouge champagne and sweat it up here. The best, mind you, under my berth. And while you're at it, fetch in a chunk of ice."

"Wurry good, sir."

Carstairs came back into the room.

"Hope you don't think I'm officious, but really, when all's said and done, I'm host here."

"That is what we are waiting to be shown," I said

He reseated himself, lightly as a cat.

"Well, you see, old bean ——"

"One minute, Carstairs," I interrupted. "Whether this happens to be your house or mine, and without reference to other interesting features of the situation, I am Pomeroy Stirling, of New York, late lieutenant, U. S. N., commanding a mine sweeper on the coast of France. You will therefore kindly refrain from addressing me as you might the fellow with his elbow next yours at the bar. That way we may get on a little better"

He swung round in his chair and stared. I, not being a woman, found no peculiar compelling force in those bleached eyes of his. Looking closely at the pin-point pupils of them, it struck me that they were too contracted for an alcoholic. Then, it seemed to me, they went a little out of focus.

He gave his short metallic laugh.

"I say, old—Mr. Stirling, no need to get shirty. Just my way. Rotten bad form and all the rest of it, but we all get slack sometimes. Now about this silly place. I bought it from the old blighter last time I nosed in here, about three months ago. Got his note of hand. So that's that."

I glanced at Allaire. The look of relief in her eyes was reflected in my own. Carstairs caught it and stared again, this time at Allaire.

"Well?"

"No good," I said. "It wasn't the old captain's to sell."

He swung on me then.

"The deuce you say! Why not?"

"Because he had already deeded it about six months before that time to a man named Sanders, over at Jupiter Inlet, on condition that Sanders was to keep him in supplies at the rate of four hundred dollars a year for as much longer as he might live. And we bought it from Sanders."

Carstairs did not answer. He began to drum on the table with his fingers. Then he looked up at Allaire and laughed.

"Well, in that case it looks as if I'd been had—jolly well had."

"You can always file your claim," I said

"No, that's not worth the bother, if the old scoundrel let me down as you say. The best I can do then is to call it a bad bet and take such of my rotten stuff as I rather fancy and clear."

"What stuff?" I asked.

"Some of this old litter in the house. These filthy rugs and hangin's and things, and possibly an old glass or two, if there's a chance they are solid enough to shift. I bought all that dunnage from the old gaffer over a year ago. Surely you can't object to my taking that. Save you the trouble of rippin' it out and burning it. Besides, it's really mine, y'know"

Allaire rested her bare elbows on the table, leaned forward and looked at him with a smile on her wide mouth

"Why, of course not, Captain Carstairs—if it's really yours."

Old Pompey came bobbing in with a decanter of the wine he had served us the evening before and some cut-glass tumblers. He set the tray on the table and began to serve us. Carstairs made a sweeping gesture that seemed to threaten the lot. But Allaire parried his arm.

"Please, Captain Carstairs. I happen to prefer this wine to your champagne."

"Sorry; just as you like. Permit me, madame." He rose in that alert way he had and served her. "What say, Stirling? Shall we wait for fizz and ice?"

"Before we drink," I said, "let's hear a little more about this old stuff you bought. Because you see, Sanders sold us the whole works, just as they stand, key, house and everything in it."

"Well, then he bilked you. All this junk wasn't his to sell. He'd scarcely have known though."

"Have you your receipts?" Allaire asked.

He gave her another of his sea-gull glares, flat and menacing. But now for some reason it seemed to fail of its effect on Allaire.

"Oh, I say, Mrs. Stirling, that is a bit rough Yes, I've got a receipt of sorts, or post obit, you might say, by which I'm to have all this inside gear after the old man's demise, in consideration for sundry cases of wine and spirits I left here."

"When was that, captain?" asked Allaire.

"A little over a year ago. The date will be on this memorandum with my things in Nassau. We cupbearers to Uncle Sam keep a little hole in the wall ashore for our business rubbish. At sea one never knows when some accident might happen. But I mind that was early in September, because the glass was dropping and the weather looked so dusty that I ducked in here, bound north for the Highlands." He reached out and sloshed a little of the red wine into a tumbler, tasted it and set it down. "Quite so. That's some of the choice Beaune I left the old cove."

"Wouldn't he trade for the island then?"

Carstairs gave his short laugh.

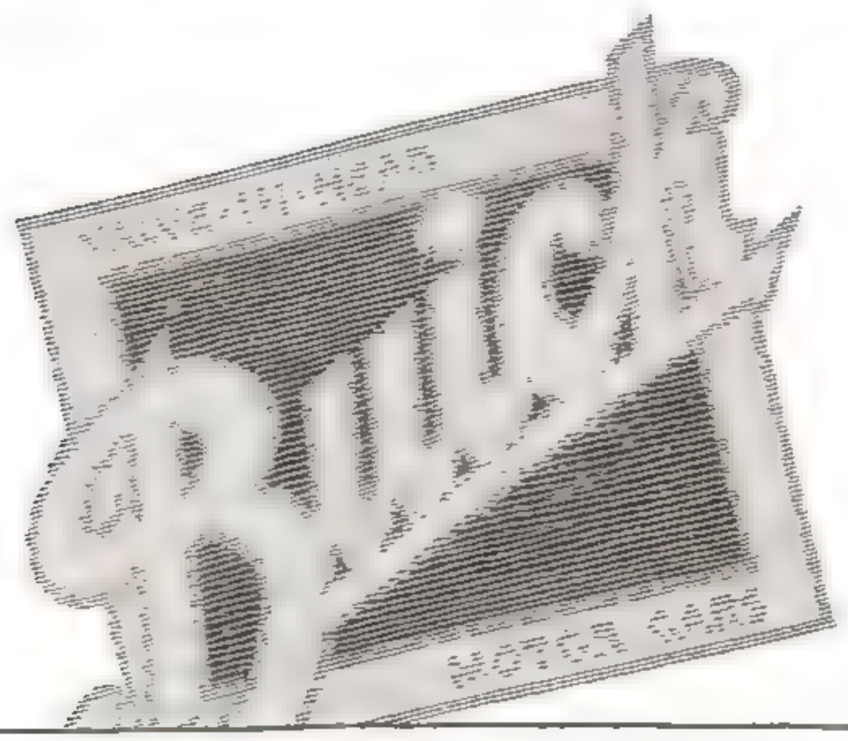
"That never entered my head. Fact is, when I rambled up to see what sort of conch blowers lived in such a beastly place, and why, he asked if I had any rum aboard, and would I trade off some for fowls. My hencoop was chock-a-block, but some of this moth-eaten truck caught my eye and I offered to take a piece or two instead. He wouldn't hear of that though Said he'd been shipmates with it for over half a century and he'd be blowed if he'd part with it. So I made a dicker for it when he popped off."

"What sort of a man was he?" I asked.

"Seafarin' codger in his time, I'd say. Half dippy, like most such recluses. Told me he was committing the Bible to memory, so when the Lord

Continued on Page 28

And for Some Reason That I Have Never Been Able to Explain, He Failed Utterly to Ward It. The Point Seemed to Glide Out a Little Along His Ribs, Then the Blade Ripped Into Him



Only Buick meets the standard Buick leadership has established

Buick's leadership in the automobile industry, held year after year, is the result of Buick performance, comfort, beauty and dependability. In other words, people buy Buick cars because a Buick is, in their judgment, the most automobile for the money.

And Buick prestige goes further than that. Wherever automobiles are talked over; wherever they are analyzed, Buick is the standard by which comparisons are made.

So, when you buy an automobile consider these facts. You will see why Buick leads in public esteem, as is reflected by its sales throughout the country; why Buick is everywhere regarded as the standard of comparison of motor car values.

Measure motor car values by these standards—

Engineering Buick motor cars are the result of twenty years of engineering development by a group of specialists who have devoted their entire time to Buick cars only. Each division of Buick production is guided by a division of engineers and assistants. Every unit and every part, down to the smallest washer, is designed and checked by Buick engineers.

Chassis Every working part of a Buick chassis is sealed against grit, dust and water. From fan hub to rear axle, the moving parts are housed; valves, spark plugs, starter-generator, clutch, flywheel, transmission, universal joint, drive shaft and rear axle are all enclosed, keeping out dirt and moisture and holding oil and grease to lubricate the moving parts.

Engine For twenty years Buick has built the famous Buick valve-in-head engine, because Buick has found this type to be the most powerful and the most economical. It costs more to build, but Buick demands the best for Buick owners.

Third Member Drive . . . Buick is the only automobile—except two of the most expensive cars in America—in which the power from the rear wheels is applied to propel the car forward by means of a torque tube drive. The springs are free to cushion the load only. Not only does this pull the car, since the force is exerted at the front of the chassis, but it also permits better spring suspension, uniform braking, and longer life for every driving part. In case of accident a Buick will drive home even if all four springs are broken. The torque tube drive keeps the axle in position, preventing side-sway.

Springs Buick has cantilever type rear springs used in this country only by the most expensive automobiles. Buick cantilever springs prevent side-sway because of their design.

Ignition and Starting . . . Buick uses Delco single-unit ignition and starting system, completely housed against dirt and moisture. With this system, starting motor gears are meshed with the flywheel teeth before the current is applied to start the engine, thus preventing wear and tear on gears. Delco ignition system is used by the best racing cars and aeroplanes.

Clutch Buick clutch is made up of several dry plates, requiring no lubrication. One of these plates has more friction surface than is found in some of the single-plate clutches used by automobiles that sell at practically the same price as Buick. Buick's clutch operates at the slightest touch—one reason why women prefer Buick.

Axle Buick uses floating type rear axle in which the load of the car is borne on the axle housing, leaving the drive shafts free to turn the wheels. This is the most expensive and the most enduring type of rear axle construction and this type of axle has been standard with Buick for many years. The front axle is a one-piece drop-forged I-beam—reverse Elliott type—no spring seats or yokes brazed or welded to it; no rivets to work loose.

Universal Joint . . . Because Buick drives through a torque tube and because of its axle construction there is only one universal joint in the driving mechanism of a Buick. This is located immediately behind the transmission and is lubricated continuously from the transmission. There is no opportunity for the Buick universal joint to run dry or lose its lubricant.

Steering Gear Buick steering gear is the worm and bronze nut type with the worm carried in bearings at either end to insure easy steering. This is the most powerful and most expensive type of steering gear built—can be adjusted by the turn of a set screw and is most safe and reliable.

Equipment Only the finest equipment is used in Buick cars. They have low pressure tires and extra large capacity gasoline tanks, gasoline gauges, and all other conveniences.

Bodies Buick open car bodies are built in the Buick plant. Upholstery is of the finest genuine leather; tops are tailored and fitted with snug storm curtains, which open and close with the doors. Buick closed bodies are built by Fisher. Every one of them is fitted with the new Fisher V. V. windshield, a one-piece self-ventilating type. Buick cushion springs and upholstery are of the highest grade. Vanity cases, smoking sets, silk curtains and all other refinements are appropriately arranged in the various models.

Brakes Buick 4-wheel brakes have proved their value in the hands of more than 250,000 Buick owners. They are positive in action; operate independently of each other. A simple equalizer distributes pressure properly to all four wheels. A special device releases the outside front wheel when turning a corner. How satisfactory Buick four-wheel brakes have proved is demonstrated by the fact that not even a cotter pin has been changed in the design of these brakes since Buick introduced them more than a year ago.

Models Buick has more than twenty body styles to choose from, providing the proper car for every size of family and every kind of motoring. No other manufacturer offers such a selection, regardless of price.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

Branches in All Principal Cities—
Dealers Everywhere

Division of General Motors Corporation
Canadian Factories: McLAUGHLIN-BUICK, *Oshawa, Ont.*

Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head
Motor Cars

Buick

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

(Continued from Page 26)

called all hands on deck it would find him all shipshape and proper. I asked how much he could recite and he said precious little, but it was all stowed in the lockers of his brain where he could lay hand to it when the time came."

"Did you leave him much wine?" Allaire asked.

"Not such a great lot. The trash wasn't worth it. Too far gone. You couldn't get a hundred dollars for the lot. It struck me, though, I might cut out some of the best parts and get 'em cleaned and stick 'em round my diggin's ashore. I got a tidy little bungalow in Nassau and sometimes entertain a bit. Always did rather fancy old-fashioned furnishings."

"Then you have come here after it?"

"That and to save gas. Might as well wait for the breeze here as outside. I didn't know the old boy had checked out, but thought it likely. He seemed on his last legs when I was here before, when he deeded me the whole works for a fresh lot. But from what you tell me it seems he put one over on me."

There came at this moment a shuffling and panting outside the door. The cockney voice whined in its harsh nasal tone: "'Ere's the wine, sir. The myte's wurry bad, sir. Says as 'ow 'e carn't starnd it no longer. Cooky says as 'ow 'e could do wiv a bit of lookin' arfter."

Carstairs muttered something and rose, a scowl on his handsome face.

"If you'll excuse me, I think I'd better get out aboard for a few minutes. One of my jokers is in a bad way—the mate. Been lushin' ashore and now he's floppin' on the edge of D. T.'s. I'll jump out and heave some bromide into him and lock him up. Otherwise he might take it into his silly head to swim back to Nassau, and I'm short-handed already. Might have a little toss before I go."

The sailor had set down the case of champagne and a chunk of ice in a sack of matted grass. Carstairs took out a quart bottle of what looked to be and was good wine, whipped out a pocket knife and cut the wiring, then worked gently at the cork.

"Just chip off a little ice, will you, Mr. Stirling?"

I did so, and decorated the glasses—a frieze, as one might say.

The cork popped valiantly, and with a disregard for waste such as one sees no longer at home, Carstairs gently poured the amber vintage with a hand that as I observed was not steady.

Offering a tumbler to Allaire, who took it with a word of thanks, he raised his own.

"Well, here's to your national prohibition. Long may she wave! Cheerio!"

He drained his goblet, bowed, flashed a smile at Allaire and went out with a jerk of his trim patrician head at the sailor, who followed.

XII

ALLAIRE set down her glass, rested her bare elbows on the scratched rosewood table and leaned toward me.

"What do you think of it, Pom?"

"My word, but it hits the bull's-eye on a thirsty night like this! My inside is singing Home Was Never Like This."

"Chuck it! What do you think?"

"The wine is honest, but the man is not. He's a liar by the ship's chronometer."

"My idea. How do you piece it out?"

"I think that Carstairs probably put in here as he told us, but not over a year ago. It was three months ago, on his last trip North. No doubt he traded some of his wares with the captain, but he did not get any deed for the furniture after the old man's decease. Neither did he get any deed for the place itself."

Allaire nodded.

"That former visit was an afterthought. He shoved the date of his alleged claim on the furniture ahead when he learned that Sanders' agreement was made nearly a year ago."

"Precisely. The chances are that Carstairs, as a man of some culture, suspected that this stuff might have considerable value, but he had no idea of how much. On the off chance, and to get an estimate, he took a piece or two in exchange for his wine. Then while North he got ashore and showed it to some dealer who put him right. Bought it of him for a price that may or may not have been high, but was high enough to show him where he might make a good bit of money on the side. So he made up his mind to drop in here on his next trip North and scoop the lot of it, whether the old captain wanted to trade or not."

"That's it," said Allaire. "He was in a hurry to get back to Nassau and bank his money and load a fresh cargo, and he did not think there was any great rush about plundering this place. Of course he'd scarcely have counted ——"

"Sh-h-h!"

I caught at that moment a faint creaking on the planking of the porch outside; or it might have been the steps. Somebody was sneaking back, probably to eavesdrop.

Raising my voice, I said, "Well, anyhow, we're in a bit of luck to get this bully iced champagne." Rising then, I stretched my arms above my head and added, "Swell chap, Carstairs, if he is a rum runner. Many a good man in that game now."

Allaire was quick to catch the drift of this.

"He's been a high roller left flat by the war, and now he's out to catch up. I'll say he is doing it too. Splendid looking, isn't he?"

"Top notch. After all, why shouldn't he? He's entirely within the law. You can't help liking the chap."

There came another creak outside, this time by the front window. A cat could scarcely have run anywhere about this rickety old shell without making its presence known. It was evident that for some reason Carstairs had seen fit to leave us under espionage. Probably that of the sailor who had lugged up the wine and ice.

"Since Captain Carstairs is so kind," I said, "let's have another glass. This bottle's nearly empty. What if we open another?"

"Well, it's awfully good." Allaire was following my lead without knowing precisely what I was heading for. "More ice please, Pom."

"I'd like to give that sailor who brought it a drink," I said. "Wonder if he went back aboard with Carstairs."

Another creak, retreating this time.

"I'll go out and look," I went on. "May not be discipline, but only decent."

All of this would have been audible a dozen yards from the house, the long French windows offering no obstruction. I drained my glass, then sauntered out to the front door.

"Hullo," I called, "you man off the Gadfly."

"'Ere, sir," said a voice from the foot of the steps.

"I want to give you a glass of iced wine. You deserve it, I think."

"Yer wurry koind, sir." He came up the steps.

"I suppose you get no lack aboard, but not champagne."

"No fear, sir. Skipper's a bit 'ard, once we get away to sea. Serves us out our tot 'imself, sir, and that's all."

"What's your name?"

"'Enery, sir; 'Enery Bligh."

"Well, Henry, I don't know what some of us would do without you lads. If I'm committing a breach of discipline, you don't have to report it, do you?"

"No bloomin' fear, sir. It ain't all beer and skittles, this 'ere rum tryde."

"So I imagine. Wait a moment." I stepped inside, took Carstairs' glass, put in a chip of ice, then opening a fresh bottle filled all our tumblers, handing Henry his. "The Bible says, 'Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn.'"

"Thank-ee kindly, sir. Them's my sentiments. Your good 'ealth, sir and lady."

He took it at a gulp.

"Captain's treat, Henry," I said, and filled his glass again. "Was it as hot as this when you were here the first time?"

"'Otter, sir. 'Urricane weather, and the hair dead like. Last July, sir."

"How long have you sailed with Captain Carstairs?" I asked.

"Goin' on eighteen months, sir. Ever since skipper started tryde wiv 'is own wessel. She's little, but she ain't 'arf bad. Larst winter it was crool 'ard. Got a nor'easter and 'ad to run eout to sea a 'underd miles. We was near a week 'ove to, sir."

I had gilled my fish. Here was just what I had cast my net for. Henry had been with Carstairs since Carstairs started with the Gadfly. And their first call here had been this last summer—midsummer—"'urricane weather." So that Carstairs had lied, just as we had thought, in saying that his claim to the furniture antedated that of Sanders to the whole place.

Henry, thus kindly entreated, gave us some interesting side lights on the rum traffic. I handed him the bottle and told him to finish it, which he did with polite deliberation, standing against the jamb of the door. At any other time his description might have been absorbing to me, but I now listened abstractedly. So also did Allaire, who had, of course, discovered what I had been driving at.

The focal point of the business now was what we were going to do about it. Carstairs had discovered the great value of this stuff for which we had that day traded our entire stock, and he was there to get it. I did not think that it would matter much to Carstairs whether we denounced him as a fraud. Here was perhaps a hundred thousand dollars' worth of antique furniture, museum pieces, for the disposition of which Carstairs had no doubt already made provision. And he did not impress me as the sort to be squeamish about helping himself to it if things came to a clinch.

Henry's blabbing had disclosed the fact that, as Carstairs himself had carelessly stated, the little schooner was short-handed this voyage, less for the running of her than for the defending of her cargo, should such need arrive. We learned that there were Carstairs, his mate, now flirting with delirium tremens from a shore debauch, the cook, Henry and another sailor. That made three huskies and Carstairs who might be opposed to Cyril and myself; and Cyril out aboard the boat, with instructions to remain there, and no knowledge of the situation.

And here was Allaire. I had not missed the predatory look in Carstairs' pale eyes as they had overhauled her. There was no telling to what extremities such a man as Carstairs might go. If it came to a clash, what might be expected for Allaire with Cyril and myself disposed of?

Turning all this in mind, I decided that if it came to a clash there was nothing to be done about it. We should have to take the loss—be pirated. It is one thing to defend your property at the risk of your life, and another to defend it at the risk of that more or less valuable possession plus the sanctity of person of a young, defenseless woman.

If then, at the end of a verbal dispute that promised to be futile on my part, Carstairs decided to help himself, backed as he must be in such procedure by his three able-bodied men, I did not see how I, unarmed and no great gladiator at the best, could stop him. I understood now why Henry had been posted there as sentinel. It was to prevent Cyril and myself from joining forces. Carstairs would have been content that Allaire and I should go back aboard our boat, but it was no part of his plan that I should summon Cyril. Carstairs may have suspected that we knew the value of the stuff that was ours, and that I might be so rash as to call in Cyril to help defend our property. So there we were.

Henry broke off in the middle of some remark to the effect that a twelve-mile limit would help rather than hinder trade, making it harder for the revenue people than the rum runners.

"'Ere comes skipper, sir."

He slithered in, set the empty bottle on the table and slithered out again.

"What next, Pom?" Allaire asked quietly enough.

"We're out of luck, I'm afraid. Barring the mate with the jimjams, Carstairs has two sailors and the cook. He means to grab this stuff, and probably tonight, since he thinks we expect a work gang here tomorrow. Not that such a crowd would matter much to him."

Allaire looked at me fixedly.

"What are you going to do about it?" she asked.

"Nothing."

"Why not?"

"Because I don't see how I can stop him. I'll protest, of course, for all the good that will do."

"Look here, Pom, is it on my account you are going to let him get away with this?"

"That's not my excuse, Allaire."

"Well, I think better of you for that. Think quickly, Pom. Isn't there anything we can do? If he carries off this stuff, there's not only a hundred, maybe two hundred thousand dollars' loss, but it leaves us flat. No more stock, nothing but the boat. What's the good of that?"

"It's maddening, I know. But what can we do? You've seen the sort he is. That aristocratic-devil kind with no restraint at all. He's been drinking already and will have had some more aboard, but he won't be drunk—that is, in the ordinary blurred sense. His type merely goes criminally insane."

"He seems to have got your goat already, Pom."

"Call it that, if you like; call it anything you like."

There came through the stillness the rattle of oars and clattering of the loose planks on the jetty. Allaire looked down at her left hand, then turned my signet ring to examine the motto on the scroll beneath the shield.

"Honor Comes First," she translated. "Don't you think that might be changed to Safety First?"

"That's about the limit as a vicious stab," I said. "But perhaps it may not be my own honor that I think comes first."

"I'm not afraid of him." Allaire's tawny eyes fastened on my face. "At least, I'm more afraid of seeing a fortune slip through my fingers."

"Then say that I'm afraid of him and that I slack an issue by which he might help himself not only to my goods but also to the woman he believes to be my bride. I know what you think of me. Well, you can go on thinking it."

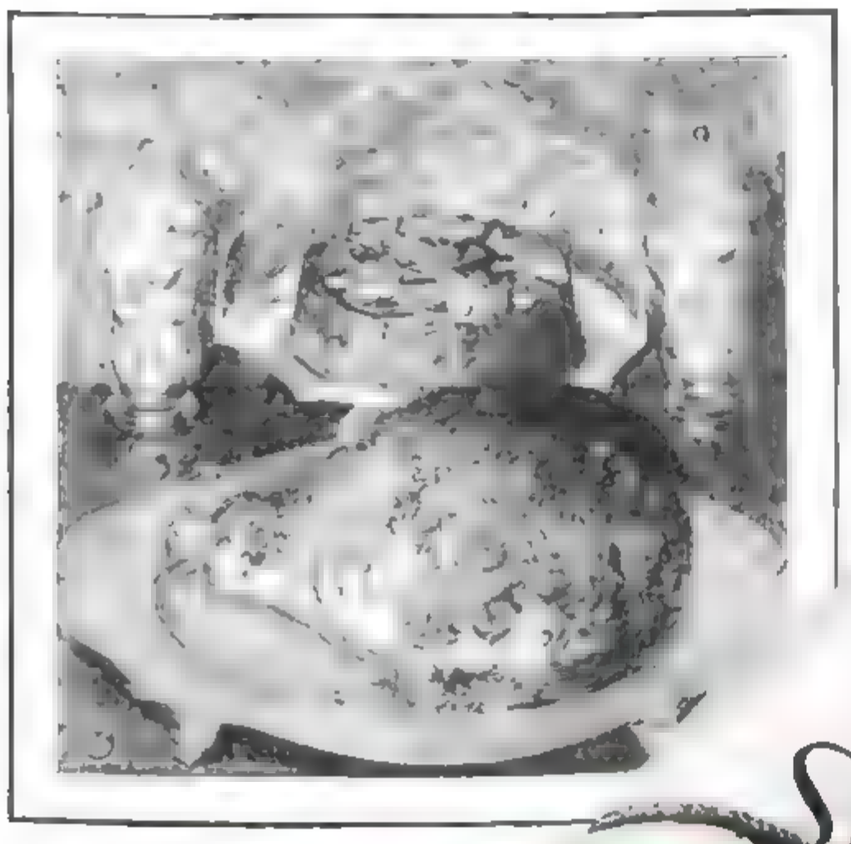
"Here he comes," said Allaire. "Since you're afraid to fight it out, then do your best to talk it out."

We heard the murmur of voices coming toward the house. This fact congealed the molten process inside me produced by the blast flame of Allaire's scorching words. A great deal has been said and written about the quality of courage, physical and moral. By this time I understood my own, such as I could claim to possess. Great physical danger had made me uncomfortable at times in my life, but never afraid. If I avoided danger it was through reason rather than fear; and reason told me now that for an unarmed man to resist this desperado and his crew must result in something infinitely worse than the loss of our goods. If Allaire could not see it in this light, then so much the worse.

"Wait here," Carstairs snapped in his curt voice. He came in with that lithe, catty step that bespoke his feline muscular activity.

"Sorry to break up the party," he said, "but the night's wearing on and I've got to be getting on my way. So, with

(Continued on Page 46)



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AUCTION HOUNDS

By Walter Prichard Eaton

MY WIFE is an auction hound. During the open season on auctions it isn't safe to let her drive the car, because in her excitement to read an auction poster stuck on a tree, she is very likely to remove the tree. She can scent an auction several miles away, too; and then nothing can hold her. She is at once in the front ranks of the bidders, or circling around the yard amid the display of pine bureaus, one-legged Windsor chairs, discarded kerosene lamps, wash boilers, God-Bless-Our-Homes, rusty planes, feather beds, patchwork quilts, golden-oak dining tables, the reports of the Department of Agriculture for the years 1881, '82, '83 and '84, Franklin's Fourth Reader, a broken Staffordshire sugar bowl, ditto teapot, a set of white dishes nobody could break, a morris chair, "and other articles too numerous to mention." The poor creature became an auction hound several years ago, before the craze for American antiques had reached its present proportions. She bid in a mahogany library table for twenty-two dollars, nine painted Hitchcockville chairs in good condition for one dollar and ninety-five cents apiece, and a Persian blue bottle-flask for twenty-five cents. But even after this she did not immediately become badly infected. It was not until a collector called at the house and told her the flask was worth twenty-five dollars. Since that, no auction within a radius of sixty miles has escaped her.

Nor me. I have to go along. If you compel the confession, I want to go along. I, too, am an auction hound.

Figuring Profit and Loss

OF COURSE, the reason I like to go to auctions is to watch the drama, to study the psychology of the crowd, to observe the whole contents of a house spilled out into plain sight, every last secret of the garret displayed on the lawn. That's why I go. Which is, of course, a lie. I go because once, in the year 1902, I bought a water-color sketch by Sam Prout at a book auction for two dollars and a quarter, and because I bought once an entire keg of handwrought nails for twenty cents, and again a banister-back armchair—made about 1735—for four dollars and eighty-five cents. I go because I hope always to get something for next to nothing. That's why most people go to auctions. And they do get something for next to nothing just often enough to keep them going—the way they win at Monte Carlo. I started the other day to reckon what my banister-back chair has really cost me, figuring its value at one hundred dollars. I saved on it ninety-five dollars and fifteen cents, obviously. But as it has caused me to go to one hundred and sixty-one auctions since, at which I have spent from two to eight hours each, not to mention the gasoline and the unfortunate purchase of various articles I didn't want but bid on to keep somebody I didn't like from getting, the chair, I calculate, has cost me in the neighborhood of three thousand dollars, at the very least. And the blamed thing isn't strong enough to sit in either!

Auctions, alas, aren't what they used to be. There was a time, and not so long ago, when my wife and I could get in the old car and climb up to an auction in the hill country, pretty sure of being the only antique hunters there, especially if it was before June or after October, and the summer people were still in the city or afraid of the muddy roads. Those were our halcyon days! How well I remember one auction, almost a decade ago, which came in early May, and was held in a house one hundred and fifty years old and seventeen miles from the nearest railroad. We mired the car twice getting there, but friendly hill billies pulled us out, and eventually we reached the top of the world and joined the crowd under the maples in front of the weather-scarred old dwelling, while the voice of the auctioneer boomed across the upland pastures, and the accumulated junk of generations was brought from chamber and attic and woodshed. We curbed our excitement, bidding casually, and got everything we wanted, because nobody else had the slightest use for the things which made our mouths water. We got a fine pair of wrought-iron gooseneck andirons for fifty cents. We got a Windsor chair, slightly broken, for a quarter. We got a maple rope bed, with fine acorn turnings, for two dollars. We got great Staffordshire blue pitchers, slightly cracked, for the lift of a finger. It was too easy.

I felt ashamed, and went around back of the house to investigate the woodshed and the junk heap. On the junk heap I picked up two half-pint flasks of early American glass, thrown out as not worth putting up for a bid. The owner was pleased and much surprised to get a nickel apiece for them. One of them now sells for forty times a nickel, and the other for a hundred and forty times. Poking in the woodshed loft, I uncovered one side and the shelf of a nicely fluted and molded Colonial mantel, but I couldn't find the second side, and as both the fluting and the molding had been done with planes no longer to be procured, it would have been a difficult thing to reproduce. So I hunted up the owner again to ask if he knew where the missing section was.

"Is that worth anything?" he demanded.

My conscience was troubling me a bit, as I thought of those andirons for fifty cents, and the flasks, and goodness knows what all my wife had been buying since I left the front of the house.

"It's worth thirty dollars," said I. The mantel, complete, would even then have been worth fifty to seventy-five dollars.

"Good Lord!" said he, and sprang into the loft.

He searched for an hour, and finally had to confess that he guessed he must have chopped up that other side for kindling.

"We ripped the old thing out of the settin' room when we put in a stove," he explained.

But I had spoiled the day for him.

The auctioneer on that occasion was an old man, famous in his day and neighborhood. He had a vast, booming voice, and a native wit which could be joyously Rabelaisian—and often was. One of his auctions back in the hills not only took you into the secrets of an ancient house but into the eighteenth century humors of our ancestors. However, it sounded funnier from him than it would printed here. Once, for lack of anybody else, he was appointed postmaster of the hamlet where he lived, much to his disgust. A while later, having occasion to advertise a horse for sale, he offered to throw in gratis, "one second-hand harness and a perfectly good United States Post Office." The old man lived to see his auctions attended by dealers, and by elegant ladies in limousines, but it never cramped his style in the least, which had been well developed before the days of plumbing. He never could quite understand, to be sure, why a broken Windsor chair should suddenly be worth thirty-five dollars to a female who could easily afford a plush-and-gilt one, and who got out of a seven-thousand-dollar automobile to bid on it. But he didn't let her get it any cheaper on that account! Often I helped him. Many a time I have bid something up to figures that would have bankrupted me, to stop at a warning flicker of the old man's eyelid. He always knew when a prospect was approaching her limit.

Once, though, he slipped, and left me with an Empire bureau on my hands, for which I had no use whatever, and which cost me seventy-five dollars. Or perhaps he didn't slip. It may have been his quaint idea of a joke. Nearly everybody, I noticed, considered it a joke—except my wife.

Well, he is dead now. They had an auction of his estate. I went, of course. I bought his sugar bowl and his pickle crock, but that was all. His furniture was golden oak!

The House of Forty-Four Quilts

HOW well I remember the first day the summer folks invaded our auction Arcady! I was out back, looking as usual for discarded treasures in the trash pile, and returned to the front of the house, to find the crowd of hill billies laughing immoderately, and nudging each other. Looking to discover the cause, I beheld my wife, her face aflame with wrathful determination, bidding against a nonchalant young man in clothes that had been manufactured for him not a block from Long Acre Square. They were bidding on a much worn foot scraper. They were running it up a nickel at a time, and had boosted it already to three dollars and forty cents, with all the concentrated determination of two great collectors fighting for a First Folio or a Rembrandt. As everybody in the crowd felt sure it wasn't worth more than a dime at the outside, their mirth was unconfined.

My wife finally secured it for six dollars and thirty-five cents, snatched it from the auctioneer's hands, and strode back through the crowd to me.

"Well, you got it," said I as a lank hill billy beside me slowly winked.

"I'd have got it if it had taken every cent we have in the bank!" said she.

"Do we need it that badly?"

"No, but I wouldn't let that fresh thing in the Rialto clothes have it! What business has he got here anyway!"

I mildly suggested that, impartially considered, he had as much right there as we had. But my wife couldn't see it that way.

He had, it appeared, come while I was behind the house. He had come in a sport motor with two females. I now saw them in languid poses, under the maples. One I recognized as a famous actress, who had recently bought a summer place not more than twenty-five miles away. She was evidently going in for antiques. She knew what she wanted, too—and it was generally what we wanted. She began haunting all our auctions, she and her male escort. She always had plenty of money too.

It is impossible for me to agree with the critics that she's a good actress.

Our auctions, of course, used to be on the square. But since the dealers discovered that the rich buyers of antiques will pay more for a thing at auction than they will in a shop, you need sometimes to know your way about. A few years ago I was surprised to see auction bills posted up everywhere, especially in the tourist hotels, announcing the sale of the contents of a "fine old Colonial dwelling" which was pictured in half tone at the head of the bill. As I happened to know the house well, having but a week or two before photographed it for an architect, and as nobody had lived in it for several years and it had no contents whatever except dust and spiders, my curiosity was aroused. The house, I found, had been rented for a day or two by a dealer in a city forty miles away. The night before the auction, vans arrived heaped with the contents of his shop. The next day scores of motors were parked up and down the road, and a local dealer—a friend of mine—and I watched article after article sold for sometimes double the price this clever fellow had been asking in vain in his city shop.

The Luck of the Game

A SIMILAR stunt was pulled off a couple of years ago in a once beautiful but now almost abandoned village over the line in the next state—which happens to be Connecticut. Here again the limousines packed the dusty country road, and out from a house which had been empty for a decade came antiques enough to furnish the Pennsylvania Hotel. It amused one skeptical onlooker to discover that this house had used forty-four patchwork quilts in four bedrooms, but I assured him that the climate here was very severe in winter, and then watched the technic of my wife and the auctioneer. The technic of the auctioneer consisted in keeping the sale speeded up by occasionally knocking an object down to the very first bidder when bidding became slow or reluctant. In this way he caused those who hung back, waiting for somebody else, to lose their chance. But he also enabled my wife, who sat on a decrepit painted chair in front of him, to spring in with a low bid now and then, when she felt things were slackening, and thus to secure a quilt for three dollars, when the forty-three others were bringing twenty to thirty dollars, and a luster pitcher for fifty cents and a decorated tray for some equally absurd figure. After that the auctioneer decided she had got enough, and heard out of the other ear, so we went away from there and left the summer ladies in their limousines to bid in the extraordinary contents of this other fine old Colonial mansion. A week later I passed through the village again, and the spiders had already set to work to repair their homes across the windows. I believe the dealer has purchased a new speed truck.

But don't for a minute think that it is only the people who collect antiques who pay double what a thing is worth at auctions, or that it is only the ladies! In my long years as an auction hound I have seen some strange things—and done some. Curiously enough, window screens and brooms almost invariably cause women to lose their heads, and carpenter's tools reduce men to idiocy. I have never yet been to a domestic auction at which window screens were put up that they didn't sell for more than their going price at a store, and the same is true of brooms. I don't attempt to explain it. Or let the auctioneer hold up a box of carpenter's tools, and some farmer or hill billy will edge nearer, poke it over, examine a decrepit hammer, run a solid thumb along a chisel, and start the bidding, which mounts and mounts, by nickels and dimes, till somebody pays the price of a brand-new outfit. I've done it myself. I have at least six planes that won't cut, a chisel my wife uses to pull tacks with, a warped bucksaw, and a small chest entirely filled with assorted and utterly useless hardware. I paid seven dollars and fifty cents for the lot and, incidentally, drove thirteen miles to get it, and spent four hours at the auction. I did think a while ago that I could use a small drill bit which graced the collection, but it snapped in two as soon as I tried.

On the other hand, every piece of trim in one room in my house was cut with an old wooden molding plane I secured for seventy cents, along with a box of bent nails, a broken screw driver and one half of an ancient monkey wrench.

Not long ago my wife and I spent a winter in New York, and naturally we gravitated to the auction rooms there.

(Continued on Page 42)

The pattern shown on the floor above is No. 538. In the 9 x 9-foot size it costs only $13.50.

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A startling and disquieting condition appears in recent mortality tables—

The death rate has been steadily decreasing in the early years of life, the general "expectation of life" for all age groups taken together has been lengthening.

But the death rate from organic disease between the ages of forty and sixty is actually increasing. *Why?*

Various factors have been held responsible—overwork, worry, too little exercise, too little sleep. But the greatest authorities rate these of comparatively minor importance. The great cause, in most cases, is—wrong food.

Food not always nourishment

At least a third of all we eat should come from a certain class of foods called carbohydrates. They are absolutely essential to life and health.

But authorities now tell us that before these essential foods can yield up to us their body-building, energy-giving elements, they must be turned into a form that the body can use without strain and without delay.

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Eat Grape-Nuts every day. You will find it especially well suited to breakfast or for lunch—the meals when your food should make the least drain upon your forces in order to leave you the maximum of energy for your day's work.

Eat Grape-Nuts for dinner, too—in some one of the dishes that our book of 101 Prize Recipes tells you about. Try it today, and see how much you enjoy it.

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WHITE LIGHTS AND AMBER

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES O. GOLDEN

"But it Wasn't You That Done it, Walter—it Was Me. I Kind of Dolliked You All Up. You Didn't Have No Idea Where You Was At. It's That Career of Mine"

VAUDEVILLE gasped when it heard of Walter Tripp's marriage. "Well, can you beat that?" it exclaimed. "Who'd of ever thought of Walter gettin' himself a wife of his own?"

The answer, quite obviously, was that nobody would ever of thought it. Walter could not possibly have been described as impressive husband material; he was little and homely and the top of his head was as barren of hair as his mind was free from malice. That was the trouble with Walter—he was as funny offstage as he was on; none of the professional comedian's melancholia about Walter. No, sir, indeed! His twisted, ingratiating, gold-toothed smile was not reserved exclusively for business hours. He gave of it freely to his friends and to those who were not particularly his friends, and everybody loved him and had good words to say for him, but they just naturally couldn't understand his marrying any woman.

"Who's the party he married?" was the next chorused query. "Ellamae Harris? Never heard of her. Is she in the profesh?"

Yes, Ellamae was in the profesh. Small-time singing comédienne.

"Holy smokes! Walter tied to a small-timer, and a singing comédienne at that. Whatchew reckon the world is comin' to?"

Later, Vaudeville commented thusly:

"'Stoo bad about Walter Tripp. Ain't you heard? He went an' married a small-timer named Ellamae Harris. Copped her right out of the sticks. Can't find out nothin' about her except that she's a looker. Ain't it queer how even the best of 'em will fall for a pretty face an' a few curves placed right? Wonder what'll happen to the team?"

That, after all, was the chief concern of Vaudeville.

"Can't imagine Tripp an' Nelson having a female on their necks. Palace headliners like them which have been together for going on ten years and there ain't nobody in the profesh in their line as good as—and now Walter goes and grabs him a wife. Gee! I'll bet Tim Nelson is wonderin' where he is goin' to get off at."

And so Vaudeville settled back to watch. It felt a peculiar personal resentment against the Ellamae it did not know, the outlander who had married one of its nearest and dearest stars. It seemed sacrilege to insert a third personality in the famous team of Tripp and Nelson—Nonsense and Nothing Else. Tim Nelson used to chuckle over the billing: "Walter's the Nonsense and I'm the Nothing Else." Which was true so far as Walter Tripp was concerned, but a gross injustice to himself.

Tim Nelson was perhaps the finest feeder in vaudeville and a perfect foil for Walter Tripp's sunny personality. Their act was a zippy cross fire of scintillant humor, the little, slope-shouldered, dilapidated-looking Walter taking the laughs which Tim Nelson adroitly fed to him. Tim was a big, deep-chested, handsome young chap and Walter an insignificant-looking, wistful, beaming person.

"Holy smokes!" said Walter one day in discussing the act with his partner. "I don't make 'em laugh. When they look at me they can't help it."

"Sure! Ain't that just what I been saying? You're 75 per cent of the team and it ain't fair for us to split fifty-fifty."

"Don't go talking like an ass, Tim. There's more good comedians in the world than there are drops in the ocean. A feeder is a rare bird, and you're the rarest; so soft pedal that line of chatter."

When Walter told Tim of his engagement he followed the announcement with an introduction to Ellamae. Alone in their room later in the evening, he appealed for his friend's approval.

"Ain't she a wow? On the level now, Tim, ain't she?"

"I'll say she is!"

Tim hoped he was successful in concealing the apprehension he could not help but feel. "She's got all the class in the world."

"Ain't it so? Think of a Sheba like her falling for a poor fish like me!"

"Aw, lay off that, Walter! Who ever said you was a fish?"

"Well, I ain't no sheik, am I? I got a face like last Monday's wash and a figure like an exclamation point on a drunk. I'm just cashin' in on the physical defects old Mother Nature handed me. And the idea that a girl like Ellamae should fall in love with me —— Gee! I get right soppy about it."

"She's there all right." Tim was afraid his approval was not so hearty as Walter would have liked. "What's she goin' to do after the ceremony?"

"Her? Oh, she's quitting the stage altogether."

"Honest?"

"Sure! She says so."

"I see." But Tim was doubtful; Ellamae didn't look like a woman who planned to quit the profession. She was entirely too upstage, and Tim fancied he had detected a glint of hostility in the glance she bestowed upon him. He waited patiently for the inevitable blow; it came quite naturally and casually.

"Ever heard Ellamae sing?"

"Nope."

"She's a riot. Grand-opera voice and all the personality in the world."

"I'll bet she has."

"You know it! Don't it strike you, Tim, as a kind of a shame that we should be carrying such class around with us an' never using it?"

Tim hesitated.

"Shoot it, Walter. What's eating on you?"

"Well, I was just thinking —— Of course Ellamae don't suspect I'm talking to you about it. You see, our act ain't got the class it ought to have. It needs dressing up and she's the baby can do it. I was just thinking if we give her a song—something real snappy or else a ballad number—anything you want —— Of course, if you ain't strong for it ——"

Tim gave his consent with well-simulated enthusiasm. But he didn't like the twist at the corners of Ellamae's mouth when they met in Walter's dressing room after the last show that night to discuss the matter. Tim didn't like Ellamae and he feared that he was doing her an injustice. Outwardly, she was all that Walter said she was—lavishly beautiful, tall, slender figured, sleepy eyed. It was rather difficult to imagine her genuinely in love with Walter.

Vaudeville's next interested comment came a month later:

"Told you so, didn't I? This here Ellamae woman has horned in on the act. Doin' a song an' showin' what she's got. An' that ain't all! Walter is burlesquing her song right after. Friend of mine saw 'em in Pittsburgh last week an' says his take-off's a scream. I'm layin' you a century against last year's contract she won't stand for that burlesque stuff more'n two weeks."

She didn't. It had been Tim's idea in the first place; a sentimental song number by Ellamae to be followed immediately by Walter's burlesque.

"It's your long suit, Walter. You can make 'em suffer and like it. An' we can build this one up. You haven't got any objections, have you Ellamae?"

Ellamae said that she hadn't, but at the end of the second week Walter announced that the burlesque of Ellamae's song was out.

"'Tain't fair to the kid, Tim. She's really got the stuff, she has—and what right have I got comin' along behind an' crabbin' what she's done?"

"It's awful funny, Walter."

"Sure! But it ain't funny to her, is it?"

Then, a few weeks later:

"Heard the news about Tripp an' Nelson?" asked Vaudeville of itself. "Burlesque is out, just like I said it was gonna be, an' now Ellamae's doin' two songs. Funny thing, too—feller which played the bill with 'em in Rochester says she's got the stuff. Puts her numbers over fine. Queer about these small-timers, how some of them have really got ability."

Ellamae was covertly triumphant. She had a way of smiling at Tim Nelson which irritated him. It was almost as though there was an open understanding between them, as though they were partners in a conspiracy against Walter. It made Tim feel uncomfortable and guilty. Once he essayed a pallid protest.

"Sure they come in to laugh at us," agreed Walter, "but that ain't sayin' they've got any objection to our makin' a good act better, is it? And Ellamae's an awful good scout. She hasn't asked for a thing. She hasn't tried to horn in. I've done all that's been done. You see, Tim, when a beautiful girl like her marries a guy like me ——"

"Whatcha mean—a guy like you? Ain't you the funniest comedian in vaudeville today? Ain't you a big headliner? Ain't we drawin' down fifteen hundred a week?"

"Yeh, sure. But Ellamae don't care a thing about that. All she's interested in is helping us out. Tim, it's wonderful to have a girl crazy about you—an' to be married to her to boot. Besides, you couldn't say she ain't got the stuff."

"No-o." Tim was honest. That was the one thing he couldn't say. Ellamae was big-time. He realized that with her it was a question of opportunity plus the proper material and direction. But he strongly suspected she had realized that a marriage to Walter Tripp meant opportunity. Walter was at the top of the profession. Too, he knew the game and under his tutelage she was improving with every show.

But the next development fairly shocked Vaudeville.

"Have you heard what's happened now? It ain't Tripp an' Nelson no more! It's Tripp, Nelson and Harris. Think of that woman jimmying in on the billing! 'Swonder to me the booking offices stood for it, although they do say she's there. You watch what I say! It won't be long before Tim Nelson is gonna be out. If I was him I wouldn't be such a boob as to be walked on before I was kicked out, either."

But evidently Tim was willing to be trod upon. His handsome face remained impassive in the silent conflict being waged between himself and Ellamae. He was conscious of it and so was she, and each knew that the other knew. Also, each realized that Walter did not know; poor, insignificant, brilliant little Walter with his cup of happiness brimming over. Only once did Mrs. Tripp and Tim Nelson clash. That was backstage one night when Walter had gone to his dressing room to repair some damaged make-up.

"Listen, Ellamae! Lay off Walter, willya?"

"Whadaya mean—lay off?"

"You know good and well what I mean. Keep on the way you're goin' an' you'll bust up what was the niftiest two-act in vaudeville."

"Say"—shapely hands were placed on slender hips—"who gave you license to horn in on my fam'ly business? Where have you got a kick comin'? Ain't you getting a half split on the team's earnings?"

"'Tain't my fault. I've argued with Walter he should take sixty-forty anyway."

"Yes, you have! Anyway, this is my picnic an' you just stay away from my sandwiches, see?"

"I see. . . . Looka here, Ellamae, why did you marry Walter?"

Her eyes narrowed; a light which may have been of humor glinted in her fine eyes.

"For love, of course. What you reckon?"

"Love?"

"Uh-huh."

"You love Walter?"

"Ask him."

"He thinks you do."

"That makes him happy, doesn't it?"

"Ye-es, I guess it does. And of course you wasn't influenced by the fact that you was hamming it among the sticks. It didn't have no weight with you that he was Broadway stuff."

"We-ell, to be right honest, Tim, it didn't make me hate him any. You see, I got my career to think of."

"And you was thinking of it pretty hard when he happened along, eh?"

"What if I was? That ain't any sign I'm not on the level with him. A career's an awful serious thing to a woman like me. Good gosh, Tim, have you ever done three shows a day on split-week bills? Have you ever flitted from Rubeville to Hicktown week after week, dreaming of Broadway back yonder glitterin' an' gleamin', only a few hours' ride but a million miles away s'far as you're concerned? Yeh, maybe I was thinkin' about my career a little too much when Walter hunched that I looked good to him."

"I kind of thought so, Ellamae. You grabbed him off because he stood for the chance you couldn't get for yourself."

"P'r'aps. Us ladies must live and no girl ain't got a chance if she keeps on being a three-minute egg in this hard-boiled world."

Tim hesitated. He saw Ellamae's viewpoint with startling clarity.

"Just the same," he argued, "Walter and I have been buddies for years, and ——"

"You ain't insinuating that I'm crabbing the act, are you? Ain't I got class?"

"Sure, you got class all right. The Palace won't be no worse off for havin' you on the bill. But you don't belong with Tripp and Nelson."

She shrugged.

"I ain't tryin' to blooey your meal ticket, Timmy boy. I'm looking out for little old Number One. Life is awful crool to a girl which thinks too much about other folks. And Walter ain't half bad, anyway, so don't you go fretting your bean about he and I."

After that there was a queer friendliness between them which was based upon a mutuality of understanding and an unwilling admiration. Frankly, they resented each other; but, equally frankly, they couldn't hate. In the presence of Walter Tripp they smiled at each other with a honeyed sweetness. Walter loved them both so dearly and was so piteously anxious that they should become good friends. Yet even Walter was not so dense as to be entirely unmindful of the undercurrent.

"She's ridin' Tim Nelson to death," was the comment of Vaudeville. "Honest t'goodness, I thought he had more pride than to put up with anything like that. You just wait, though; something's bound to bust loose."

And something did bust loose when they were playing Philadelphia. Walter and Ellamae were in their room and Tim had the one adjoining. He stepped into the quiet corridor and heard voices from his friend's room—Ellamae's voice, earnest and eager; Walter's professional high-pitched falsetto.

"Now when you feed me that laugh, honey, you cross an' I look at you all the way over, see? Cross behind me—that's the audience out yonder. Then when you git over you stand still an' I spill the laugh, see?"

Then the words again—the words of one of the biggest laugh situations in the two-act of Tripp and Nelson, Nonsense and Nothing Else; Walter Tripp going through his part mechanically, diligently; Ellamae feeding him with Tim Nelson's lines.

Tim Nelson tiptoed back into his room and gently closed the door. He crossed to the window and stared down at the welter of traffic in the narrow thoroughfare. He lighted a cigarette and puffed fiercely. He tried futilely to doubt truth.

The thing that hurt him was Walter's ingratitude. No, that wasn't the word; the word which fitted the case was far uglier—"treason." Treason against friendship. Then Tim shook his head loyally; treachery did not dwell in Walter Tripp's breast. It wasn't possible. Walter was drugged with love. He was merely irresponsible and thoughtless. Tim recognized the inevitable and he suffered for Walter Tripp. He knew the agony which would be Walter's when eventually the little man should come to him and suggest a termination of the partnership of a decade. Walter would think it was his idea—from the beginning he had never suspected the influence of his wife.

Later in the morning Ellamae went shopping. Tim Nelson entered his partner's rooms. He shivered at sight of the dainty feminine garments scattered about and piled high on the battered wardrobe trunk. And Tim found it very difficult, indeed, to meet his partner's eyes.

"You see, Walter, it's this way," he found himself explaining: "It's a case where two's a-plenty and three's company. Now, of course, I know you wouldn't ever ask me to get out on account of how long we been together and all that, but I got a hunch Ellamae could feed you just about as well as me; and anyway, it ain't fair for us to keep splitting the sal'ry two ways on account of her being in the act and making a big hit and all that; and anyway ——"

Walter's comedy eyes were opened wide and all his golden teeth showed. But try as he might, he could not conceal his infinite relief.

"You ain't fixing to quit the act, are you, Tim?"

"Uh-huh."

"But, Tim ——"

"There ain't any use arguing against it, Walter. There's just no sense ——"

"I know what you got on your mind. You think Ellamae don't like you, ain't that it?"

"We-ell, not exactly."

"It is too. Now you just listen here, Tim. I'm dippy about that girl, but you and I have been partners for ten years and I just ain't gonna hear of you quitting—that is, unless you just naturally insist."

"I guess I got to insist then. You tell Ellamae when she comes in. I bet she'll think it's a good idea."

Walter shook the hand of his friend. He tried to make himself believe that Tim Nelson had quit him, but he felt vaguely uncomfortable and guilty.

"Say, whatchew think of this here latest?" queried triumphant Vaudeville. "An' don't say I didn't tell you so There's Tim Nelson, as swell a feller as ever done two shows a day, kicked right out fooey by this floss jane Walter Tripp married. Oh, I reckon wimmin can do things all right when they set their minds to 'em, but just the same this don't seem right. I'm wonderin' ——" But this time Vaudeville vouchsafed no prophecy, for it seemed that trail's end had been reached.

But Vaudeville retained its keen interest, and in the months which followed several things occurred to whet the tongue of gossip. In the first place, Tim Nelson experienced not the slightest difficulty in connecting, albeit it was at a somewhat smaller wage than he had drawn as Walter Tripp's partner. His big, handsome body; his warm, sunny smile; his friendliness—they combined to make him a gem of rare theatrical worth.

With the team of Tripp and Harris things ran with equal smoothness. There was in fact something sinister in the meteoric success of the new partnership. Of course the act had to be rewritten, and when the revision was completed Ellamae was something more than a feeder to the comic personality of Walter Tripp. There were some who accused her of hogging the calcium, but certainly there were none who denied her ability.

She absorbed her husband's stage wisdom as greedily as a sponge drinks up water; she labored with infinite patience and with skill worthy a better cause to force herself into the foreground. By imperceptible degrees the act became Ellamae Harris and Walter Tripp, with Walter's inimitable comedy filling in between vocal triumphs of his wife. She had the knack of putting a song over, particularly if it contained the slightest touch of suggestiveness. She wore good clothes well.

"Say," exclaimed Vaudeville, "that

(Continued on Page 42)

"You Know Good and Well What I Mean. Keep On the Way You're Goin' an' You'll Bust Up What Was the Niftiest Two-Act in Vaudeville"

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THE SURE SHOUTER

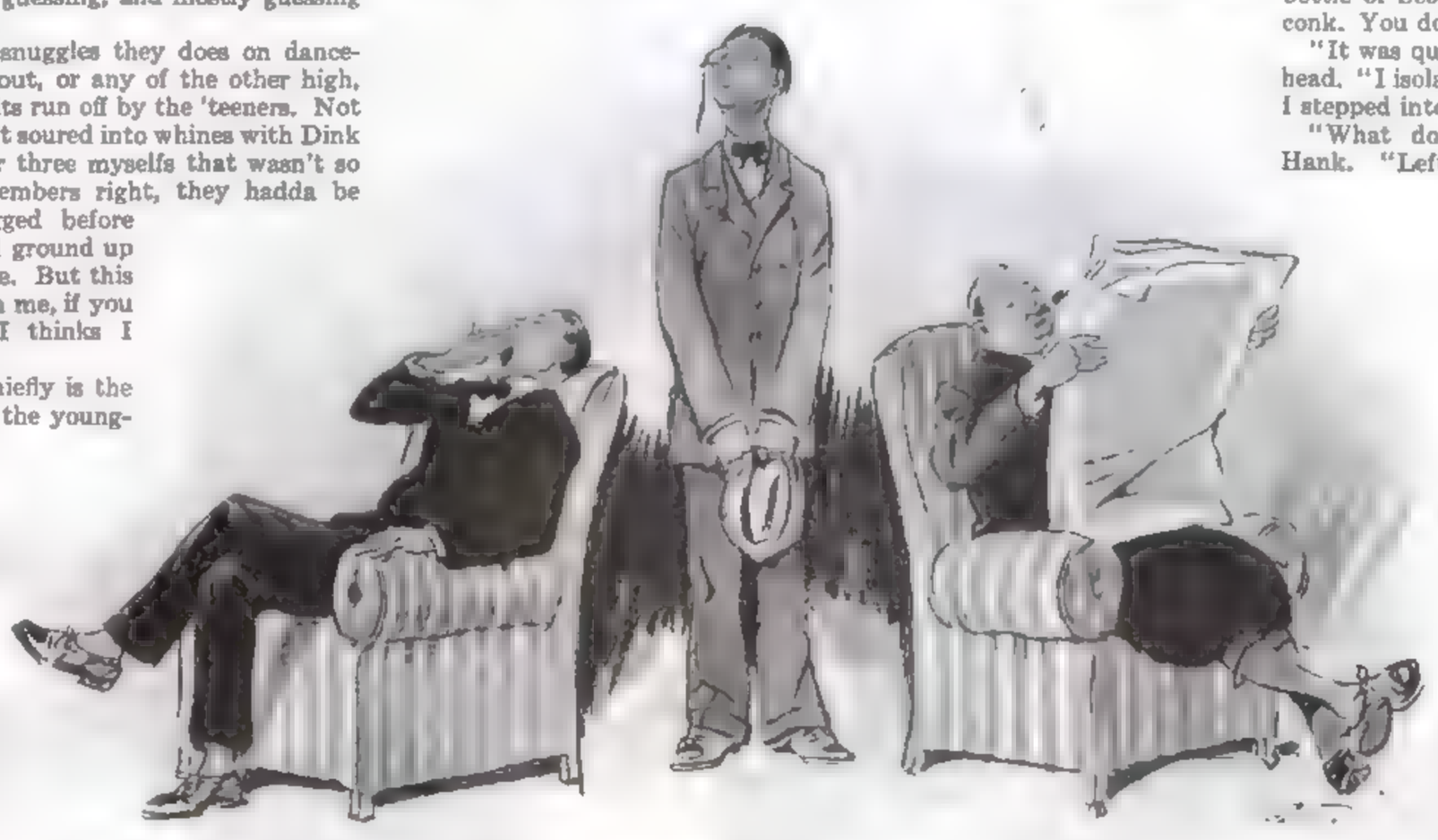
By Sam Hellman

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

I AIN'T one of them my-how-awfuls that figures the younger generations is going to the woof-woofs by hips and hops just because they is got more pep than their pops; but I gotta admit that a lotta the stuff they puts over these days is got me guessing, and mostly guessing wronger than a straw vote.

It ain't the angleworm snuggles they does on dance-floor dimes I'm talking about, or any of the other high, loose and liberal society skits run off by the 'teeners. Not me. The wine of youth ain't soured into whines with Dink O'Day. I planted a oat or three myselfs that wasn't so darn tame; and if I remembers right, they hadda be lassoed, hog-tied and gagged before they could be thrashed and ground up into the mush of middle age. But this yarn ain't about me; it's on me, if you thinks you knows what I thinks I means.

What I'm referring to chiefly is the kinda education they slips the youngsters nowadays and what the lads does with it when they gets it, if ever. In my times a bimbo'd spend four years and mosta the old man's mazuma rahing his way through a college, and when he did squeeze out by the skin of his sheep, nothing was a flattering estimate of what he knew about sticking up the world and making it fork over three squares, rags and a roost.



He's About as Welcome With Hank as a Leak in the Roof and Not Nearly So Strong With Me as a Coupla Leaks

Italy was on the other side of the Alps, as per usual, but it didn't take a university aluminum long to find out that Latin yells and Greek passwords and the such was about as much help in mountain climbing as a knowledge of fly fishing would be in tight-rope walking. Then somebody 'd hand the boy a broom and a mop and a packing-case stencil to start him up the grade, and when he finally did make the top of a Alp, straightened out the crick in his back and pushed the gray hair outta his eyes, his lamps 'd be too far gone to see Italy.

Alla that's changed, my doves. From a four-year loaf, education's got to be a quick-lunch sandwich. Today you rushes into a school and, without stopping, tells the bozo there that you wants to be a chairman of a board of directors or a railroad president or a cartoonist, and in a coupla seconds, more than less, you're out on the street with all they is to know about them jobs, including the experience. As a matter of facts, you don't even have to go to school if you got a stamp handy that ain't been used. You just writes that you wanna be a diamond setter or a mining engineer, and by return mail you gets to be one of them things. If you got two stamps you can be both.

And the cute tricks they learns you! When I played around in business we used to hire a guy and take a chance that he'd turn out to be worth pay-roll room, but picking deck hands ain't a gamble no more. A proper-trained baby now can take a quick look at a feller and tell by the way he combs his hair and the number of buttons on his weskit whether he's specially fitted to handle the accounts from M to Z in the pretzel-designing department, run the freight elevator in Factory No. 3 or travel in Southeastern Alabama with the frilled nightshirt line.

I gets alla these ideas from J. Pennyworth Hollingshead, the frau's relation on the distaste side, that come to scoff a week-end with us and remained to prey indefinite. The lucky birds that reads this magazine regular will remember me telling 'em about this Ike, me calling him that for short on the account of the I Know Everything degree he brung with him from some cuckoo college. At that dump, he tries to explain to me, the studnuts was learned they should never ask no questions, never be in no doubt about nothing and always to know that they knew because they didn't doubt it, if that blahish babble means anything to you.

Pennyworth's a nice-looking bim, with a snappy way of doing his stuff and nonsense, and in a short while he's got everybody around the place bluffed outta all their chips and mosta their marbles, including Hank Ritter's gal, Betty, a pretty little chick that I used to think had some brains in that bobbed bean of hers. But the frill's flop for young Hollingshead didn't surprise me nearly so much as the fall a old nickel nurser named Traynor took for the lad. Here's a goof that's so conservative he wouldn't believe a dog had four legs till he counted 'em hisself twice, and then got a alfred-david from the purp, listening loose-lipped to a yearling heifer bleating about efficiency, sales physioligy, the personal equator and that kinda fool fluff, and finishing up by forcing a fat fee on the boy to look over one of the Traynor factories and find out what's ailing the dividends.

Me and Ritter, the only two persons in Doughmore that ain't been gabbed outta our senses by Pennyworth, is sitting around one afternoon, talking about him in hisses and sneers, when that perfect make-me-sick walks in on us. He's about as welcome with Hank as a leak in the roof and not nearly so strong with me as a coupla leaks.

"I thought," remarks Ritter, "you was over to the factory tuning up the cash register."

"I'm through," answers Hollingshead, brief.

"Through, eh?" I grins. "I figured Traynor 'd give you the raus as soon ——"

"I mean," cuts in Pennyworth, "I'm finished."

"Why, you just started this morning!" gasps Hank.

"To those who know and know they know," returns the Ike, calm, "time is no element. One sees, one does. To hesitate is to doubt, to doubt is to be lost. The world was made in six days."

"Think it was a pretty good job of work?" I inquires.

"There is some evidence of duplication and waste," replies the kid, "but in me you see the complete adjustment and ultimate rectification."

"You let yourselfs alone," snaps Ritter. "What did you ever do to yourselfs that makes you hate you so?"

"How'd you fix the plant up?" I rushes in hasty, not wanting Hank, who's got a skidding temper, to bounce a bottle of Scotch offa the relation-in-law's conk. You don't get that stuff so easy.

"It was quite simple," shrugs Hollingshead. "I isolated the irritation the moment I stepped into the factory."

"What do they make there?" asks Hank. "Left-handed monkey wrenches or double-jointed wimple screws?"

"Is those the things," I kids along, "that you uses to fasten boats to the water with when you're out fishing for Siberian bliffings?"

"You must be thinking of nuzzle screws," comes back Ritter. "The wimple screw was developed from a mere nothing to keep them aëroplane smoke signs sticking to the sky."

"Oh, thank you, old comrade," I cries, grasping his hand with feelings. "Now I can sleep nights when I'm sleepy. For months and weeks and days I ain't closed no more 'n two eyes, wondering and wondering how it was done."

This ain't the first time that me and Hank has tried to shoo Pennyworth away, or, at the leastest, shush him up with a line of nutty nifties, but we ain't had no luck. He just stands around quiet till we runs down, and then proceeds like nothing ain't been said by us, which is pretty near the truth. Nothing ain't been; nothing to amount to a row of puns, anyways.

"You wants to know how I restored the Traynor factory," the Ike announces. Remember, this bobo don't never ask no questions.

"I doubts it," returns Ritter.

"Double and redouble the doubt," says I, but just the same I'm curious.

"Just as soon as I walked into the main office," goes on Hollingshead, "I noticed the assistant auditor ——"

"How'd you know he was assistant auditor?" cuts in Hank, quick. "Didn't you have to ask?"

"Occupational perception," replies Pennyworth, "was one of the most important studies at the Better Business College."

"You mean to say that you can take a flash at a lad and tell whether he's a filing clerk or a bundle wrapper?"

"Certainly," he answers. "What you do becomes the you in you."

"I don't suppose," sneers Hank, "that it'd be any trick a-tall for you to pick a blue-point oyster opener outta crowd of oyster openers, would it?"

(Continued on Page 38)

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(Continued from Page 36)

"Or," I adds, "a real-estate dealer outta mob of other fiction writers?"

"Every labor leaves its label," returns young Hollingshead. "I remembers oncet in college we had a test. A dozen men was put up in front of us, and while most everybody in the class found the bookkeeper in the line, I was the only one that saw right away that he was a double-entry bookkeeper and worked in a grocery store and that two nights a week he made out bills for a delicatessen. I made a little mistake on that occasion, though."

"You!" shrieks Ritter, clapping his mitts to his eyes. "No! No! Unsay them words! It cannot be! I wouldn't believe even you, not if you swore on a stack of wheats!"

"What was the mistake?" I asks. "Some trifling piccadilly, no doubt."

"It was three nights a week he made out them bills," replies Pennyworth.

"Say no more about it, my boy," I soothes him, patting him on the back. "Let the dead pest bury its dead. Your secret is safe with us, eh, Hank?"

"My heart's broke," sighs Ritter. "I no sooner learn to love a thing than somebody tells me it's got stickers or dirty feet or something like that. Woe is weary me!"

"Cheer up, brother," I urges. "It's been a cruel blow to us but ——"

"Just as soon as I saw the assistant auditor," cranks up Hollingshead and buzzing off like they ain't been no interruptions, "I knew where the trouble was."

"The boy was doing triple-entry bookkeeping, eh?" I suggests. "Twice for the house and oncet for hisself?"

"No, no," says Pennyworth. "He was honest. What he lacked was ——"

"I know now," I cuts in. "A coupla long words that begins with capital letters."

"Coöperative gregariousness," nods the kid. "That's where he was deficient."

"I'm surprised," remarks Ritter, "that Traynor didn't notice that for hisself. I should have a dollar and fifteen cents for every guy I've tinned in my times for not having that. I used to say to the boys, 'You can come to work without your tools, you can forget your suspenders and keep pulling up your trousers all day on my time, you can shoot craps on the directors' table whenever we is having a meeting, you can throw eggs into the fan belts; but if I ever catch any one of you showing up without your C. G., all polished and shiny, there'll be more trouble than most goldfish have leisure.' You can imagine my rage one day ——"

"Well do I remember that night when you came home," I interrupts, taking up the filibuster against Pennyworth. "Your wife's still lame from that fall through a window, ain't she, Hank? Betty ain't been right in the head since, either. There's a pretty good wallop in a piano stool thrown across a room. I hadda laugh, though, when you flung that stove. For a minute I thought it was gonna miss."

"Not being able to mix harmoniously with the men in the office," dribbles on young Hollingshead, "naturally the assistant auditor became what is known as a focus of irritability."

"Do you think," inquires Ritter at this junction, "that we is gonna have much weather this winter?"

"So I had him discharged immediately," goes on the Ike, "and that was the end of the trouble."

"How do you know," I asks, "that everything's jake now? Ain't it possible that they was some other things the matter with the plant outside of the auditor's grouch?"

"No," returns Pennyworth. "To me, even the barely possible is the glaring obvious."

"Smart boy, that," remarks Hank. "You ain't told us yet what they makes at the factory."

"I didn't ascertain," answers young Hollingshead. "I had no occasion to leave the front office. It's not necessary to find out what they is cooking in the kitchen when you is treating a sick man in the parlor."

"No?" snaps Ritter. "Suppose it was a mess of stewed toadstools that had put the bimbo on the fritz."

"I don't argue," comes back Pennyworth. "To argue is to admit the possibility of two viewpoints, and there is but one."

"Yours?" I inquires.

"Mine," he returns. "I must leave you now. Betty Ritter's been waiting a hour for me."

"You mean," howls Hank, "you been standing her up that long. I'll ——"

"Your daughter," interrupts the youngster, "is suffering from impulsive exhibitionism and I'm teaching her patience. Don't worry. She's enjoying herself. Next to actually being with me is the pleasure of anticipating me."

"Ahead of both of 'em," growls Ritter, "would be the pleasure of decapitating you." But Pennyworth's gone and went with hisself.

"Well?" I grins.

"No, I ain't," barks Hank, "and I ain't never gonna be again till something happens to that cuckoo kinsman of yourn."

"What do you mean, kinsman of mine," I bow-wows back. "He ain't no more related to me than the uncle of your wife's stepsister's first husband that picked currents offa the chair in Sing Sing is to you. Am I responsible for what the stork let go of down the chimney of one of Kate's cousins, nine times removed, each time probably for not paying rent? You apologize, feller, or ——"

"I apologize," cuts in Ritter, hasty; "but if that guy ain't taken in hand I'm gonna get up early some morning and be the queen of the mayhem."

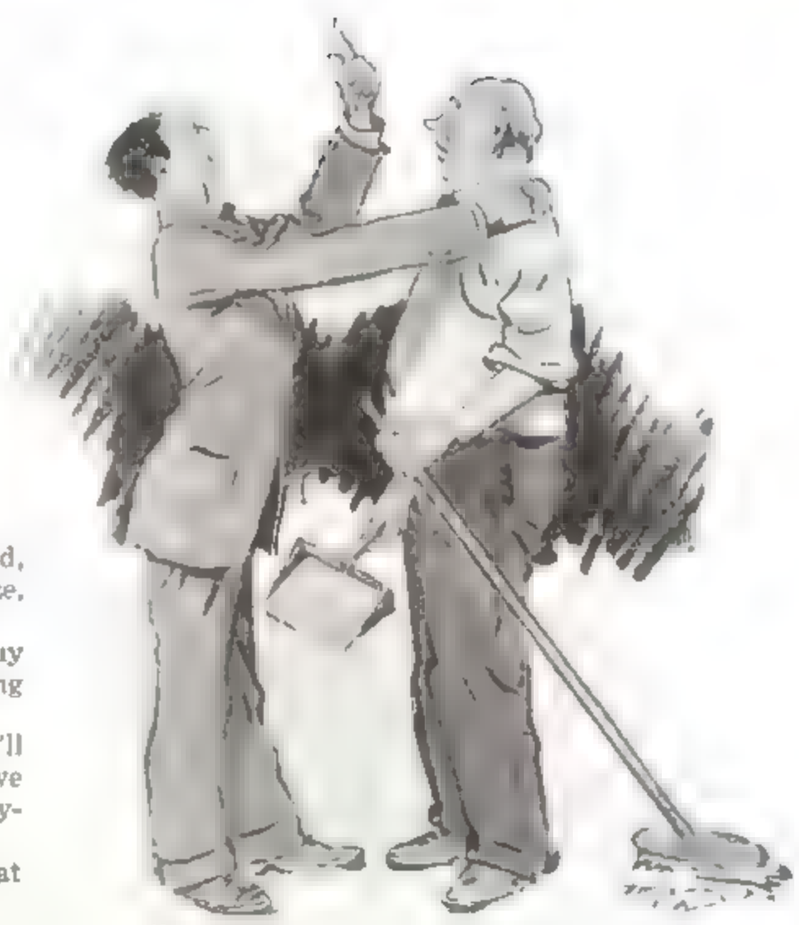
"Let me know when it's gonna be, bo," says I, "and I'll set my alarm clock too. On the square, Hank, can't we get together and frame up some deal that'll make Pennyworth worth lesser than that?"

"How about swiping a pair of sheets and giving that cuckoo the Ku-Ku?" asks Ritter.

"Nix," I comes back. "What that kid needs ain't so much a punch in the jaw as a jolt in the pride. If we could mix him up in something where he'd be made a sucker outta and where all this Ike hop of his wouldn't get him nothing but the hoarse ha-ha —— Listen, I got a idea. Why don't you take him down to your plant, wise everybody up there to what's what ——"

"Huh!" yelps Hank. "Me have that balloon tire around my place?"

"It wouldn't be long," I urges. "You can razz him out in a coupla days. Make a bluff that the efficiency in your



"You Should 'a' Been a Policeman," Young Hollingshead's Telling Him

waste-paper department has gone on the katish or something like that and you wants him to turn his educated sniffer loose on the scent. If you stacks the cards proper he won't be nothing but a deuce in a damaged deck when we gets through with him.

"Anyways," I adds, malicious, "if he's gonna be your son-in-law, you might just as well learn him the business."

"He'll be my son-in-law," grinds out Ritter, "when you is elected ex-mayor of La Belle, France."

"Hand me my coat," says I. "I wanna laugh up one of its sleeves. You're gonna have as much to say about that as I got to say about the price of hand-picked bird seed for October delivery in Bolivia. Betty never even thought of having her hair bobbed, for examples, till she found out for sure that you was dead set agin it."

"Maybe," admits Hank; "but they is some difference between getting a bob and getting a boob."

"They is," I agrees. "Most gals does a lotta thinking before they lets the snippers mutilate the mop; but getting back to the him of our hate, what say you about my stunt?"

"All right," says Ritter.

"Now listen," I warns, "no rough stuff. Remember the kid stands ace-high with the frau and I got enough to explain away now to keep me ——"

"They won't be none," interrupts Hank. "It ain't gonna be my fault, is it, if some careless bohunk leaves the door of the freight elevator open or lets a iron bar slip outta his mitts?"

"That's as luck would have it," I tells him. "In the meantime, what's your ideas of having a drink?"

"I never argue," returns Ritter. "To argue is to admit the possibility of two viewpoints, and they ain't but one."

"Mine?" I inquires.

"Yourn," he bows.

II

AS PER agreement with Hank, I takes up the subjects of a job at the Ritter plant with Pennyworth at dinner.

"You maybe got the ideas," says I, "from the way he acted and from some of his spiels that he didn't think much of your newfangled ——"

"While others speak, I reflect," cuts in young Hollingshead. "I rarely listen."

"That certainly would be a waste of time," I remarks, "considering that you knows everything."

"Quite," he returns, calm. "Cousin Kate, you will pass the gravy."

"As a matter of facts," I goes on, "the way you jacked up the Traynor joint made a big hit with Hank and he wanted that I should sorta feel you out to see if they was any chancet of

Continued on Page 40

"Why, Daddy," Cuts in Betty, "Of Course Pen Knows You Make Dresses. He Went to the Factory With Me Saturday and Helped Me Pick This One Out"

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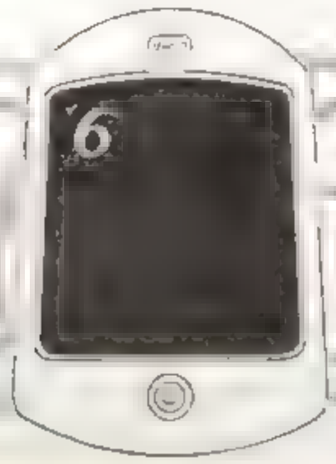

(Continued from Page 38)

getting you to take a look-see at his factory. They don't seem to be nothing going right over to his place excepting the five-o'clock whistle, and that's twenty-four hours fast."

"Tell your friend," says Pennyworth, "that it's not necessary for me to go to his plant. The moment I saw him today I knew what was wrong with his business."

"What?" I asks, getting all braced for a wallop in the ears with a one-two from the hard part of the dictionary.

"Selective inefficiency," he answers.

"Says which?" I inquires.

"Selective inefficiency," repeats Hollingshead. "Ritter's a failure when it comes to choosing the right men for the right positions. He puts round pegs in square holes."

That gives me the internal laughs. In four or five years Hank's run a cinder into a coal yard, so to speak, by the simple processes of staying away from his business and letting a half a dozen know-howers handle the works for him. If they's one thing Ritter's the cat's knickers at, it's picking profit-producers.

"How," I asks, "could you tell that just by looking at him?"

"I never explain," says Pennyworth. "To explain is to dilute, and dilution leads to the death of the assertive positivity."

"Don't do it then," I tells him, hasty. "I wouldn't have its blood on my hands for nothing; but even if you is correct about Hank, how would you like to take on the job of switching his help around, putting the squareheads into the square holes where they belongs and the rounders into their proper slots?"

"Very well," answers the Ike, "I'll do it." And then, turning to the misses—"No, no, Cousin Kate, no more spinach. You've had just enough to balance your ration and I cannot permit you to disturb the equilibrium."

With the which he pulls the plate away from her and she don't let out a peep. That's the way Pennyworth's got 'em bluffed. I should have told Kate to lay offa the spinach! I'd be running yet, pushing rabbits outta the way, to let a bobo sprint as could.

Right after dinner I beats it across the street to tell Hank what's happened.

"He's nibbled," says I, gleeful.

"What did you tell him?" inquires Ritter.

"You gay old flatterer, you," I comes back. "I didn't tell him nothing, but he told me plenty about you and your business."

"Does he know what business I'm in?"

"That baba," says I, "even knows what you had for breakfast tomorrow morning. Every mouthful leaves its mark, each eat etches its earmark."

"Galloping gasipes!" yells Ritter. "Is that puffball got you talking Ikish too?"

"One picks up one does," I replies; "but speaking about whether Pennyworth knows what business you is in, what difference does it make? You don't have to be jerry to what the rats is doing in the basement to clean bats outta the belfry, does you?"

"Meaning what," snaps Hank, "outside of the customary nothing you features in your palaver?"

"Meaning," I explains, "that the trouble with your business is you. You don't know no more about h ring folks than a lizard does about driving a lizzie. You is always shoving square pegs into round holes ——"

"I don't know how to run my concern, is that it?" cuts in Ritter.

"Hollingshead says so," I returns, "so it goes without saying. As a matter of facts, I did tell the kid that your place was all shot, that you'd used thirty gallons of red ink in the last six months, that you'd 'a' gone bankrupt long ago if you had the fare to the Federal building, and that if all your creditors was placed end on end, they wouldn't be no end to the end."

"Outside of that," sneers Hank, "I suppose it's a going affair."

"The way Pennyworth got it from me," says I, "it ain't going a-tall—it's went; but he's gonna pull it back by the ears for you. What you sore about? I hadda tell him some kinda yarn to bring him down to your deadfall, didn't I?"

"Yeh," admits Ritter; "but couldn't you have made it a little stronger, like having a red flag out in front, a coupla deputy constabules sitting in the front office and ——"

"It didn't make no difference what I said," I interrupts. "The minute Hollingshead saw you he knew that you was a Camembert business man. In facts," I adds, to get a good rise outta Hank, "he tipped me private you was all laid out to be a soda jerker or a hot-dog peddler and that you was playing hooky every day you was away from them jobs. Never, says he, did he ever see a rounder peg trying to bluff hisself into a squarer hole."

"I wonder," remarks Ritter, "what that fish-brain 'd think if he knew that I'd doubled the profits every year I been in business?"

"He'd probably say," I answers, "that you was suffering from a pair of large words that could be melted down to 'darn liar,' but alla this ain't neither here or there or even yon. I ain't interested in your profits so much as I is in throwing Pennyworth for a loss."

"What do you expect me to do?" inquires Hank. "Turn that hash-head loose in my place and let him juggle the help around?"

"He won't be there long enough to do no damage," I tells him. "You ain't backing out, is you?"

"No, I ain't," returns Ritter; "but you gotta let me work this out my own way. You tell that house pest of yourn I'll call for him Monday morning. That'll give me a few days to get things lined up for the sucker."

"Right-o, old topper," I agrees; "but watch your step, bucko. The kid may not look as foolish as he is."

On the way outta the house I runs into Betty on the porch, reading. I gets a flash at the book and it's a dictionary.

"What's the idea?" I inquires. "Trying to find out what Pennyworth was telling you in the hammock last night? Can't that cuckoo bill and coo in words of one syllable?"

"Pen don't bill and coo," returns the gal. "All them lower forms of emotionalism is beneath him."

"Don't he even hold hands?" I wants to know.

"I should hope not!" she snaps.

"He ain't got nothing on me," says I. "I ain't held nothing better 'n a pair of sixes for a month. Tell me, Bet, what do you and the other janes around here see in Pennyworth outside of ——"

"He's just too wonderful for words," cuts in the frill, with a dreamy look.

"I wish he was," I remarks. "What you means is, he's too wonderful at words. He's got you all bluffed because he can sling lingo that goes over your bob. It must be a bale of fun to go around with a guy, lugging a dictionary with you. I suppose you'll have to look in the book the next day after he proposes to you to find out if he did that or asked you what you thought of the fall crop of pecans in Ecuador. Well, I gotta go."

"Stay a while," she urges.

"Can't," I tells her. "I got a date with Pennyworth. He's promised to fix up my circumstantial convolutions tonight. Try that on your dictionary, gal."

When I gets home I finds young Hollingshead talking with Crimmins, who butties around the house when we is putting on the flash dog with company and doubles in grass-cutting and furnace-nursing when we ain't. I stands still in the hall and listens.

"You should 'a' been a policeman," young Hollingshead's telling him. "This kinda work is crushing the you in your you and preventing the development of the initiative impulse. As a guardian of the law you could go far."

About this time Crimmins gets a peek at me and ducks outta the room.

"What you trying to do?" I growls to Pennyworth. "Kick my man Friday into the middle of next week? You let him be, bo. I just got that bimbo trained to come the same day I rings for him. What makes you think he'd be a good copper? The fact that he's got square toes? Them's a old pair of my shoes, if you wants to know."

"Everything about him," returns the Ike, "indicates the policeman. Your comfort can't be allowed to interfere with the full flowering of Crimmins' ego."

"He didn't say a word to me about having one when he come," I remarks, "or he'd 'a' never got the job. It ain't catching, is it?"

"I'm reflecting," says Pennyworth, and he turns away.

"You better do a lot of it, boy," I shouts, "with the job you got ahead of you."

"The Ritter matter, to which you probably refer," returns Hollingshead, "will hardly occupy me more than an hour."

"Maybe not," I tells him; "but from what Hank tells me tonight, things is a whole lot worse than I thought. He's gonna call for you Monday and you better prepare for a tough session."

"I never prepare," says Pennyworth. "To make preparations is to admit the possibility of unfamiliarity with the subject, and I'm unfamiliar with nothing."

"Fine," says I. "Sing me the third verse of The Star-Spangled Banner."

III

MONDAY morning, sure enough Hank calls for Hollingshead in his gas cart. I been kinda hoping that I'd be invited to go along and see the show, but Ritter nixies the notion.

"You just leave it to me," says he, on the side, "and I'll send him back to you looking like he's been pulled outta a swamp, run through a clothes wringer and pitched on an ash pile to dry out. He won't be sure of nothing when I gets through with him, not even that his toes is on his feet where he left 'em."

"No violence, now," I cautions.

"Only to his feelings," returns Hank. "You don't object to that, does you?"

"I never object," says I. "To object is objectionable."

Along about noon the suspense gets me and I ducks into town, figuring on running into Ritter at the joint he plays for lunch. I finds him at his regular table and he greets me with a wide grin.

"Well?" I opens up.

"Never felt better," he answers.

"Where's Pennyworth?" I inquires. "Over to your place knocking things gallery west?"

"He ain't over to my place," returns Hank, "and he ain't ——"

"What you done with him?" I cuts in kinda scared.

"Don't worry," says Ritter. "I wouldn't hurt a bone in his head. He's over to brother Pete's glue factory in Allenburg."

"Glue factory?" I repeats. "Allenburg? What's he doing over there?"

"Jacking up my business," returns Hank, with one of them Mandy Liza smiles, "and getting the carbon outta the cylinders."

"Tell me, feller!" I demands. "Tell me!"

"I wasn't gonna let that nut muss around my place," explains Ritter, "so I fixed it with Pete to turn him loose in the glue factory. Not knowing what business I'm in, Pennyworthless didn't suspicion nothing when I dropped him off there this morning. I told him I didn't wanna interfere with his work none, so I beats it, leaving it to Pete to take care of the rest. I did stick around long enough to hear Hollingshead telling my brother he shouldn't oughta be running the elevator and ——"

"Running the elevator?" I interrupts. "I thought Pete owned the whole smell."

"He does," replies Ritter; "but for the benents of your Ike, everybody in the joint's been shifted around temporary into jobs that they don't know no more about than a goat does about lion taming. Besides the which, Pete's done a lotta tricks around the glue factory that'll make Pennyworth think he's got into a insane asylum, which certainly oughta make him feel at home."

"Well," says I, "if he knew right offa the bat that Pete shouldn't oughta be running a elevator, maybe that stuff of hisn ain't so blah-blah as we thinks."

"Maybe yes," returns Hank, "excepting for the fact that he guessed Pete oughta keep books, which is the snake's guffaw when you considers the fact that that brother of mine's got a handwriting like the tracks of a jagged goose and that you can always get a bet outta him that three and three ain't six, him taking the ain't end. If he'd make a good bookkeeper, I'd be a howling success at singing soprano in Peruvian to a audience of aged Albanians."

"It'll be rich," I has to laugh, "listening to Pennyworth telling how he reformed a dress business in the city by spending a day in a glue factory in Allenburg."

"Rich!" comes back Ritter. "It'll be wealthy beyond the dreams of A. V. Rice."

Me and Hank wanders around town the rest of the afternoon, getting a great run outta the sucker play we has steered young Hollingshead into and the boob we is gonna make outta him when he starts telling us what's the matter with Ritter's concern. About four bells we beats it out to Doughmore.

Much to our surprises, Pennyworth's there ahead of us, squatting on Hank's lawn with Betty, who's looking into his eyes like she'd bought a ticket from a speculator for the privilege.

"All through?" inquires Ritter.

"Got the glue business all straightened out?" I chimes in.

"Oh, yes," returns Hollingshead. "I was through by noon. It was just a simple matter of vocational adjustment. You should have no trouble from now on."

"I shouldn't, eh?" snaps Hank. "I suppose it don't make no difference a-tall with you that it wasn't my business you monkeyed with—that it ain't even in the same town where mine is and I ain't got no more to do with it than you got to do with good sense. Huh! You can tell what a guy does just by looking at him! You knows everything, eh? You can tell a double-entry from a single-entry bookkeeper by looking at his socks in the laundry. Bah!"

"I'll call you for a coupla bahs, Hank," says I, "and raise you a stack of hisses, just to make a good pot for the kid."

Pennyworth just smiles quiet.

"You're such a sure shouter," yelps Ritter, "tell me right now what business I'm in?"

"Why, daddy," cuts in Betty, "of course Pen knows you make dresses. He went to the factory with me Saturday and helped me pick this one out."

"What?" howls Hank. "You took him there?"

"Why not?" she inquires. "You should be glad he went. We were only there about five minutes, but that little time he told your sales manager and your buyer some things about their work they didn't never know before."

"What was the idea," inquires Ritter, kinda cool, "of you letting me take you to Allenburg?"

"I assumed," returns Hollingshead, "that since you was a failure at the dress business, you wanted me to ascertain if you'd fit into the glue line?"

"Would I?" asks Hank, sarcastic.

"Yes," says Pennyworth. "You have a distinct hide-tallow-and-glue predilection. In fact your brother is calling this evening to arrange for you to take over his plant."

"Me take over his plant!" gasps Ritter. "What's he gonna do?"

"At my suggestion," returns the Ike, "he is going to become a public accountant."

"The double-crosser!" grates Hank. "So he spilled the beans and tipped my mitt!"

"If you thinks," says Hollingshead, "he betrayed what you believed to be a secret, you're mistaken. I knew at once, of course, he was your brother. The contacts of consanguinity are elementary. It was also obvious to me immediately that you was subconsciously plotting to take over his factory."

"Me plotting!" barks Ritter, feeble.

"Subconsciously," repeats Pennyworth. "Your yearning for hides, tallow and glue has been a deep suppressed desire with you. You should resist the urge no longer."

"Do like Pen says," begs Betty. "He knows everything."

"Why not?" sighs Hank, weary.

I pipes Pete coming up the street, and not wanting to get mixed up in a strangling fiesta between brothers, I beats it across to my own hut. Up in the den I rings for Crimmins. He comes with a stiff drink.

"Now you're trained proper," I tells him, "and I'm gonna slip you a raise."

"I'm sorry, sir," says the butler and so forth, "but I'm leaving at the end of the week."

"What for?" I inquires. "Ain't you satisfied?"

"My ego is not," he returns. "I am joining the police force."

"What," I asks, after resisting the temptation to bust outta the house and throttle Pennyworth, "makes you think you'd be a good copper?"

"I know it," says Crimmins, "because I don't doubt it."

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AUCTION HOUNDS

(Continued from Page 30)

But they don't in the least resemble the auctions we know and love. A suave and impressive man, elegantly dressed, stands in a pulpit before a hushed audience, and one by one the objects to be sold are exhibited under a spotlight in front of a velvet curtain, like a stage set by Robert Edmond Jones. The pieces are impressive, and so are the prices. At any rate, the prices are impressive when some famous collection of American antiques is put under the hammer. I saw catalogued in one sale a Windsor chair with a writing arm, something I have long desired, so I can hitch up close to the fire on a cold day. I timidly kept in the running up to fifty dollars, and then lapsed into the silence befitting one of my humble occupation, while the raised fingers or drooped eyelids of my betters ran the price up and up far into three figures. It was all cold and impersonal and oppressive. I am sure the chair went to an interior decorator or a museum, or met some equally terrible fate. And when I saw the replica of my maple bed, which I had bought for two dollars out of the old house on the hilltop and carried home in my car, stringing it with new rope and making it soft with a three-dollar feather bed, knocked down with a scornful sniff from the auctioneer for a mere paltry seventy dollars, as if he could not be bothered with such trifles, I went out into Madison Avenue and sought other diversion.

But presently we discovered that the other sort of auction constantly taking place in a city, the sale not of real collections of good pieces but of "the contents of a well-known residence on Fifth Avenue" or of any old junk the auction rooms have assembled, can be at least mildly entertaining, and on rare occasions—if you know your way about—yield a real treasure. The incredible furniture, the horrendous statuary, the expensive junk brought pathetically from Europe by Americans who thought it must be good because it was foreign, which daily gets set up in front of the plush curtains and knocked down for twice and thrice its value to men and women who wouldn't look at it in a store, is truly astonishing. If you don't believe it listen to this one. A woman we know very well went to a department store and purchased for a total of seven dollars some Japanese or Chinese pictured hangings, to use as curtains in her flat. They were, of course, made for the export trade, and they were cheap and rather ugly. As soon as she had them up she realized it, so she took them down. But being of a thrifty nature and wise to the ways of this world, and an auction hound herself, she carried them over to an auction room not more than seven miles from Fifth Avenue and asked the proprietor to sell them for her. A few weeks later she received his check for fourteen dollars. There seems to be the possibility here for a nice little business. A profit of 100 per cent is not to be sneezed at.

But it has no appeal for me. I get no thrill out of the auction in a plush-hung hall, with decorous strangers peering at the objects, one by one exposed in a spotlight beam, and coming from nobody knows where. For the very occasional bargain you have to endure hours of tedium. Your true auction must be in village or country, it must be domestic and neighborly. Its charm is, after all, much more than the lure of a bargain. It is the charm of drama, of human revelations, of the past whispering through the present.

Not long ago there was an auction in a near-by town of the contents of a rather modern and middle-class house. It didn't promise much, if anything, which a collector would want. But that is just the sort of auction it doesn't pay to miss, because the dealers don't bother with it. We were on hand. This house had been furnished and kept by neat and self-respecting persons totally devoid of taste. The ice box was clean and freshly painted—a bargain. The kitchenware was polished and sanitary. The horrible oak furniture wasn't scratched. The iron beds had good springs. And the wives of all the Italian masons in town had a glorious holiday. There wasn't a solitary object in the whole house we had any use for—except one.

After a time the householder brought out to the veranda and placed beside the auctioneer a large painted tray, with the decoration almost as fresh upon it as it must have been a century ago when it left the old craftsman's shop. My wife repressed a little gasp, and the light of battle came into her eye. Casually she bid a quarter, another woman raised her, and the price started up. The other woman was evidently caught by the gold and red, but just short of four dollars she reluctantly shook her head, and the tray was ours. It now forms one of the two chief decorations of our old white-paneled dining room, where it is triumphantly in the right place.

Of course we at once sought the man of the house and asked if he had any more old stuff like that. He shook his head.

"No," said he, "we just happened to have that 'cause it belonged to my Aunt Lydia. When she was an old lady she come to live with us, and she brought it along—kind o' treasured it. She never used it for fear o' scratching them leaves off, and it's been up attic since she died."

Wheat Among the Chaff

Poor Aunt Lydia—spending her last days among relatives, and treasuring only her painted tray, for some reason of sentiment we shall never know! And good Aunt Lydia, to refuse to use it, so it could preserve for our dining room the full charm of an ancient and now forgotten craft! Anyone, I suppose, who collects first editions of Milton and Shelley or Italian primitives, or Ming vases, will smile at us for our enthusiasm over the discovery and acquisition at this village auction of a perfect specimen of early American painted tray. But, after all, as James used to point out, happiness, or satisfaction, is represented by a fraction—desire over achievement. If you want to be councilman from Ward 4 and are defeated, you are just as unhappy as the man who wants to be President of the United States and doesn't make the grade. A beaten prize fighter is as tragic as a dethroned emperor—to himself, anyhow. And we, leaving our auction with our tray wrapped in a motor robe, were quite as happy, I am sure, as Mr Morgan ever was when some one of his agents brought him from a world-famous sale the perfect illuminated manuscript or peachblow vase.

The menfolks are out back, inspecting cattle, bidding on harness, wagons, tools. The womenfolks are out front, inspecting the beds and bureaus and chairs and tables and mattresses and wash boilers scattered on the lawn and piled on the veranda; or they are inside inspecting the dishes and kitchen utensils stacked on the kitchen tables, or the jellies and preserves stood up in brave rows, or the rugs and pictures piled in the hall. A man is in the corner, going through a pile of books. An old lady, whose knees bother her, sits in a chair that looks like an old one. You wish she'd get up so you could inspect it. The pictures are impossible, except one Currier & Ives lithograph. Between you and me, that is, too, but it will bring a high price, and both you and I will bid on it! The dishes are impossible—except one Lowestoft cup and saucer, taken from a top shelf, where no doubt they have reposed for a generation, and three shimmery little cup plates which grandmother bought in 1856 for ten cents apiece, and that dealer there with dandruff on his collar will bid five dollars apiece for. If they only had a picture of Queen Victoria on them instead of Bunker Hill Monument, he would bid up to a hundred dollars, if he had to, and make 100 per cent profit, at that. Most of the chairs you and I would give away or burn, if we had 'em, but there is a broken Windsor we shall fight for, and an old wagon seat—this was put with the farm stuff by the owner, and discovered by the wise auctioneer just in time—and three or four rush-bottomed painted chairs, with the decorations nearly gone, and a couple of nice old urn backs, with the legs cruelly cut down and rockers put on.

It is possible, too—just barely possible nowadays—that there is a butterfly table, which has been used for twenty years out in the shed to stand the kerosene can on, and nobody will be so amazed as the owners at the price that it will bring! The doctor from the next town, who collects all the old furniture he can—he could collect more furniture if he could collect more bills—will go up to two hundred dollars, and there will be three dealers and a woman from Lenox and a total stranger who came in a large limousine, right along with him. The owner's special pride and joy, a truly magnificent mail-order oak dining table and sideboard and set of chairs to match, will be knocked down to the wife of the Polack who has just bought the old Cabot farm, for possibly one-sixth of what they originally cost. That gay old quilt, with red tulips appliquéd on it, will bring twenty-four dollars, or maybe thirty—which, after all, is no more than enough, considering the time it took the owner's mother to make it. But the auctioneer will have to beg and plead for a bid on the almost new rug which was put in the settin' room only two years ago, replacing the worn-out pulled rugs which used to be there. Every improvement, in fact, which this family has made in the past generation, or even two or three generations, represents a dead loss at this sale.

And I shall watch what they valued so highly, and perhaps slaved so hard to get and considered so great an advance in decorative value, go for a song, while objects shoved out into closets and woodshed and even barn will be fought for by a score of buyers, including myself. I shall never know, perhaps, what goes on in their minds as they see this, and remember the broken old things they discarded entirely years ago. An old man in our town, for example, a few years ago chopped up a mahogany four-poster bed for firewood after he had purchased a new brass bed and spring. Nobody is doing that any more, you can wager. But it has been only in recent years that they haven't, and even today it will amaze you sometimes to see how little care is taken of the old things, and how little sentiment there is for them, unless they were mother's or Cousin Amanda's.

To the Victors the Spoils

So the sale goes, the auctioneer moving around the house or standing on the veranda as the strange miscellany is brought to him from cellar and garret, chamber and kitchen, and what represents the art-craftsmanship of a long-past era, and has survived the years of use and abuse in this household, is bid for eagerly by dealers and amateurs, collectors and men and women who are building new homes on ancient models, while other things almost go begging or pass into the hands of people whose ideal is golden oak.

Little piles spring up away from the house, under the trees, each pile the cache of a purchaser. Husbands in golf knickers are seen staggering to automobiles bearing cherry tables or rush-bottom chairs. Two chauffeurs are struggling with an old and primitive marble sink—once common with us—which will become a bird bath in a formal garden. An old box crib on rockers is being tugged by a lady toward her small motor. She will paint and decorate it, and use it for a wood box in her summer cottage. I myself am seen wrestling with a large pine chest, which I shall scrape down and keep rejected manuscripts in. At present it is lined with copies of the Berkshire Sun for 1832, yellow with age, dust and a peculiarly penetrating glue. Everybody is happy—including the auctioneer, for more limousines are arriving. I am especially happy, not alone because I have secured my chest, and my wife the Persian blue lamp she was after for the living-room window ledge, but because this auction shows me, as nothing else does—at least so vividly and dramatically—that we, as a people, are becoming conscious of our past and of its heritage. We may be paying more now for a few American antiques than we shall later, but I doubt if the general level of prices ever comes down again. The tendency will rather be upward as the pieces grow rarer, just as it has been in England for more than a century. Wasn't it Horace Walpole, by the way, who in eighteenth-century England drove sixty miles to an auction to buy in a set of ebony chairs? The craze for antiques, as it is called by the scornful, is really a recognition of the superior beauty of handcraft furniture and other domestic products, and still more an affectionate and romantic recognition of our national past, a desire to have in our homes some reminders of our ancestors. Anybody who is insensible to such an appeal and would not stand all day at a country auction to bid in a battered but beautiful Colonial table I'm afraid I consider a boob—which probably just about squares us.

WHITE LIGHTS AND AMBER

(Continued from Page 34)

frail is doin' Walter Tripp like she done Tim Nelson! She's grabbin' off the act, that's what she's doin'. An' Walter's beginning to wise up. What I'm waitin' to see is this: Is there any truth in that old sayin' about a long lane turning, because if there is, believe me, Clarice, Walter Tripp is going to turn on that woman an' knock her for a gool!"

Another six months dragged by, and then Vaudeville was fed the choicest morsel of all, such a morsel as caused it to become well-nigh inarticulate with excitement.

"Oh, sister, you ain't heard the latest! I knew it was bound to happen. Ain't I told you a dozen times about the worm biting the hand which feeds it? Well, it's like I was saying. This Ellamae Harris only married Walter Tripp in the first place because she was rotting in the three-a-day and he was in the lights along the Subway and she seen he was a stepping-stone to something big. Well, first off she busts him loose from Tim Nelson and thank goodness, Tim is hittin' the high spots right now and always will, bless his big heart! But then she makes Walter Tripp a super in his own act, and now, by golly, she gets a single offer and turns right around and tells Walter where to get off!"

"No! You don't mean it!"

"Deane, I mean just exactly that. She tries out single in a special act she has been rehearsing on the q. t., gets her chance at a Sunday-night concert and she's a riot, stops the show. And there was some real stuff on that bill too, but for al. you could tell she was the only act. And out there in front is Walter Tripp the darling old simp, trying to bang the skin off the palms of his hands with applauding. Well, after the show a certain party which I and you both know pretty good, he comes back to her and offers her five hundred a week for twenty weeks, with most of it Subway time and her name in lights and not worse than the second feature spot or none on the bills. I know what I'm sayin', too, because wasn't I standin' right there and didn't I hear every blessed word with my own two ears? And what does that woman do? She grabs the offer so quick it would make your head swim; an' from what I understand, she didn't tell Walter until after she had put her Johnny Hancock on the fatal papers."

Again Vaudeville was correct, and Vaudeville was interested in the details—details which it could never know. It could not know, for instance, that Walter felt as though he had been struck a crushing, physical blow, or that he looked at her out of dumb, hurt eyes.

"And—and you took it, honey?"

"Sure I took it. Why not?"

"There ain't any reason why you shouldn't. You know, I'd advise you to do whatever you wanted; but it does seem you could have said something to me beforehand."

"What was the use of jawing about it when I had already made up my mind what I was going to do?"

The narrow shoulders were sloped forward, the patient eyes focused upon a corner of the rug.

"I don't guess I'd have jawed so much, sweetheart."

"Aw, that's the trouble with you, Walter Tripp—you ain't got jaw enough. You're

(Continued on Page 44)

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(Continued from Page 42

too patient; you make me feel guilty about what I've done, and I hate feeling guilty. It gives me the willies. Now you listen at me—no matter if we're husband and wife or not, we're two people. You're one person and I'm another person and I got my career to think about. Oh, I ain't pinnin' no medals on myself for bein' a good Samaritan or whoever it was that trotted around turning the other cheek, and maybe I do feel pretty rotten over Tim bein' out of the act. But, honey, all my life I've had to think about Ellamae Harris, and when I married you it had got to be a habit."

"I ain't blamin' you, sweetheart."

"Of course you ain't. I'm kickin' myself in the slats, you bein' too much of a fish to do same, and it being deserved. You see, I'm crazy about you, Walter; but I'm sort of stuck on myself too. And when a girl don't look out for herself, sweetness, all the bouquets she gets thrown at her has got nice, hard bricks in 'em. I'm just lookin' out for me."

"That's all right, dear."

"Sure it's all right! I ain't preventing us from making that unanimous. You're an awful nice feller, Walter; but me havin' my career on my mind—well, that's all I was thinking about. Now that I have became a big-timer, you and Tim can - -"

"Don't!" His hand went out as though warding off a blow. "Let's don't drag Tim into this."

"You're the doctor. If you say leave him out, we won't do nothin' else. Tim ain't crazy about me, and I don't blame him; but Tim understands. He knows I didn't wish no hard luck to anybody but was only thinking about my career. My career's an awful important thing to me, Walter."

"I see it is."

"Awful important. I ain't got but one brain, but I take myself serious with it. Now if you and Tim would only team up again ——"

"Yeh, if. I got a brain, too, Ellamae, even if you wouldn't think it because my head is shaped funny for folks to laugh at. And recently I been doin' some thinking and I know I treated Tim like a dog."

"Sure! But it wasn't you that done it, Walter—it was me. I kind of Delilahed you all up. You didn't have no idea where you was at. It's that career of mine. You ought to chuck me out of the window and my trunk after me. You ought to quit being so meek and mild and start messing up my fatal beauty. But you just stand up there and take it. I ain't built that way. Why don't you cuss me out? Why don't you wallop me?"

"I ain't sore at you, Ellamae. When a woman influences her husband to do his best friend dirt, then it's more the husband's fault than it is hers I'm just beginning to find out how low-down I am."

"There ain't any reason why you can't team up with Tim Nelson again. I guess he'd be glad."

"I ain't ever going to team with Tim again, Ellamae."

"Tim would ——"

"It ain't what Tim would do. It's that I've got a little pride left, and I ain't accepting favors from the man I done as dirty as I did Tim. You go right ahead; I'll go single myself. I guess I can get away with it, even though I'm kinder tired. Seems like I've been missing Tim a good bit recently. I'm sort of disappointed in things."

"Meaning me, of course."

"I'm not sayin' who or what I mean. You know, Ellamae, it seems like a guy as blind as me deserves anything he gets. Yep; and I'm getting it too."

Six weeks later Vaudeville again flamed into comment.

"Say, haveya seen Ellamae Harris in her new act? Oh mommer! It's a zip! An' she puts it across as good as you ever saw. If it wasn't for the funny way she done her husband, I'd say she was the best single which has broke in this year."

"What's Walter doin'?"

"He's readyin' a single of his own. Kinder thought him and Nelson would go back together, and I understand from a friend of mine which knows that Tim offered to team up with Walter soon as his bookin's expired; but Walter said no, he'd go it alone. Guess he's just findin' out that he didn't hand Tim nearly all that was comin' to him. There's lots of good comedians in the world but there's mighty few Tim Nelsons. Ain't it so, Clarice?"

"Sweet sugar! You tell 'em!"

The break between Walter Tripp and his wife never became an open one. Without bitterness or recrimination they agreed to disagree. They saw each other occasionally, but not often; and when they did, Walter found himself regarding his wife through new eyes and with keener vision. He was learning a great many things these days and none of them served to increase his faith in human nature or in his own judgment. For one thing, Ellamae was making good with a rush and took unto herself all the regal intolerance which seems the inevitable concomitant to theatrical success.

Walter rehearsed his single, tried out in Bayonne and was booked for ten weeks in New York State and in Pennsylvania. When that ten weeks was completed and he obtained further bookings around New York where Ellamae was playing, he took a room at the Friars Club instead of going to his apartment. It was there that Tim Nelson found him.

"Say, Walter, listen! My bookings are out in two weeks an' it seems like to me we ought to get together again. This bimbo I'm with ain't such a much, and you and I work awful good together, and ——"

No hint of bitterness in Tim's manner; no suggestion of rancor. Walter shook his head slowly.

"Nothin' doin', Tim."

"But, Walter ——"

"Ain't any use arguin', Tim. I got some pride—pride enough, anyway, not to accept favors off a man which I done like I done you."

"Aw, don't be a fool!"

"I'm trying not to be—any more. Besides, I'm doing good enough single."

"That ain't so, an' you know it. I seen your act twice, and it's slower'n New Orleans molasses. You can't help workin' slow, Walter, which is why you need a feeder like me; kinder to pep things up so's your slowness will seem funny. The way you're workin' now it just drags."

Walter Tripp sighed.

"I guess I got a few bumps comin' to me, Tim."

"That ain't any reason why you should go around lookin' for 'em, is it?"

Walter met his friend's eyes steadily.

"Perhaps," he answered softly.

Vaudeville viewed Walter Tripp's single in New York, and Vaudeville was frankly disapproving:

"Say, you wouldn't know that guy workin' single! If it wasn't that his name's Tripp he'd be follerin' the acrobats. He don't seem funny no more. Draggy—that's his trouble. That slow stuff of his ain't near so funny when he ain't got a partner to keep the act jazzed up."

Vaudeville knew that Walter Tripp was not making good as a single; and what was more, Walter Tripp knew it. He was a lonely little man these days, scourging himself for the events of the immediate past over which he had really had no control.

The break between Walter and Ellamae was now definite. There had been a brief, rather depressing scene at parting. Ellamae offered to make amends.

"There ain't anything you can do, honey."

"Gosh! Listen at the little man talk, willya? Says there ain't anything I can do when I've done so many things a'ready. Now s'pose I go to Tim and tell him about my career and all ——"

"Leave Tim alone."

"All right." She sighed hugely. "I wisht I had your sweet nature. I just love sweet natures—only mine is terrible pickled and I can't change it. It's a good thing for Ellamae, but it seems kind of tough on you and Tim. And I can't hate myself for what I've done—understand?"

"Yeh, I understand."

"Of course you do. You're the understanding kid, you are. I wisht you didn't understand so darned much, then I wouldn't feel so punk about splittin' with you like this. I hate to feel sorry for something I've done—it makes me want to weep, and weeping never made no girl look good unless she was playing tradegy or something. Why can't you hate me?"

"I just can't, that's all."

"Well, you ought. And I'd feel better if you did. Oh, gee, Walter, couldn't you please sock me just once?"

He did not sock her. He kissed her good-by.

Walter's present contract was nearly up. One of the big bookers went to Brooklyn to watch Tripp's act—viewed the matinée and that night took Walter to dinner with him.

"Nothin' doin, Walter," said he. "Not at the sal'ry you're getting. You're leaving the house cold. Why don't you grab off Tim Nelson? He ain't doin' anything now."

Walter's hands were spread helplessly on the table.

"Nothin' stirrin' with Tim."

"Ain't he willin'?"

"Yeh, that's the trouble."

It was the bottom of the hill for Walter Tripp. His was the bitterness of a man who has scaled the heights only to find that he cannot maintain his lofty position. His friend of years was gone, romance had died, prestige was on the wane. That night he applied his make-up mechanically and strolled into the wings, waiting for the full-stage act preceding him to take its final curtain call, then to walk on at his orchestra cue.

The old thrill had gone, the little surge of exaltation which always used to precede his entrance. He had become an automaton. . . . Ta-ta-tata-ta—there was the cue. Head bent, shoulders bowed, appearing funny because Nature had constructed him that way, Walter Tripp shuffled on the stage, scraping one foot after the other, looking neither to right nor left. And then ——

He came in violent bodily contact with someone. The impact swung him halfway around and he staggered back against the drop. A look of utter bewilderment came to his face. His expression was ludicrous and the house rocked with merriment—not knowing that there was a film across the eyes of the funny little man, as, from a vast distance, a voice came to him:

"Say, you, can't you look where you're going?"

Tim Nelson! Tim, smiling, confident, debonair! Tim feeding him the line with which for years they had opened their two-act. Without thought, Walter picked up the cue.

"Sure!" And now his slow, drawling voice, his air of injured innocence, were in humorous contrast to Tim's snap and verve. "Sure," he answered; "but I can't go where I'm looking."

Then Tim and Walter—the old act line for line and laugh for laugh, save that now there was a tightness about Walter Tripp's heart and a wistful choke in his voice which made him funnier than ever, and when at length they walked off the house thundered with laughter and it clapped and clapped, until, arm in arm, the reunited team of Tripp and Nelson walked on for its curtain calls.

It happened that Vaudeville was in the audience that night, a Vaudeville which perhaps suspected what Tim Nelson had planned. And after the eighth call, when the lights were lowered and the orchestra sounded off for the act to follow, Vaudeville turned to its companion.

"D'you know," commented Vaudeville queerly, "lookin' at Walter Tripp and Tim Nelson when they took them calls just now, I'd have swore they was both crying."

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BARTER

(Continued from Page 28)

your kind permission and all due regret. I'll start loading this stuff of mine aboard."

XIII

"CAPTAIN CARSTAIRS," said Allaire composedly, "this stuff is not yours, as you very well know."

He stiffened suddenly, as if she had slapped him.

"What's that?"

"You were never here but once before," Allaire continued in the same cool, even voice, "and that was about three months ago. Since the former owner deeded the island and everything on it to Sanders nearly a year ago, this act to take effect on the demise of the owner, you cannot possibly have any claim at all."

"But, I say, Mrs. Stirling, I believe I had the honor to inform you that I called in here a year ago last September and made my dicker for the fittings at that time. You say yourself that Sanders' deal was made nearly a year ago, which is to say less than a year ago."

"Quite so. But before you remove any of these things we must have proof that what you say is true, that you were really here and made your bargain for the furniture in this house over a year ago."

Carstairs gave his short laugh.

"My word, but you are flattering! What d'ye think I am anyhow? A pirate?"

"I should surely think so if you tried to take our property by force and without showing us any evidence of ownership. It's not done, Captain Carstairs."

He frowned, but seemed to make an effort to keep his patience.

"Circumstances must sometimes alter cases, Mrs. Stirling. I can't very well run round to my diggin's and get the bill of sale, and there's no telling when I may get back here again. There's just a chance that I may sell out and chuck the game if I get safely rid of this cargo." His pale eyes stared at her curiously. "Where did you get the idea that I was spoofin' you about all this?"

"From your man Henry, Captain Carstairs. You ought to have primed him before you went out aboard just now, but I suppose in your contempt for what we could do to prevent you from looting the place you never thought about it. He tells us that he has sailed with you for over a year, and that you were never in here until your last trip North, about three months ago."

Carstairs seemed to freeze. Sheer rage drove the color from under his ruddy tan to leave his face the dull yellow of an Oriental's. In that brief instant of pause I caught Allaire's design, which was to start a ruction by which we might profit. Throw the wretched Henry to this sea wolf and thus have one less of them to deal with.

For a moment it looked as if this strategic move might work. Carstairs' baleful eyes turned to the door. His tongue pushed quickly in and out between his tight lips. But his intelligence was too alert to fall into such a trap. With a tremendous effort he recovered his poise, looked back at Allaire and laughed.

"Nearly had me going, didn't you? Your work was good, my lady, but I've seen this game of bluff before." He looked at me. "Clever wife you've got, Stirling. Female of the species, and all that sort of thing."

I got the slur implied—"more dangerous than the male." Rising slowly, I looked him up and down. His eyes were fearful now. Mere pin-prick pupils in a disk of flat white. As they met mine in that dead reptilian glare I felt the spinal reflex, the prickling along the nape of the neck that we humans inherit from an age when we had hackles to lift under violent emotions of rage and fear.

"You might as well admit it, Carstairs," I said. "What's the use of shilly-shallying? If your intention is to gut the place whether we protest or not, then get on with it and leave us in peace."

"Look here, you biscuit face; are you trying to tell me I'm a liar? No man has ever said that to me and got away with it. You'll just apologize here and now or take the consequences."

"Will you fight fair," I asked, "or call in your bullies to help?"

"Help? Oh, my suffering country! Hear the mutton bleat! Fight! You fight? That is a rag!"

"Well, you may have heard the proverb, 'Beware the fury of the sheep,' Carstairs," I said.

"Right-o! They get that way in the shambles, just before they're slaughtered. I must say, though, when it comes to a fight, I'm still sportsman enough to like to tackle something a little in my class." He flashed a look at Allaire, a wild, eager look. "You would think me an utter brute if I was to stretch him, and small blame to you. I'm not that kind. Used to follow the fancy a little, so it really wouldn't be fair. I say, what if we whistle up that big Bermuda Jew of a sailing master out aboard your boat? Didn't care much for his tone, but let it pass. He might show some form."

"Very well," I said. "Shall I call him in?"

If I were to live another thousand years and pass through the various episodes of that epoch, I could never forget the expression on Allaire's pale face as I made this suggestion. It cannot be described. One may attempt only to imagine it. Perhaps the best description would be that of a courageous person valiantly attempting to do his part aboard a boat in a squall, then stricken with a nausea that is all but overpowering. She sank back into her chair, reached for her half-filled tumbler of champagne and drank feebly, as a seasick person does.

Carstairs laughed.

"Why, yes, do. Let's hope, though, for the sake of sport it may not be a case of like master like man."

"It might be that," I said, and walked out to the front door.

"Tinker ahoy! Cyril!"

"Here, sir!"

"Come ashore! Come up here to the house!"

"Right away, sir!"

XIV

AS I TURNED to go back into the big room I noticed that Carstairs' three men, Henry, his mate and the cook, were standing by the long window, where they had been loitering, no doubt much entertained at what was going on inside. I doubted, though, that Henry's entertainment was entirely devoid of apprehension. He muttered some insult as I turned. Something that sounded like "Yallow-livered Yankee blighter."

But sport is sport, and Carstairs' hands were joyously anticipating an event that would break the monotony of their hard-working rum-running lives. They would, I knew, offer no impediment to the sacrifice to their skipper's progress, now on his way to the altar. Cyril, I mean.

I went in to find that Carstairs had seated himself beside Allaire and was talking to her earnestly. She still had that nauseated look, leaning back against the painted Spanish leather, her beautiful bare forearms extended limply on the rests.

"My man is coming," I said, "and I must give you due credit, Carstairs, for being more of a sportsman than I had thought."

He chuckled.

"Thanks awfully, old egg. Some of us try to be that all the year round."

"Of course you understand that my man is merely to be my second," I said.

Allaire's drooping eyelids flickered. Carstairs turned and stared at me.

"Why, no; I counted on taking him on. Take you both on together, if you like. It's all one to me."

"I'm afraid," I said, "that you don't quite understand the situation. I have had the honor to challenge you to a duel. I did so on your previous assurance that you are—or let us say, you have been—an officer and a gentleman. As I happen to be the same, it is quite impossible for me to permit you to engage two adversaries at the same time."

He glared at me, puzzled.

"Why not, if I waive the odds?"

"Because it isn't done. There's no precedent for it. You see, captain, affairs between gentlemen don't quite fall within the same rules as barroom fights. Some etiquette should obtain."

Carstairs looked at the empty champagne bottle, drained by Henry. Then he glanced a little doubtfully at Allaire.

"I say, if your husband's drunk we'll just call it all off. I'll take my stuff and go."

Allaire straightened suddenly.

"He is not my husband. He never has been my husband and he never will be my husband. Do you think I'd be married to a thing like that?"

The passion in her voice stabbed into Carstairs as if she had given him a knife thrust.

It seemed to sober him. Then a crimson flush crept up under the neck of his silk shirt and spread over his face.

"I—so that's it."

"No," I said, "that isn't it. Miss Forsyth and I happen to be associated in a business venture, a trade venture. Until today she has been duly chaperoned. That can wait, however, until we dispose of our little affair. I think I hear my man." Cyril's brisk step arrested itself at the porch. "Come in," I called. He came in, a big, handsome figure of a young man, his dark eyes questioning, alert, ready for whatever might be afoot. As he stood there waiting, the sound of deep, labored breathing came from Carstairs' hands, peering through the window.

"Cyril," I said, "Captain Carstairs and I have quarreled. He feels that I have insulted him by questioning his word, and he has insulted me by questioning my courage and by the use of sundry epithets. As we seem to be outside all jurisdiction and any chance of interference, there seems no reason for not settling our difficulties in the old-fashioned way—a duel."

Allaire leaned forward. I caught for a moment the full size of her long amber-colored eyes. Carstairs jerked round his shoulders to stare at me. But Cyril never budged.

"Right, sir," he said, and waited.

"Of course," I continued, "fist fighting is a pretty low form of settling such disputes where gentlemen are concerned. Captain Carstairs tells us that he is a good barroom brawler, or implies that fact. He tells us also that he tries to be a sportsman the year round. The truth of this statement remains to be proved."

Carstairs half rose.

"I say, what the devil are you drivin' at?"

"I am taking you at your word, captain. You tell me that you are an officer and gentleman and sportsman and fighting man. So am I. But unfortunately I am not a man of my fists, like you and—your man Henry, for instance. In fact until I started on this voyage of barter I was semi-invalid. Bit of a nervous wreck. But that need not interfere at all with my use of the weapons with which gentlemen have settled their disputes from time immemorial, which is to say, the sword." I leaned forward and pointed at a pair of old cutlasses hanging crossed from a nail driven in above the chimney. "There seems to be precisely our affair. I do not know whether you happen to be a swordsman, but as a man of athletic habits I should say that probably you are. I have used singlesticks a little and used to be a fair broadswordman. So, if you are not afraid to risk your precious skin, I have the honor to suggest that we meet here and now, outside in the moonlight, armed with these time-honored weapons. That, you must admit, would be according to the best traditions of what we both pretend to be."

The silence that followed these words of mine was like that in a theater when some histrionic coup is delivered by a popular idol of the stage. Then it was broken by Carstairs' laugh.

"Swords, is it? All right, old ——"

"Mr. Stirling, please," I interrupted.

"—— bean," he snarled. "I'll just call your jolly old bluff."

He sprang up from his chair, strode across the room, and reaching up over the chimney wrenched the ancient cutlasses from where they had been hanging God knows how many long years. He tugged at one of them.

"The old cleaver is jammed in the scabbard."

"Whack it on the chimney," I suggested.

He followed this advice and freed the blade. Then, as he stared at it, some new idea seemed to strike him. There is a good deal of reflection in the sight of naked steel: infinitely more than in that of mere naked fists.

"My word, I believe I've been had!"

"Not yet," I said, "but soon. Unless you're the sheer coward and bully that I still give you credit for not being. If you like pistols better, then pistols it is." I raised my voice. "I never heard, though, of a Devon Carstairs that shirked the steel."

That fetched him, as I knew it would.

He said more quietly, "No, and you never will, you blighted Yankee bluffer."

He took the other cutlass and tossed it at me. I caught it by the tarnished scabbard.

"Thanks," I said. "Now we shall soon see, you blighted British bounder."

For a moment I thought he was going to rush me then and there. It would have been all up if he had, because my cutlass was also gripped with rust. I stepped quickly behind the table and struck it several times against the rim, when it shook free. Not good for the beautiful rosewood mahogany, but there was no immediate worry about that. There was still a doubt as to whose table it might be.

The edge of the broad curved blade was dull, but the point was always there, and tremendous comfort in the feel of it as my hand gripped the hilt. As long as men live and fight there will always be that satisfying thrill in the holding of an edged weapon, a sense of assurance that mere firearms can never give. I looked at Allaire and laughed. At that moment I felt more as if I were fighting her than about to fight for her.

She was sitting straight up in the chair, hands clasped under her chin, staring at me as though I were some newcomer who had just appeared upon the scene. The suddenness of this development had dazed her. Having accepted the idea that I had summoned Cyril to do my fighting for me, it now took a few seconds for her mind to adjust itself to the fact that I had merely used this pretext to mobilize our forces and to have him standing by to guard against a flank attack if by any chance I promised to get the better of the encounter.

This rascal of a Carstairs had been quicker to get the sense of it. That was what he meant when he burst out, "I believe I've been had." It was not through fear of the result, but merely that he felt himself to have been outwitted on two counts—the first because I had put the fight on a different base and deprived him of the pleasure of beating me to a pulp with his fists, and the second because I had got this big backer on the field.

Cyril got it too. His eyes were blazing. All the old Phenician fighting blood was flaming out of him like the glow around superheated metal. He was like a Biblical Jew militant, the Old Testament Israelitic champion of stricken fields, a Joshua or Judas Maccabæus. His big-boned frame seemed to have broadened and deepened, and his well-shaped, powerful hands were opening and shutting, as if deploring their emptiness. Glancing at his face, I could have laughed at the modern conception of the average Judæophobe for that race.

"Well, Carstairs," I demanded, "do you want your handsome head split in the house or out of it?"

Cyril's big voice boomed out resonantly:

"Better carve the swine in the open, Mr. Stirling, not to get his black blood on the furniture."

"Good thought," I said. "Besides, there's a lamp out there we can't knock down."

I was nearer the door, so I turned and motioned Cyril to go out ahead. As we came onto the porch I turned on the group of three by the window.

"One of you said something when I went in. I'll get that man when this is over."

They shrank back. Cyril and I went down the rickety steps and out into the vivid glare of moonlight in front of the house. Carstairs came after us. I do not think there was any fear in the man, or any dread about the result. But he was dazed at the way in which the whole affair, that had looked so easy, had been taken from his management. He could not for very shame before his own crew and before Allaire refuse to go on with it, though at the same time it must have sobered even such an adventurer as himself to realize that now, instead of beating the sort of harmless person he had imagined me to be and knocking out his Bermudian Jew sailing master, he had got to kill or to be killed. No doubt he saw it as a pretty ugly business taken full and by, and one for which some day he might get caught up.

In front of the house there was an open space of hard sand and turf, wide and

Continued on Page 48

Round the World with Valspar

On March 17th, they hopped off from Clover Field, California. Six weeks later they were riding the Arctic hurricane off the Aleutian Islands.

For the next five months they battled the elements that conspired to defeat them. Fog so thick the fliers couldn't see the noses of their ships! Pelting rains and buffeting monsoons! Blistering tropical heat and freezing cold! Over jungles and deserts, mountain peaks, ocean wastes and icebergs—onward, until at last they volplaned to rest at Sand Point Field, Seattle. The 27,000-mile flight was over. For the first time in history the globe had been circled by the air route.

All homage to America's dauntless birdmen who achieved this flight! All homage to the sturdy Douglas biplanes that made their success possible!

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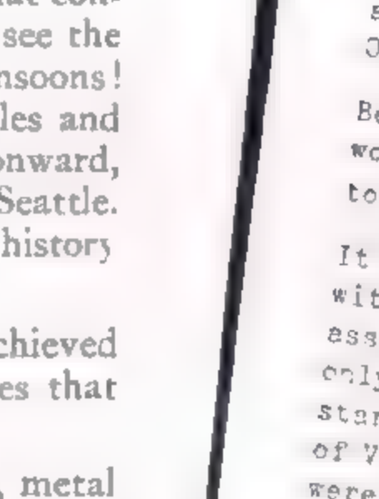

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October 14, 1924

Gentlemen:-

After the return of the Round-the-World Flight Airplanes to Santa Monica on September 23rd, we made a careful inspection of the planes and paid particular attention to the condition of the "Chicago" and "New Orleans", the two which made the entire journey.

Believing that you will be interested in knowing of the wonderful results obtained with VALSPAR, we are pleased to report our findings.

It is not generally known that the airplanes returned with all of their original fabric-covered surfaces or assemblies. No replacements were made en route. Not only did they return with the same surfaces they started with, but also with their original finish coat of VALSPAR. Exposed metal parts, without exception, were found to be free from rust or corrosion, which is due to the liberal application of VALSPAR before the planes left our factory.

We used the best materials obtainable in the construction of the "World Cruisers," and in the selection of a finishing varnish we naturally selected VALSPAR, which our previous experience proved to be the best varnish for our purpose.

Yours very truly,

THE DOUGLAS COMPANY

H. H. WEBEL
Vice-President & General Manager

HHW:IW

(Continued from Page 46)

smooth. I walked out on it, and sticking the cutlass into the ground threw off my coat. Perhaps the champagne may have had something to do with it, but I prefer to think that for the time I was in the grip of some hereditary emotion that was in the nature of a memory, as if I had done this thing before, and with success.

Carstairs came down the steps. He did not precisely swagger, but there was a jauntiness about him that did not strike a true note. Allaire had come out on the porch and was standing beside one of the rotten old columns from which the paint had scaled perhaps a century ago but was bleached white with age and was now of a stark pallor in the moonlight. Henry and his two mates slunk down at the heels of their master, like the sort of sea curs they were. Cyril stood near me, like the statue of some sort of avenging angel of Israel.

"Whichever way it goes, there may be a rumpus out of this, Cyril," I said. "Are you armed?"

"No, sir. We traded all our guns before we left, you know, for flutes and harmonicas and things. But it's going only one way. You've got his goat, sir."

"I'm not so sure, but he hasn't got mine, and that's worth a lot. Just keep your eye on those three mutts of his."

"No fear, sir."

Carstairs sauntered up.

"I suppose you don't know half the silly ass you are, Stirling. Sort of cross between Don Quixote and Sparamouche."

"Dilly, Dilly, come and be killed," I mocked. "No use to stand there and bat your white eyes at me. I can see the yellow behind 'em."

"Barmy—sheer barmy, what with champagne and fright," he began, but Cyril interrupted.

"If you want to call it off, captain, all you've got to do is to go out aboard your boat and beat it."

Carstairs cursed him savagely for a Bermudian something and threw off his coat.

"*En garde!*" he snapped, and tapped the turf with his foot.

And so we engaged, though that seems scarcely the word for it. My only knowledge of the sword was from a little fencing done in college, and later broadsword and singlestick practice during five years when I had been a member of the naval reserve, mere drill. But there seemed now to be something instinctive about it, facing Carstairs there in the bright moonlight, with the big gleaming columns of the porch rearing on one side and the silver sea the other. And to complete this sense of some ancient episode restored, there was Allaire's white figure standing like a marble shaft against the deep purple shadow.

Just what ailed Carstairs I do not know, and never shall know. He slashed at me savagely and I parried, a right high parry, then a left. I followed with a lunge at his chest, a straight thrust. And for some reason that I have never been able to explain, he failed utterly to ward it. The point seemed to glide out a little along his ribs, then the blade ripped into him. He gave a strangling cry and fell.

In sheer astonishment I stood there staring at him. There had been no fight at all. It was as if the man had become suddenly stupefied, and indeed it flashed across my mind that he had come down the steps in a curious, lethargic way, as if suddenly smitten by an overpowering fatigue, or some drug of cumulative action taking sudden effect. And that last is, I think, the explanation of it.

But there was no time to ponder on this now. The chances are that the others, not excepting Allaire and Cyril, were far less astonished than was I. To them it could have had but a single explanation, that I was a dark horse, a finished master of the sword, who had cleverly enticed Carstairs into a duel, then sabered him as easily as a rat terrier might toss the rodent, with no danger to himself and just about as quickly. My entire bearing from the start would have been enough for such conviction.

Seeing it now in such a light, a roar of rage went up from Carstairs' three men. In their eyes, here was a slender Yankee who was afraid and unable to use his fists tricking their skipper into a fashion of fighting now obsolete and killing him. Even Henry, who had every reason to expect a fearful beating once he got aboard, let out a Wapentachaid yell and started for me.

Carstairs had pitched forward as he fell, his sword arm flying out to the side. I had loosed my own cutlass and stepped clear, as otherwise it must have snapped or bent, depending on the metal.

My own opinion to this day is that Carstairs, whether through drink or a drug, had in the sudden effort and excitement of the moment suffered some sort of vertigo, and that he was already tottering against me when I thrust.

At any rate, here came the three of them on vengeance bent. But they never reached me. A big gaunt figure whirled past my shoulder, giving out a sort of guttural snarl. It crashed into the three of them, a whirling vortex of flailing blows. But they were useful blows and cleanly struck. If you have ever seen a tall gamecock of the Black Spanish breed fallen foul of three dunghill roosters, this simile will do.

Henry was the first to hit the turf, because he was the nearest. The other lout went down from a straight drive on the chin, and the cook up, from a hook just under it. I doubt if Cyril's part in this affair took actually much longer than my own.

I rolled Carstairs over on his back. He was lying in a welter of blood and breathing heavily. Slipping out the cutlass blade, I discovered that it had not transfixed his thorax, but slid along outside the heavy pectoral muscles and gone on through those of the back and side.

The question then was what to do with him. Cyril stepped up, tore off Carstairs' silk shirt and wiped the wounds with it. He then examined the blade of the cutlass. Allaire had come down from the porch and stood watching silently.

"Nothing but a flesh wound, sir," Cyril said. "This old meat ax is too dull to do much cutting. It's bleeding a little now, but that will stop."

"It's a filthy old blade," I said.

"Quite so, sir. Best thing for him is to get back to Nassau and go to blighty. They'll give him a squirt of tetanus serum. We'll just h'ist him into his boat and start him on his way."

He strode over and kicked Henry in the ribs.

"Get up, you blighter. You other sweep too. Pick up your bloomin' skipper here and load him aboard, then sling yer hook to hell out of here. Start and go!"

"But hold on, Cyril," I protested; "you ought to dress his wound, or something."

"It would be the 'something,' Mr. Stirling. I couldn't trust myself with that man. It's just his sort that are scattered over the globe to the disgrace of the empire. We have them sometimes in Bermuda. Let them lug him off. He's not going to die. No such luck."

XV

THE unsteady Gadflies lurched down to the landing with the body of their skipper. Cyril picked up Carstairs' cutlass and started after them, a sort of armed guard to see them safely aboard.

"I'll go on out, sir," he called back.

I had no anxiety about his safety. He had proved himself precisely the sort of Judas Maccabæus—not to be confounded with that sneak Iscariot—that I had always esteemed him.

I turned then to Allaire, who was still standing there like one of the marble statues, but straighter than most of them. I had not heard her speak a single word, make the slightest sound from the moment I had challenged Carstairs to fight with steel.

"Please give me back my ring," I said. "We shall try to guard against your ever having to wear it again."

She slipped it off and handed it to me.

"That was all cleverly managed, Pom."

"Thanks. When your fists are not much use, you have to fall back on your brains."

"Or some more familiar weapon."

"Fists are not weapons," I retorted; "and as a means of settling a dispute, they're only fit for boys and rowdies. If a well-bred person has got something worth fighting about, it's worth killing about. Why not stand off a few yards and pelt each other with stones?"

"You told me you weren't going to do anything about it," said Allaire.

"About his taking our stuff by force? That's not what I fought him for. He might have called in his furniture movers and gone quietly ahead for all my attempt to stop it. But insult to a woman in my care is another matter."

"I saw that you were leading him into a trap and guessed that you must be in the champion-fencer class."

"Oh, did you? Well, you see you've still got quite a lot to learn about me."

"Yes, I believe I have; and about Cyril, too. Who'd have guessed him such a Ben-Hur?"

"I did, for one, the first day I laid eyes on him. Listen!"

In that breathless night air sounds carried with a megaphonic volume. Now, from out there on the still lagoon, came Cyril's sonorous tones admonishing the battered Gadflies.

"Sling that flat tire of yours aboard and heave up your hook and start your motor and get out! If you're still here tomorrow morning when our gang lands we'll clap the lot of you in irons and take you to stand trial for attempted piracy."

Henry's voice protested in his nasal whine, "'Ow are us lads to shype a course, wot wiv skipper cut 'orrid and the myte seein' snykes?"

"You don't need your bloomin' skipper and your snyky myte, 'Arry," Cyril retorted. "It ain't over two hundred and fifty miles back to Nassau, and just like walkin' down Whitechapel Road. Lamppost on every corner. Anyhow, you'll try it if you know what's good for you. B. W. I. law still goes bloody hard on pirates in these waters, as you're apt to bloomin' well find out."

"Competent boy, Cyril," I observed. "This honeymoon is over. We might as well get out aboard ourselves."

"Don't be so bitter, Pom. How was I to know?"

"You weren't. You don't yet, and the chances are you never will know. But you might at least have given me credit for not being yellow clear through."

"Yes, I'm sorry. I apologize, Pom."

"Then we will consider the incident as closed. No use to tell anybody anything about it, not even Mrs. Fairchild. It would only upset her. She thinks this game disreputable enough already."

I picked up my cutlass and wiped it on the turf. At that moment an apelike figure came flitting round the corner of the house with an odd, uncanny agility. It was Pompey. Mowing and ducking, this little old afreet skipped up to where I was standing, and in the bright moonlight I could see that his wizened face was working in fearful grimaces, those of pleasure as it seemed. Coming to where I stood, he ducked, reached a skinny paw for my wrist, raised my hand and kissed the back of it. This curious gesture surprised and embarrassed me a little. But Allaire was quick to catch the sense of it.

"He is thanking you, Pom. That enters another black mark against Carstairs. Pompey has some score against him that he's glad to see paid off. The chances are Carstairs helped himself when he was here before, against the captain's wishes. He may have left some wine in payment, but it was an involuntary trade so far as the captain was concerned."

"What are we to do with Pompey?" I asked.

"Leave him here until we get back."

"Get back?"

"Yes: tomorrow we must load our stuff aboard and get out. When I dispose of it in New York we should be in funds—lots of funds. Then we will run back here and put this place in some sort of order and sell it to Nick Sayles."

I whistled. Some trader, Allaire. She had bought her option for a secondhand radio set that was really a good and costly one, which Sanders ought to be able to sell for at least a hundred dollars. And the chances are that Allaire would want to take the option up and buy Pelican Key for five thousand dollars. Then, if I judged her rightly, she would ask Nick Sayles five times that for this unusual patch of sand with its imported plants and trees. Perhaps Allaire was right. No man could estimate the labor done here so many years ago, nor what the fruition of it might be worth today.

As we went out aboard, the windlass pawls of the Gadfly began to clatter. Evidently her dismembered crew had found it well to act on Cyril's advice and go whilst yet they might; or Carstairs might have come round and ordered that they get under way. This presently proved to be the case, for her motor started and she headed out for the entrance.

Too much money was represented in that cargo to risk its being put indefinitely in escrow. And no doubt there were some dates to keep off the Jersey beach, with friend Jimmy and others. Cyril kissed his hand to her as she plugged slowly out to sea.

"Bon voyage, Gadfly! This is one time you didn't sting and get away without a swat."

We saw then to our surprise that, once clear, the schooner held on to the northward instead of swinging down the Strait of Florida for the Northwest Providence Channel and Nassau. Either Carstairs or his "snyky myte" must have come round and more or less taken charge. In either case it would be a long time before Carstairs could be mischievous again. But not for us, I thought. Gentlemen of fortune of his sort are not apt to follow up a bad bet where the other fellow has played the game within his right. Double-crossing—gypping, to use a modern term—is quite a different matter.

At any rate, we had more pressing business for our attention. Snatching four hours' badly needed sleep, we turned to getting our stuff loaded aboard. It was grueling work in the hot sun, but by nightfall we had most of the precious articles, tapestries, carpets, mirrors that we could carry, chairs and the like aboard and under hatches. The heavy pieces were too much for us. Nick Sayles would be given the opportunity to purchase them—at a price.

We left Pompey some stores, managed to impress upon his mind that we were to return by Christmastime—if he had any knowledge of time—and put to sea, shorthanded but happy and filled with hope. As we had made the run South almost entirely under sail, we were still well-found in fuel, and that saved time and work and distance. Moreover the weather was good, the winds mostly fair and the current in our favor.

The run of nearly a thousand sea miles took us eight days and some odd hours. Ostensibly we had not come from any foreign port or country, so on entering the port of New York we plugged boldly in for the North River. In the upper bay a revenue tug barged alongside and asked who we were, where from and what our apology for breathing the more or less free air of the port.

"We are moving our household goods from a cottage down the beach, captain," said Allaire; "moving for the winter."

"Yeah? What sort of goods, lady?"

"Furniture. Beating the security storage. We want to put it in a studio in Greenwich Village."

"Well, I'll just take a squint at it, if you don't mind." He came aboard. I felt very weak in the knees. So did Cyril, as he afterwards confessed. But Allaire stood firmly on her well-developed legs. I raised the skylight and let him look down at the horrid mess of tarnished impedimenta that we had dumped down into the saloon trade room. He shuddered.

"You folks artists?" he asked.

"Well, that seems to be the question, captain," Allaire said smilingly. "I paint marines, but sometimes I have to prove that it's not the family wash. My brother"—she looked at me—"is Pomeroy Stirling, whose name you probably know."

"Oh, sure," lied the officer gallantly. "Nice handy little schooner you got."

"Yes, she was built in Friendship, Maine. Where would be the best place to land our duffel, captain?"

"Go right on up to the yacht anchorage off Riverside Drive. You can get in alongside the crib and swing it right aboard one of those vans you've saved a hundred miles on." And with a friendly salute he went over the side aboard his tug.

"I suppose you know that this is smuggling, Allaire," I said.

"I don't know anything of the sort. Antique furniture and art objects over a hundred years old aren't dutiable. I haven't signed any declaration. The man asked me what I had, and I told him. Anyhow, it's to the interest of the country to get these gems of antique decorative art."

"Well, if we get nabbed the country will be richer by the sale of them and our fines. Duty or no duty, the law requires that whatever is brought in from a foreign port must be declared and appraised. Why run the risk of seizure?"

"Because we don't want publicity," said Allaire. "If the story were to get in the papers we might find ourselves let in for foreign litigation. The chances are the first old captain wrecked it, after his ship went on the reef."

XVI

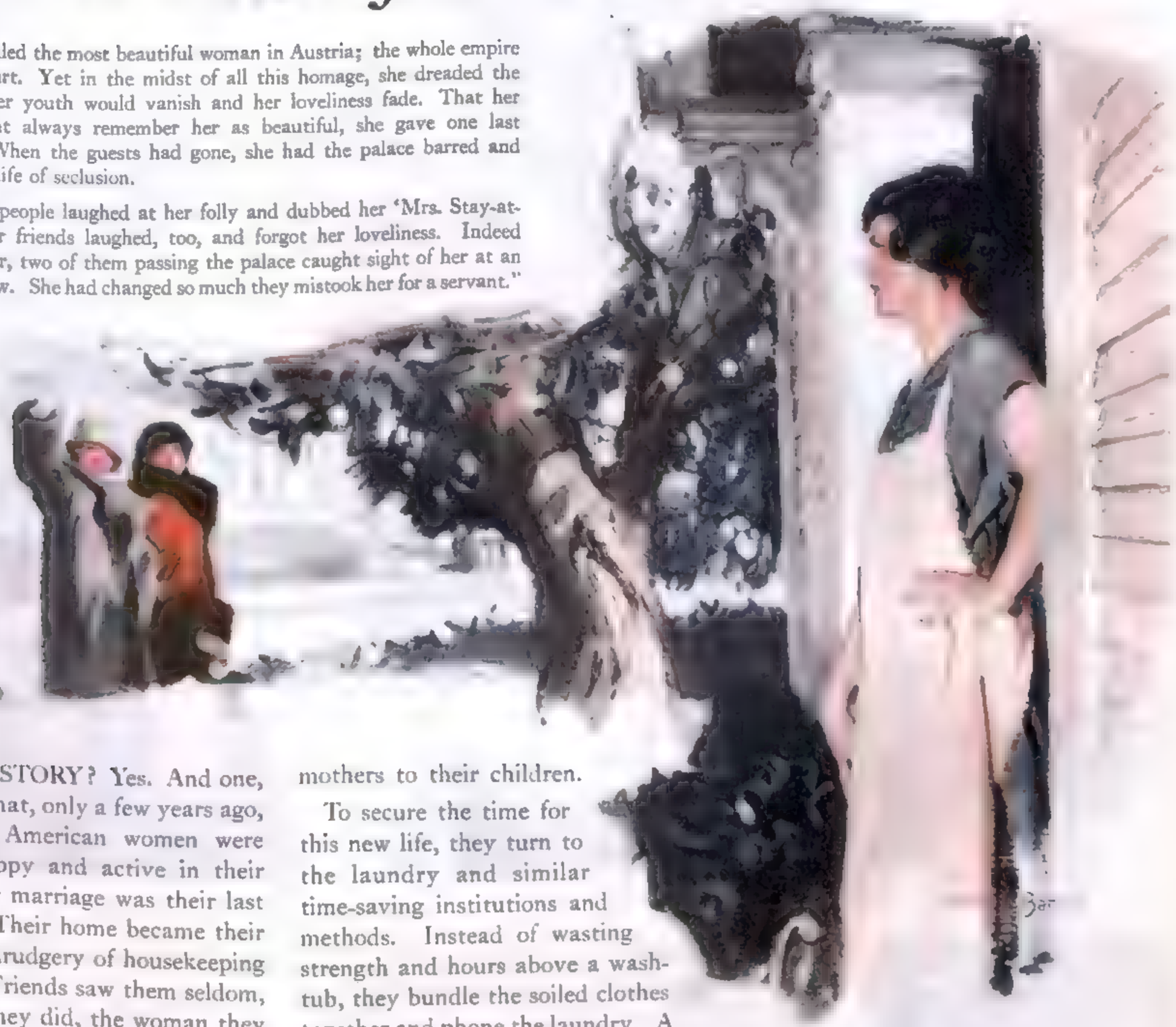
AFFAIRS now moved up rapidly. Allaire went ashore and telephoned Mrs. Fairchild at the Martha Washington, who climbed a Fifth Avenue-Riverside Drive

(Continued on Page 51)

...and the world passed her by—*She had become Mrs. Stay-at-Home*

"She was called the most beautiful woman in Austria; the whole empire paid her court. Yet in the midst of all this homage, she dreaded the day when her youth would vanish and her loveliness fade. That her friends might always remember her as beautiful, she gave one last reception. When the guests had gone, she had the palace barred and retired to a life of seclusion.

"But the people laughed at her folly and dubbed her 'Mrs. Stay-at-Home.' Her friends laughed, too, and forgot her loveliness. Indeed within a year, two of them passing the palace caught sight of her at an upper window. She had changed so much they mistook her for a servant."



A TRUE STORY? Yes. And one, too, that, only a few years ago, millions of American women were living. Happy and active in their youth, their marriage was their last reception. Their home became their world, the drudgery of housekeeping their life. Friends saw them seldom, and when they did, the woman they saw was not the girl they had known, but—Mrs. Stay-at-Home.

Today, Mrs. Stay-at-Home is rapidly becoming a fiction. Women realize that the "stay-at-home" life is narrow in more ways than one. They have discovered that through broader, more varied interests, they not only can retain their youth and charm, but also become better partners to their husbands, better mothers to their children.

To secure the time for this new life, they turn to the laundry and similar time-saving institutions and methods. Instead of wasting strength and hours above a washtub, they bundle the soiled clothes together and phone the laundry. A whole day or more saved each week! New time for home and children! New leisure to be young and happy!

Nor does this modern washday scheme require a larger budget. For today's laundry offers so wide a variety of services that every woman will find among them *her* service, one that fits both her needs and her pocketbook.

To secure *your* service, simply phone one of the modern laundries in your town and have your bundle called for. And phone today—don't wait for Monday. For the laundry, in taking the washing out of the home, has taken "Monday-washday" out of the week.

THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY COMPANY, *Executive Offices*, CINCINNATI

The Canadian Laundry Machinery Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada

Agents: British American Laundry Machinery Co., Ltd., London, S.W.1, England

GOOD TO THE LAST DROP

Christmas

The tree—resplendent with tinsel and lights—and the over-flowing stockings, eagerly await the pattering of little bare feet,

—and now Santa Claus can relax from his labor of love long enough to find delicious refreshment in that coffee that is "Good to the Last Drop".

Many long miles were travelled—over land and sea—that you might enjoy a finer flavor in Maxwell House Coffee. A lifetime was spent learning the secret of roasting and blending the finest coffees that you might put down your cup and say "There's no other flavor like it!"

Your grocer will send you Maxwell House Coffee—in the famous blue tins—convenient to open and use.

Also Maxwell House Tea

CHEEK-NEAL COFFEE CO.,
Nashville, Houston, Jacksonville, Richmond, New York, Los Angeles

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

(Continued from Page 48)

bus and came right up. She reported everything shipshape with Sanders, whom she had found to be a worthy and honest sort—more perhaps than he might say of us if he were to discover how he had been trimmed.

Allaire kept right on going. She had a large list of very rich friends in New York and Washington, and she had counted on disposing of our wares amongst the former set. But no peddling was required. It took this talented young partner of ours who had been so furious at our trading instead of rum running, just about an hour to sell the whole cargo to a rich private collector who has a private museum built onto the rear of his old family mansion. He was a childless widower and he had willed his entire collection to a national museum.

The old chap looked over the list that Allaire and I had prepared to the best of our ability.

"Where did you get this stuff, my dear?" he asked.

"In a sale of the contents of an old barrack of a house on a small island in the Bahamas. The owner had died and left it to a local person who had no idea of its value."

"Humph! Then it is dutiable."

"No; because anybody can see that it was made over a hundred years ago."

"All the same, it will have to come in through the customhouse. I cannot buy smuggled goods, or what has been brought in undeclared."

"Then you cannot buy it at all," said Allaire. "We have landed, coming directly from a foreign possession, so if we were to enter officially now we would find ourselves in trouble with the port authorities. We would lose our boat and everything."

"Humph! This is a very serious matter."

"It might be," said Allaire. "But why should you bother with the customhouse when you are leaving it all to the country when you die? Especially since it is duty free."

"Get thee behind me, temptress. You have no right yourself to make such an outrageous profit."

"That," said Allaire, "is for me to settle with my conscience."

"You haven't any, when it comes to tumbling on a bargain in antique furniture. Few women have."

"Did you ever patronize a bootlegger, Mr. Van Walkenburg?"

"Humph! That is different. I was in Europe when national prohibition went into effect and could not make provision. A certain amount of wine and spirits is essential to my life, liberty and pursuit of happiness."

"Just as a certain amount of money is to mine," Allaire retorted.

"Yes, I suppose a pretty lady must live, and your point is not badly made. After all, I am merely life custodian of art treasures that have cost me about half a million dollars and destined before many years for the pleasure and better culture of the American people."

"Precisely," said Allaire. "So why should you worry about the customhouse, especially when it is a mere formality? I want to keep this find a secret."

"Humph! By Jumbo, I believe that you have some more tucked away down there! If these articles are all that you claim for them, how are we to fix on a price?"

"I will accept your own appraisal, Mr. Van Walkenburg. There is probably no person in this country who has a fuller knowledge of the value of such things. Since they are destined eventually for the benefit of the country, I shall not whine if you get them at a bargain."

"Humph! Humph—humph! You are a very subtle young lady. You propose a transaction that is highly irregular, then put me on my honor to pay you a regular price. Very well. This seems to be an epoch of every man his own moral mentor—until he gets investigated by the Senate or some other band of saints. You may deliver this stuff here at your own risk. After that I will appoint myself keeper of the seals. The pleasure that I now derive from looking at a beautiful old tapestry is like that I formerly derived from looking at a beautiful young woman like yourself. May I offer you a cup of tea or a glass of sherry and a biscuit?"

Talk about trade, its ethics and its profits! In the broad light of day we laid the Tinker alongside the crib and loaded the loot—for that word is fairly exact—into a van. The movers eyed it with disfavor.

"Do with a little dry cleaning," Allaire said, and they agreed with her.

Mr. Van Walkenburg also agreed with her, but on a different count. His ecstasy over this find swept away whatever scruples he may have felt. When he came to take his pen in hand he was not niggardly, and we found ourselves enriched by more money than our fondest expectations had achieved.

Our plans were now completely changed. Allaire changed them. She stated our position and prospects with her characteristic cool and limpid business acumen.

"The first principle of gambling is to follow up your luck," she said. "I don't consider this altogether luck, any more than if a trained prospector with a good outfit was to locate precious minerals. The best we can do now is to go back and take up our option for Pelican Key, then put it in some sort of decent order and sell it to Nick Sayles."

"Better sound him out a little first," I said. "Men that can have anything they want never want the same thing from one month to the next—unless it's a woman that's stand-offish."

"True in the main," Allaire agreed; "but Nick's different, because he's not entirely an idler. He likes to take things in the raw and develop them."

"Then Pelican Key ought to be just the gentleman's meat, Miss Forsyth," Cyril said.

"No, because that's not in the raw. It's a reconstruction job. On that account he ought to see it with some suggestion of its former beauty. As it stands, it's entirely too stark."

Mrs. Fairchild nodded.

"It's without exception the most dreadful-looking place I ever saw. I can't imagine any rich man wanting it."

"Not many would," Allaire admitted. "But for one thing, the desolation doesn't matter much when you've got a big palace of a cruising houseboat with a speed of twenty knots. Only a five-hour run to Palm Beach. And Mr. Sayles has vision enough to see the possibilities of Pelican Key if he were given a little to go on, just a suggestion here and there."

"Your psychology is good," I agreed, "provided he still wants an island in Southern waters."

"He does, Pom. I had tea with him yesterday at the Ritz and sounded him out. He is as keen as ever. I told him that I had just been down to Florida house-hunting for a friend, and had found a dream of a place on an island. I did not tell him that he was the friend. He knows that I do commissions of this sort. I made him promise not to do anything definite until he heard from me. Nick's got a lot of respect for my judgment."

"Like some of the rest of us, Miss Forsyth," Cyril murmured.

"Lots of people have to be told, Cyril. After that, they need to be shown. I've done the first, and now I think we ought to make our plans to do the other. Sayles is getting his yacht ready to start South soon after New Year's. That will give us time to get down there and groom the place a little. Not too much, but enough to take away that skeleton grin it's got."

"You've said it, Miss Forsyth!" Mrs. Fairchild exclaimed. "That's just what it reminds me of, though I wouldn't have thought to put it that way. Like a skeleton uncovered by the wind."

"Well, we can correct that. I talked about it a little with Sanders before he left, and he says that he can find us the labor and material. I feel as if Sanders ought to get a fair share of profit out of all this."

"So do I," Mrs. Fairchild said heartily. "He's a decent sort of man that's trying to get on. His wife is half invalid—anæmia or something. Hookworm, from the look of her. He was just as nice as he could be with me."

"Well, Sanders is not going to lose anything in the end, Mrs. Fairchild. I try always to pay my debts. So if you all agree, let's go ahead and carry out my plans. There's no desperate hurry, though, and I think that for the next week or two we might rest a little."

That suggestion looked good to the rest of us. Allaire had been invited to spend a week in Washington, at the home of a cabinet officer. Mrs. Fairchild desired to make a long-delayed visit to her girlhood home in Boothbay Harbor, Maine. I had communicated with the only member of my immediate family, a sister married to a Yale professor, and she had urged me to visit her for a week in New Haven. Cyril expressed an entire willingness to act as ship keeper in our absence.

I prolonged my visit to ten days, then stopped over at Greenwich for another week with a classmate who had a year-round home there. Then a letter from Cyril told me that Mrs. Fairchild had returned and was stopping at the Martha Washington again. Allaire also was back in town and had caused to be loaded aboard the schooner a big consignment of stores that she had bought at a U. S. Army quartermaster's sale.

"I was just locking up to go ashore when they came alongside," Cyril wrote; "but Miss Forsyth came with them and told me not to wait, as the crew of the lighter could get them stowed. I wanted to wait, anyhow, and let my date slide, but she wouldn't hear of it. Fairly hustled me ashore and told me not to come back aboard till I got ready. You know Miss Forsyth's way, sir. I think she must have bought up a whole quartermaster's depot, to judge from the cases aboard the lighter."

Well, here was Allaire again at her bargaining. When I got back aboard at noon of the next day I found that she had managed to get her purchases all stowed under the berth deck, in the three-foot space between it and the skin of the little schooner. Allaire was ashore, but Cyril said he could not see how the lightermen managed it. They must have had to crawl along shoving the cases ahead of them. But as he pointed out, it left us the trade room clear, and Allaire had a way about her when it came to persuading men to do things. No doubt in this case her purse helped her to no small extent.

"After all, food is food, Mr. Stirling," Cyril said. "And if Miss Forsyth grabbed this off at a bargain, it might be worth as much as trade goods. Anyhow, we can always eat it."

He had wired Mrs. Fairchild that we were ready for sea again. She arrived the next morning at nine, Cyril going to meet her. While he was gone a taxi drove down the side of the hill to the crib, and here was Allaire, looking a little pale and tired, but charged with high endeavor. I went over in the dinghy to fetch her.

"Well, here we are again, Pom. All set for the next whirl. I'll be glad to get to sea again, for one. This rest has done you good. You're not so cadaverous."

"What have you been up to?" I asked.

"Seeing Washington by day and night, principally the latter, with a bunch of panned Americans, duly chaperoned by the State, War and Navy Departments. I've danced until my brains are scrambled. 'Fraid you'll have to stand my watch until I catch up with my sleep, Pom."

"Can do. I've been sleeping, principally, and wandering over golf links. What possessed you to buy a cargo of grub?"

"Call it thrift. The boat could do with a general overhauling, Pom."

"Yes, she's a little worn, but clean enough. Her bottom got a coat of bronze when Cyril and I went after her, and that will last her another couple of months."

"Perfectly tight?"

"Tight as a hog's hide. Doesn't leak enough to keep her sweet, if any of your war grub down there starts a seam."

"Then that's all right. I'm crazy to get back on Pelican. There was romance in that episode, Pom. Have you forgiven me?"

"Call it quits, Allaire. I bunked you at the send-off, when you thought you were going to run rum instead of rugs."

"Well, this is cleaner, and just as profitable and exciting. I got a line on Carstairs in Washington. His embassy doesn't hold him very high. He got chucked off his ship in Plymouth for drunkenness and brutality."

"He got chucked aboard his ship on Pelican for that same thing," I said.

"Yes, so he did. Young Britons have a better chance in the colonies. Case of a bad man gone worse. I wonder how Mrs. Fairchild is going to feel about another jog down the coast with us moderns."

"All right, I should say. But you're really the only modern, Allaire. The rest of us belong anywhere from a thousand to a hundred years ago."

"That's true. Cyril is archaic Mediterranean, and you and Mrs. Fairchild Puritans. I'm the bad girl of the family. I've been flirting with everybody but the President. I made a bet that I could with him, but couldn't get away with it."

"Well, let's hope you paid your bet."

"I did. I always pay my bets. I pay other debts too. Perhaps some day you'll find that out, Pom." And with this cryptic remark she went below to unpack.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

LIFE ON THE SHENANDOAH

(Continued from Page 5)

On such occasions the greatest novelty of the situation lay in the calmness of it. There was practically no tossing, no rolling or pitching motion, as on a ship at sea. Over the land sometimes, where ascending and descending currents of air of different temperatures are encountered, or where the contours of hills and valleys cause disturbances of the air, a certain degree of bumpiness may be felt, and airsickness has been known: but it is more frequent in fast, light airplanes than in large airships.

The novelty of life in airships lies largely in its longer duration and greater security and comfort. In high-speed airplanes, heavier-than-air machines of limited gasoline supply and more limited passenger-carrying ability, flights are usually made between meals. Sometimes two pilots alternate in sleep and rest and carry a workingman's lunch or emergency ration: but extended heavier-than-air flights are apt to partake of the character of endurance tests for men and machines. Living conditions soon tend to become abnormal. On airships the living conditions are more natural and may soon attain the standards of comfort found in railway and steamship travel.

Living accommodations on airships may vary as much as the cramped quarters on a submarine differ from the spacious cabins of a passenger liner. The American-built Shenandoah, designed primarily for naval scouting, using helium gas, and combining great strength and reliability, is very different from the German-built, hydrogen-inflated Zeppelins which sacrifice a considerable degree of safety for higher speed and radius and more-luxurious quarters.

The living quarters on the Shenandoah are in a keel corridor of triangular section which extends the entire length of the ship, about an eighth of a mile. The ship is entered from the platform at the top of the mooring mast by means of a light ship's gangplank, which leads into the bottom of the nose of the airship. From the top of the gangplank a narrow flight of steps follows the inner curve of the hull down to a long narrow plank which extends from stem to stern. That narrow plank is called the catwalk. It is the spinal cord of life on the Shenandoah. The control car is the brain. A vertical ladder leads down from the catwalk through a streamlined tube to the control car, which is suspended beneath the forward part of the ship.

The forward section of the control car is the bridge of the ship. The captain or the executive officer or navigator and the officer of the watch and the two helmsmen are always in the control car. Two helmsmen are required because one steers the ship right or left, and the other steers it up or down.

In the forward part of the control car there is a compass and a spirit level, or bubble, vertical control indicator, with ballast controls and engine telegraphs. This forward part of the car is fitted with windows, which give a magnificent view, and keep out rain and wind.

The central section of the control car contains the electric plant and galley. The after section of the control car, originally designed for a sixth propelling motor, carries a fine radio outfit, including radio compass. There is a ship's telephone system, with telephone communication between the control car and other stations.

The motive power of the ship consists of five engines, each engine being housed in a small egg-shaped metal gondola suspended from the framework of the hull

The great size of the Shenandoah dwarfs the engine gondolas. They look like automobile-engine hoods, but as a matter of fact they are small engine rooms, in which one man is always stationed, night and day, whenever the ship is under way or at a mooring mast. Two or three men can work together in one gondola.

The Shenandoah carries, on long cruises, twelve officers: Captain, executive, navigator, three watch officers, two engineer officers, two radio officers, who also act as operators, one construction officer and one aerologist. The enlisted personnel consists of twenty-seven men. Fourteen of these are engineering ratings and twelve are deck hands.

Last, but not least, the twenty-seventh man on this cruise, everybody's friend, was John Joseph Hahn, ship's cook, first class, U. S. Navy, with fourteen years of honorable service to his credit—the navy's only flying cook. Napoleon said "An army is a worm, and travels on its stomach." It is much the same with airships.

How do approximately forty officers and men eat, sleep and work around the clock on board the Shenandoah? That is a question often asked.

Here is the answer:

There are always two officers on duty in the control car—either the captain, executive or navigator, in general charge; and one of the three watch officers. One engineer officer and one radio officer are always on duty. Five officers are usually on watch, often four hours on duty and four hours off. This makes twelve hours of routine work every day, with incidental work between tours of duty. The construction officer and the aerologist are on duty night and day, whenever their services are required. Each of these two officers may perhaps lay claim to having saved the ship from disaster through their special knowledge or training.

The Shenandoah's Record

Most of the time off duty is required for rest and food. Recreation largely waits until the flight is ended and the ship is again made ready for service.

Above the catwalk the triangular girder space forms a long tunnel under the twenty great cells of helium which float the hundred-thousand-pound ship.

Light bunks or canvas-bottomed berths extend on either side of the catwalk. Here officers and men rest and sleep. Amidships the catwalk widens out into two rectangular deck spaces, which serve as mess rooms and dressing rooms for officers and crew.

Light and air are admitted to the keel corridor through celluloid ports or hatches along the keel.

The only artificial lighting is from storage-battery lamps.

The service of food on the Shenandoah is of the simplest kind. The small gasoline galley maintains a steady supply of hot coffee, and occasionally other hot food or drink; but the main food supply consists of cold meats, bread and butter, potted foods and fruit. Cruises are usually of short duration. The voyage from San Diego to Tacoma, fifty-seven hours of continuous flight, was the Shenandoah's record length of time in air. Food can be carried in sufficient quantities for the length of time the gasoline will last. Oil and gasoline are carried in forty or fifty metal tanks secured to the girders at intervals along the catwalk, and water ballast is carried in rubber tanks or bags.

It may be interesting to give a brief account of a part of the Shenandoah's recent record-breaking cruise of nine thousand miles, from Lakehurst to Seattle and return, via Fort Worth and San Diego

Leaving San Diego with an escort of planes the ship followed the coast northward in the direction of San Pedro and encountered mist, light rain and fog. Then the sun came out and the weather cleared beautifully and the battleships were sighted, six or eight of them, fifteen miles to the westward with targets and towing ships rehearsing for target practice off Catalina Island.

We circled directly over the ships at an altitude of about two thousand feet, and apparently every officer and man was on deck and gazing upward. The Shenandoah circled over the California and headed for San Pedro

We had completed the circuit of Los Angeles and Hollywood at one P.M. and headed seaward over Santa Monica and Clover Field. In passing over Hollywood the set-up for the famous moving picture, The Thief of Bagdad, could be seen. Head winds of increasing force were encountered. At three P.M. the Shenandoah was between Ventura and Santa Barbara, flying up the Santa Barbara Channel.

After passing the entrance to San Francisco Bay at daylight the next morning, the ship followed the California coast to the northward, passing Eureka, on Humboldt Bay, at four P.M.

At Cape Mendocino, as the ship passed close over the outlying rocks, thousands and thousands of seals stampeded and clambered over one another and over the rocks into the water. The process continued as long as we could see them; the white surf and the rocks seemed alive with countless seals. As darkness fell the Shenandoah passed the town lights of Checto and directly over Crescent City, at an altitude of one thousand to twelve hundred feet. Automobiles stopped along the roads and streets and some turned headlights or spotlights on the ship as she passed in the darkness.

OVER CAMP LEWIS (TACOMA)

Saturday Morning, Oct. 18.

Last night just after midnight the ship turned inland from the seacoast and headed for Eugene, Oregon. The night was clear and fine except for low-lying fog in places over the valleys. At two A.M. the ship was between Eugene and Salem, Oregon, and headed north for Camp Lewis. Straight ahead was the silhouette of Mount Rainier-Tacoma against the morning sun. Far over to the northwest was the snow-clad summit of Mount Baker. Nearer at hand was the characteristic profile of the Olympic Range, sharp and steel blue above the dark-green forests of the Puget Sound country. The ship was over Olympia at about seven o'clock this morning and the radio room soon began to receive bearings and distances from the mooring mast. The fog thinned out and at about eight A.M. suddenly cleared; the ship was just above the mooring mast and the bird's-eye view was remarkable. After the sight of the endless sea of shining white fog the brilliant colors of the autumn foliage beneath the ship seemed almost like red and yellow flame against the green of the fields and lawns and forest. American Lake, with its homes and gardens and boat landings along the banks, was like a mirror. Thousands of automobiles were parked around the mooring mast, and hundreds more were hurrying along the roads. The spectators had a fine view of the Shenandoah as she circled around the mooring mast, but they were not to see it moor. The ship was very light, having recovered in water only about one half of the thirteen thousand pounds of gasoline burned since leaving San Diego.

Weighing Off

The ship can descend by steaming ahead with down rudder, but if it descends to the mast that way the ship will rise as soon as the engines stop. If there were a wind of any considerable strength the ship might descend vertically by steaming into the wind with engine speed about equal to the speed of the wind. The temperature on the ground and aloft also influence the landing conditions. This morning there was practically no wind, almost dead calm, and the ground temperature was 38° when it was 55° up in the sun at two thousand feet. One degree of temperature makes a difference of three hundred pounds in the lift. The only way to land under these conditions would have been to valve helium—a very expensive process.

CAMP LEWIS

Sunday, 19 Oct. 1924. (Noon).

After arriving at the mooring mast yesterday morning and deciding not to moor until the cool of the evening, the Shenandoah circled over Tacoma and the surrounding country for ten hours. Many of the people who had waited for many hours for the ship to moor, and having nothing to do but wait, have asked if the day did not seem endless. To those on the Shenandoah, occupied with their routine duties, in the engine gondolas, at the steering controls and other stations, the time did not pass so slowly as it seemed to those on the ground It was always interesting.

19 October, Sunday.

This morning the fog was heavy and a steady stream of automobiles was driving toward the mooring mast. A great crowd had assembled to see the ship unmoor and sail. They waited patiently hour after hour—men, women and children—in perfect good humor. The sun came out, the fog melted away or burned off, and at noon the ship weighed off. A great cheer went up from the crowd and the Shenandoah headed over Tacoma for Seattle and Bremerton. After circling twice over Seattle and passing Bremerton the ship headed to the south—westward for Gray's Harbor on the Pacific Coast. The countryside below the Hood Canal and the Chehalis River valley is beautiful, with dark-green forests, meadows, winding streams and autumn foliage bright in the sunlight or seen through a haze of smoke or mist. The spirits of the captain, officers and crew are visibly higher. Homeward bound and on a memorable voyage!

EXTRACTS FROM LOG OF SHENANDOAH

Sunday, 19 October 1924.

1:00 P.M. Passed over Seattle, Washington, and circled city.

1:05 P.M. Reached point farthest north of flight and headed homeward.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH, U.S. NAVY BATTLE FLEET

Lieutenant-Commander Zachary Lansdowne, U. S. Navy, Commanding the U. S. S. Shenandoah

3:25 P.M. Passed into Gray's Harbor over Hoquiam.

4:50 P.M. Over the mouth of Columbia River.

THE FOG

Monday morning, 20 Oct.

Heavy white fog rolled in like a tidal wave from seaward yesterday afternoon at sunset. A ship which passed under the Shenandoah at the mouth of the Columbia River, standing out to sea, entered the fog. To surface craft, navigating in fog seems bad enough. Viewed from above, a ship entering the blind fog seems in worse plight than she actually is. The fog looks like a sea or blanket of white lather. Yesterday a wall of it apparently two hundred feet high rolled shoreward. In places it seemed to cascade down as to the surface of a lake; in other places it broke and rose in feathery surf, as though dashing upon invisible headlands in the air. Before dark the sea of fog extended over the ocean as far as the eye could reach and hid the coast line and the lowlands between the foothills and the beach. There was no moon, but the sky was almost clear and the white fog seemed to reflect the starlight or the sunset's afterglow. The hilltops and tree line rising above the fog were much more clearly visible than on the ordinary night when it is clear and dark at sea. Long after night has fallen a strange thing happened. The Shenandoah was nearing a dark headland, at forty-five miles an hour, when a faint spot of light gleamed upward through the fog. It grew brighter and brighter, then faded, and disappeared. In about one minute more it flashed again, faintly but clearly, and was seen no more. A glance at the chart showed that the ship had passed Hecata Head, on which there is an intermittent flashing white light, showing white for fifteen seconds and eclipsed for forty-five seconds. The faintly glowing areas of light showing upward through the fog were probably the lights of Empire and North Bend, two towns on Coos Bay, Oregon. The Marshfield Navy radio compass station is on Coos Bay. The Shenandoah called and Marshfield radio answered and said that they could hear the engines of the Shenandoah drumming above the fog. This morning there was a beautiful sunrise and at eight A.M. the fog broke beneath us and showed the coast line and a low rocky point of land ahead. A white lighthouse on the cape. It was Point Arena, about ninety-five miles north of San Francisco. This was bad news. Strong head winds had risen during the night, and at eight o'clock this morning the Shenandoah was standing still over Arena Rock. For half an hour the white swirl of breaking surf on the rock lay under the ship. Then the fog shut in again, thin and flying cloud, with the white-capped sea showing through. Then the double blast of the fog horn sounded on the port bow of the ship for another half hour and we gradually hauled ahead and rounded the cape. The fog lifted and wind moderated slightly. The ship was getting a good test. The force of the wind decreased and the speed made good over the ground gradually increased to seven knots, nine knots and up to twenty knots, the engines all the while making thirteen hundred revolutions, or about forty-five knots in still air. Ran into heavy fog and stronger head winds, standing almost still again over Point Reyes, gradually rounded the point trying various altitudes up to twenty-five hundred feet, and then ran into sunshine and blue skies as San Francisco was sighted, gleaming in the sunlight on the hills beyond the Presidio. Circled over San Francisco above the Presidio to the ferry and out to sea over the Twin Peaks and Golden Gate Park.

Homeward Bound

Tuesday, 21 October 1924.

The Shenandoah passed Point Fermin Light at San Pedro at 1:50 A.M. About ninety miles from San Diego. The lights of the fleet at anchor behind the San Pedro breakwater were clearly visible and telephone conversation was carried on clearly and easily between the California and the Shenandoah. About midway between San Pedro and San Diego fog set in. At 3:45 A.M. the Shenandoah was above a bright light or lighted area showing up through the fog. It looked like the battery of searchlights around the mooring-mast platform, and probably was. The Shenandoah stood on to the southward and shortly before five A.M. radio compass bearings began to come in. They showed the ship to be north of Imperial Beach. She was south of it. At 4:40 dawn began to break and the ship circled west and north. Daylight showed Table Mountain in Mexico. We were about twenty-five miles south of San Diego. Imperial Beach reported hearing the Shenandoah's motors. At 6:40 the radio towers at Chollas Heights—East San Diego—showed above the fog. At 6:50 Naval Air Station reported sound of motors overhead. The ship was very light. It was necessary to valve some helium before she could be worked down through the fog. She headed seaward and gradually descended to a thousand feet and sighted the water and then turned back toward San Diego. The fog lay close to the sea and the Shenandoah came down to extreme low altitude, about six hundred feet—less than the length of the ship. Suddenly Point Loma came out of the mist ahead of the ship and close aboard. Point Loma is nearly 500 feet above the sea, and is capped by radio masts and building. There was not much room or time to spare. The Shenandoah swung to starboard and cleared Point Loma, coming out into the sunlight above the mooring mast on North Island. She made a ground landing, and then hauled up to the mooring mast. Preparations for the return to Lakehurst were at once begun.

The following morning the Shenandoah again cast off from the mast at San Diego and turned eastward for Fort Worth and Lakehurst, to complete the longest and most difficult voyage ever made by an airship.

Great credit is due to those who initiated and carried forward the construction of this pioneer American airship, and to Lieutenant-Commander Zachary Lansdowne, U. S. Navy, and the officers and men under his command who have operated the Shenandoah with such conspicuous success

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THE FOURTH GRACE

(Continued from Page 13)

She stood alone on her veranda, in the wreck and spoor of the afternoon's delights. It was seven o'clock and the loveliest of summer evenings; still and warm and fragrant.

Mother had retired to lie down, with a mild headache and a plate of milk toast; Thelma had motored back to the city with some friends; Janet was over at the Williamses' learning how to do a new facial. There was no one to interrupt Frances—that is, to interrupt her in her usual and accepted rôle of restorer of household contours after a party, as picker up and arranger of stage properties; and equally no one to hurry her. Yet she had lost no time. She stood now with a willow basket on one arm, filled with small bits of borrowed atmosphere.

"There's no time like the present," she was saying aloud. "I'll just rush this stuff back right away." Then she flushed and turned upon herself mentally, in scornful anger. "A man who lies to himself is a man who'll cheat playing solitaire," she said contemptuously. "Tell the jury, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. You could begin by taking somebody else's stuff back just as well. You're returning Dora Pennyman's things—now and at once—because he said he'd be there this evening. And you want to see him—like the dickens."

And swinging her basket firmly, she walked, armed with truth and determination, down the garden path to the gate. Just at the gate two small masculine forms—Willy Karcher and Victor Jones—sprang out, brandishing toy pistols, and seized her.

"Foiled! Foiled, old villain! Caught at last!"

"Ahoy, Cap'n Jack Cutlass!"

"Avast, my hearties!" Frances returned mechanically, backing off. "Don't touch my basket of breakables, boys."

"Well, but we've got you covered, anyhow, Cap'n Cutlass, an' you can make no escape. Vengeance is ours at last. Make but a move an' we'll blow you into the middle of next week."

"Yea; or even beat out your brains with our belaying pins!"

"Look here," said Frances, "isn't this the evening Dr. Ezra Taylor has a meeting of the boys' club—to weave baskets or box or something? I—I'm not a pirate this evening. I'm too tired."

"Aw, come on, Cap'n Cutlass. You're goin' over to the Pennymans' again, an' you never let us go there any more. Come on, please, Cap'n Cutlass. Come on. You said the last time you'd let us soon. You said we could tie you to the big tree and torture you. You said so, an' we wanna go now. Aw, pul-lease! We got a whole lot of new cursing ——"

"Not tonight," said Frances crisply; "I'm tired. I'm not Cap'n Jack Cutlass this evening. I told you I was tired ——"

"Aw, Miss Fransuss—aw, pul-lease!"

"Not tonight. I want to be alone too. I wish to go to the Pennymans' by myself." She stopped and looked back at two figures trailing her. "I said alone," she added sharply.

"That's right. Becoming not only a liar to yourself, because of this thing, but a beast to your little boy friends."

"Look here," she said aloud, turning back, "I'll play pirate with you on next Monday afternoon in the Pennyman garden—cross my heart and hope to die, and may you blast me with the black spot and lay me in an unhallowed grave if I fail by effort of my own —— But not tonight!"

No, certainly not tonight.

In spite of herself, Frances' feet hastened involuntarily as she left her own grounds, struck up a narrow shaded lane and approached the hedge wall around Dora Pennyman's house. Not that anyone properly informed might not have hastened to view what was æsthetically the show place, the high spot, of the neighborhood. Once Frances had heard Janet tell a pressing suitor that she would never marry any man who could not duplicate for her the Pennyman house and all its more important furnishings. It would be a tall order.

Its furnishings, principally very old historic pieces belonging to the Pennyman family, made up an authentic collection that was valid and utterly genuine, in the true sense of the word. No suddenly acquisitive parvenu or nouveau riche, with a taste for walnut or mahogany, had rubbed a magic lamp and had his faithful commercial genii bring together these mellowed and traditional forms of loveliness. They had come into being over long years and through a gradual gathering of family tradition as the veritable expression of a personal taste, each in its proper period. They stood, these old pieces, a number brought originally from England, not as a group of somebody's cast-off old shoes, however romantic and lovely, but as genuine inheritors and vehicles expressing an original intention, in the suitable environment. They were the Pennyman pieces, one of those rapidly evaporating real family collections that an older America knew, and which today are disintegrating so swiftly under the modern Midas touch. As such, intact, aristocratic, unattainable, they were, as Frances knew, a matter literally of despair in the antique market, where a number of the pieces had assumed a very definite rating and were passionately coveted. To no avail, since in the lifetime of no living Pennyman had any merchant or dealer in antiques, as was well known, so much as put a nose across the sill.

Moreover, in addition to fine woods of graceful line and impeccable tradition, old pictures and the like inside, the house possessed to overflowing that pleasant if less valuable flotsam of travel souvenirs which members of a family with a roving foot are apt to bring in. From Capt. David Pennyman himself right down to modern Dora, there had been annual trips to everywhere but the moon, and the house was full of delightful tokens of sojourns in interesting spots. As witness the basket of Oriental color she carried now.

The house itself matched its interior in interest and charm. Small but exquisitely balanced, built of old gray field stone, with high gables, a wide many-pillared porch and crescent-shuttered windows, tiny panes of glass—two of them of old amethyst, kept now under fine-meshed grilles—it, too, expressed that older tradition of American architecture embodied by the modern Dutch Colonial. Tall green trees clasped their arms protectingly about its corners. The high old hedge wall screened from the public eye two old yews clipped respectively to a ball-and-pedestal form and a peacock. Box, oleander, magnolia, tulip, sweet shrub, forsythia and syringa were in thick leaf just inside the hedge, and a grassy ribbon of crumbling brick ran back past formal beds of phlox, mignonette and marigold—whose seeds were almost as traditional as the mahogany—straight back to the soup herb and sweet marjoram borders of the Pennyman lettuce beds.

Only a Dora Pennyman, that gadabout modern young-old spinster, rich as the Lydian king and entirely used to such traditional glories, would have the heart to lock it all up and run away every spring—in quest of more travel souvenirs, no doubt—leaving it in a sense, once the family jewelry and silver was put in the bank vault, to itself; or at least at the mercy of her trusted friend, from whose wrist there now dangled a key to the house on a loose bracelet of narrow blue ribbon. True, the house knew certain other protection. Dora had all the windows sealed and barred and the doors carefully gone over. Her attorneys had a whole ring of additional keys to it; Abel Prunes, the doughty local night watchman, was requisitioned for very special night hours in the Pennyman lane, and there was a man out every so often from the village to look after the grounds. But after all, she held the house in the hollow of her hand; or so she liked to think; the friend of Dora Pennyman—a sort of caretaker ex officio who could moon and dream whenever she had time in the old garden, over a book or play, if she pleased, with small pirate friends; who could, during Dora's absence and at her invitation, even borrow from its stores for one of mother's afternoons.

As Frances passed through the iron gate now and stepped into the tranquil, still, sunny hush of the garden, she was struck as always with the sense of dignity, of age and presence in the place, emanating from the time-tempered old gray walls of the house, hung now under thick ivy, from mere contact with the thick venerable silky turf under her foot, and in particular from a hoary and enormous elm, dominating the middle of the grounds, sweeping its wineglass-shaped draperies of thick leaf in the very middle of the lawn, its great roots, like Laocoön's serpents, writhing up through the earth itself and coated now with a faint pale-bluish moss.

This tree was one of the Pennymans' greatest treasures—an elm just one hundred and twenty-two years old and thirty-two feet at its lowest girdling. Moreover, it had other more spiritual attributes. It was known locally as the Kissing Tree. For deeply graven in its rough old bark—found less than ten years ago by a tree surgeon scraping away lichenous webs and moldering bark shale—was an amorous legend, the relic of an ancient past, wrought with cunning patience and great nicety:

"Give Me A Kiss, Miss D. Pennyman."

But Frances' eye, long familiar with the big, graceful green wineglass and its impassioned legend, did not dwell here. She looked beyond to a rustic seat Dora had placed near the tree. A masculine shape was rising from it now—and sauntering toward her.

"Good evening, Miss Frances," said the shape.

It took a moment to control the curious knocking at her heart before Frances extended her hand composedly.

"Good evening, Mr. Bestwick," she returned.

At that, their interchange, she realized, was far more an affair of the hand than the word. There was something in the slightest contact with Mr. Bestwick—something in the man's presence—that disturbed Frances in a strange elemental fashion, and that in some unaccountable way seemed, of late, connected with the garden itself, as though it were part of the old-time setting, the whole glamorous spell she always felt on entering it.

It was in a sense, no doubt, because the man was, as Janet would have put it, so beastly romantic-looking himself. Tall, good-looking, nonchalant, indefinably metropolitan and perfectly at ease—as different as possible from Dr. Ezra Taylor. Far more the type that usually affected Janet's court. Frances had realized that on her very first evening, when Mrs. Peter Staley had presented him in the town post office, introducing him as a painter from New York City spending a few weeks of vacation at the Kimmon place. She had thought him both clever and interesting, and with more than his share of personal magnetism, even in that first hour.

He had walked to the end of the little town with her, chatting, and even beyond its confines, to the outlying fringes of estates. Their talk had touched the whole neighborhood. He knew—or had friends who knew—the Leydens, the Pattons, old Miss Emily Scarborough, and Wilkes Chamberlayne, their sporting bachelor, now in Europe. The Pennymans, he said he had heard of—vaguely, possibly from Wilkes. He only grew interested when Frances entered on a description of the Pennyman place itself. Then he had begun to enthuse artistically. He hadn't, he said, expected to make any sketches while he was here, but her description of the yews and the old elm ——

"By Jove, I'd like to do a bit for my sketchbook!" he had said.

She told him it would not be difficult of accomplishment. In fact, the garden itself solved things for her, very much as Frances would have had them solved.

She had expected within twenty-four hours to see Mr. Bestwick up at the house, for it was inevitable for visiting men to float toward Janet, who promptly ate them alive. But she discovered that Mr. Bestwick's rest was in no sense to be a social campaign. It was to be rest in the literal sense.

Neither parties, calls nor fêtes intrigued him; she was absolved from even an invitation to the house on her own account. He wanted nothing better, he implied, than the possibility of working in the solitude of such a lovely old garden as she had described, especially—he was not backward here—with the occasional companionship of a charming young lady.

On the day following, meeting him in town again, they had continued their pleasant little *pourparler*, and Frances had this time volunteered at once to lead him over and show him the Pennyman grounds. He had gone delightedly and they had spent a heavenly hour, looking at everything, from the Kissing Tree to the sweet marjoram

Watch This Column

SOME STARS IN THE "WHITE LIST"

With much pride and satisfaction I call your attention to Universal's "White List," a group of twenty-one unusual picture-plays, some ready and others in process of production. The "White List" is a guarantee that Universal presents only wholesome pictures suitable for the whole family.

I can't describe all of them in this one advertisement, but if you will keep watch of this column, you will have the entire list in advance of presentation. Please note the authors, the stars and the assisting casts. The stories have been chosen to please, what your letters have led me to believe, is your taste in moving-pictures.

"Smouldering Fires"—PAULINE FREDERICK and LAURA LA PLANTE, with Tully Marshall, Wanda Hawley, Malcolm McGregor and Bert Roach. Story by Sada Cowan and Howard Higgin. A Clarence Brown production. Story of a woman's heroic sacrifice for a younger sister.

HOOT GIBSON in ***"The Hurricane Kid."*** Assisted by Marian Nixon, William Steele, Arthur Mackley, Harry Todd, Fred Humes, Violet LaPlante. Story by Will Lambert. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. A lively Western racing tale and love story.

REGINALD DENNY in ***"Oh, Doctor!"***—with MARY ASTOR, assisted by Otis Harlan, Wm. V. Mong, Mike Donlin, Lucille Ward and Tom Ricketts. From the Saturday Evening Post story and novel by Harry Leon Wilson. A Harry Pollard production.

"Secrets of the Night"—featuring JAMES KIRKWOOD and MADGE BELLAMY, with Zasu Pitts, Rosemary Theby, Tom Wilson and Edward Cecil. From the stage success, "The Night Cap," by Guy Bolton and Max Marcin. Directed by Herbert Blache.

(To be continued next week)

Beautifully illustrated Universal Pictures booklet sent you on request.

Carl Laemmle
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
730 Fifth Ave., New York City

Tobacco that says "Merry Christmas" to pipe-smokers

A hint for those who take pride in giving "just the thing"

Evidently there is something about the good-will spirit of Christmas that makes pipe-smokers want to share their contentment with others.

Each year a number of Edgeworth Club members make a practice of distributing their favorite tobacco among friends as a Christmas remembrance. In some cases Edgeworth happens to be the recipient's "steady" tobacco. In other cases the gift serves as an introduction to Edgeworth—in fact, we know of instances where it has created a rabid new member of the Edgeworth Club.

At any rate, over a period of years Edgeworth has apparently earned a reputation for being a very successful present for pipe-smokers. There may be a suggestion in that for you.

To supply the gift spirit to Edgeworth at Christmas time the makers have provided appropriate wrappings for the 16-ounce glass humidor jar and the 8-ounce tin. Each contains Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed. Each is packed in a good-looking decorated gift carton printed in colors. Prices—$1.65 for the 16-ounce jar. The 8-ounce tins are 75c each. Please ask your tobacco dealer for the Edgeworth Christmas packages. If he will not supply you, we gladly offer the following service to you:

Send us $1.65 for each 16-ounce jar, and 75c for each 8-ounce tin to be shipped, also a list of the names and addresses of those you wish to remember, together with your personal greeting card for each friend.

We will gladly attend to sending the Christmas Edgeworth to your friends, all delivery charges prepaid.

For yourself—It's just possible that you are not personally acquainted with Edgeworth. If that is so, send your name and address to Larus & Brother Company. We shall be glad to send you free samples—generous helpings both of Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed.

Smoke a few pipefuls and judge for yourself whether or not you wish to become a permanent member of the Edgeworth Club.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

For the free samples, kindly address Larus & Brother Company, 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. If you will also include the name and address of your regular tobacco dealer, your courtesy will be appreciated.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one or two dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

and the lettuces. And Frances told Mr. Bestwick he might bring his pastels over as he desired and sketch in the garden all he pleased.

"Dora Pennyman always lets me bring people in," she said. "Perhaps she might buy a picture of the elm," she suggested.

"And you will be here?" He hesitated. "I would not like to come—to intrude—alone."

In a sense he had almost made it obligatory to the success of the elm-tree sketch that she be present, to converse with him, inspire him no doubt, to criticize the result.

That's when it all had begun—the peculiar vague sense of drifting that had seized her for the past ten days; that sense of indefinable excitement and pleasure; that slight cardiac skipping that came upon her on seeing Mr. Bestwick approach. When she forsook her youthful pirate friends and turned away in her mind from Dr. Ezra Taylor, spending now—yes, this was the eighth interval alone with the newcomer—a pleasant stole-away into dim uncharted regions of romance, from the humdrumness of everyday.

It had come about in part through admiration for his gifts as an artist. Art was something about which, Thelma assured her, Frances knew nothing. Nor, she admitted it, could Thelma's painting friends from the city interest her. When they did trees they got all watery and indefinite looking and you could observe them with equal felicity upside down or not. Mr. Bestwick's trees looked like trees. They were firm and rooted. You knew which was trunk and which leaf. His leaves in particular were exact and nice. Indeed, he could draw an individual leaf, as he had showed her, so that it looked like a photograph. It was, he claimed, a gift based on a lifetime of close observation.

But more, of course, than his art, Mr. Bestwick—be honest, Frances—had interested her in himself, in his looks, which were distinctly striking. He was dark, almost Spanish of type, and more mature than she was accustomed to. About forty, or possibly more in a strong sun. He looked a little worn in a very bright sun, which burnished his hair with silver and brought out tiny river systems of wrinkle around his eyes. He dressed habitually in brown—a careless but expensive-looking Norfolk suit of partridge colors, with a cap to match. He smoked a short bulldoggy little brier, and the fingers he held it with were tapering, rather delicate, even stained a little with dark pigments, as one might expect of an artist. She liked to look at him, in short, even as she liked to listen to him touching lightly his experiences, his travels over different parts of the country. And she liked—very specially—his manner to her. He had a graceful consideration she was not used to.

As for example, now. He took the basket of objects she carried from her hand immediately, his fingers trailing over hers with just the suggestion of a slight caress. But not even Doctor Taylor sprang so quickly to relieve her of a burden, and as the family camel, she realized humorously, nobody else would even have thought of it. In short, Mr. Bestwick made her feel impotent, melting, helpless—something utterly to be taken care of. It was so unusual for one handy with hammer and nails, addicted to running errands and acting as Cap'n Jack Cutlass, that to a large extent it accounted for her secret passionate resolve to bask in this whole experience and preserve it as long as possible.

But now Bestwick was saying, "Take off your hat, Miss Frances. I like you a whole lot better without your hat. And we'll set this basket of junk down on the grass for the present."

That always amused and even surprised Frances—Mr. Bestwick's indifference to what so many other people worshiped: that Dora Pennyman's treasures, significant and historied, could in so many cases leave him cold—even be branded as stuff or junk, unless they possessed real beauty of their own.

"Unless they are actually beautiful of form and line and color, yes. But junk for its own sake—no, you cannot move me. Your ball-and-pedestal yew, for instance. That is grotesque and ugly. The elm that is exquisite, the difference between the artificially beautiful woman and one who is naturally lovely." His dark eyes had sought hers directly.

So when she had taken him in and shown him the downstairs interior of Dora's house the warm-flushed contours of rosewood, walnut and mahogany, the curves of old china, received a very captious critical analysis. Dora's family portraits he had pronounced hideous; the hundred-year-old white-hen egg dish, another grotesque; the Duxbury chairs and table, crude of line.

"But here we have what I think is beautiful," he had said, touching a blue glass flagon of lovely color and fragile thinness—worth several hundred dollars in the market perhaps. "And here too," he added amusingly, and he had picked up a dried fan frond of seaweed Dora had brought from the shore of the Jordan, of iridescent blues and purples and not worth two cents. Frances had laughed outright.

"Beauty for beauty's sake, indeed. That's the way mother and my sister Thelma talk. Everything must justify itself. But you are simply awful, Mr. Bestwick. You know nothing at all about the antique."

That he conceded; nor did he care. He liked the garden she had presented him with much better. His taste here Frances, in turn, conceded. She thought of this now as she sat talking with him, her eyes on a flaming band of perennial poppies against the hedge. Then she said:

"We must put the things in my basket away before it gets dark. And I've just about decided to give you a treat I've left for last of all, Mr. Bestwick. You haven't really raved about Dora Pennyman's things at all as you should, and tonight I'm going to make you. I'm going to show you something that few people see, or only special people and Dora's more intimate friends. I'm sure she won't mind my showing you, and you're to remember that it's a—a very special mark of friendship," she finished, with a slight flush.

"That alone will make it lovely for me," said Bestwick with his usual exaggerated chivalry, and picked up her basket again.

The house inside was filling with the shadows of dusk, and Frances hastily replaced her borrowed articles in Dora's Chinese cabinet. Then she went to the fireplace. At one side here there hung what appeared to be a quite usual-looking oil painting, suspended from a purplish woolen cord. But at a touch from Frances it swung aside as a movable panel and revealed a small dark aperture behind it. Into this Frances thrust her hand, working at some obscure spring. At once Bestwick saw close by the chimney frame a dark slitlike opening that widened as he looked to the size of a man's body and the height of a low door. A tiny flight of three white steps appeared leading from it, curving with the angle of the chimney, with a suggestion of space beyond.

"The secret room of the Pennyman place!" cried Frances.

"I've heard of things like that," said Bestwick.

"Well, this is one of the real ones, built into the house right from the beginning, to hold a family safe, with papers and deeds and gems and things in it. But wait till I show you what's kept there now." And she drew him up the three little steps into a small pocket room behind the chimney.

"See!" she cried. "The funny little trick window! It looks from the outside like part of the mullion above it. And see what it is that Dora keeps here! Out of the limelight and just where it ought to be. It's the William and Mary cabinet," she cried. "Oh, but you, of course, wouldn't have heard of it. This is the Pennymans' proudest piece. Trevor Pennyman brought it from England, and there's no end of romance connected with it. For one story, it is said the king went out hunting one morning, coursing a stag, and fell from his horse near Stanwych, where the English Pennymans lived; and they brought him into the house, and the Pennyman butler served wine right from this cabinet to his majesty, and his host and the Marquess of Blandford, when the king's ankle or whatever he hurt got better—all standing by this and drinking healths together. Isn't that charming? And of course there are other tales. But it's very choice. There's no other piece in America just like this one."

Frances ran a light reverent hand over the surface of the piece. In the softened light here the color of the wood, the rich burl of its finish, came out in a tempered mellow gloss like the lacquer on an old-time Havana cigar. But she passed swiftly from the beauties of the wood to intricacies in the thing itself. She bent to pull out shallow drawers, unfasten the little central doors, worked a moment on a middle button, produced the inevitable secret drawer.

"Secrets all around," she laughed. "I've no doubt this has held plenty in its time, and all Dora keeps in it now are a string of cat's eyes like these or some of these old lace bits that were her mother's—or sandalwood and an old shawl Cap'n David brought back from India. But you're hardly looking at this, and there are people who would give their heads for a look. All the commercial people who handle these things and that Dora never allows in here, and plenty of others! This cabinet is well known among collectors and in the market, and I'm giving you a rare treat. Please rave about it—and look at the most beautiful thing here."

"I am looking at the most beautiful thing here," said Bestwick slowly, and in the tiny room he stood very close to her, with his eyes directly on her face. "I told you once, didn't I, that I prefer living beauty to dead?"

At once the strange confusion Bestwick brought to her seized Frances more strongly, inclosed as they were in this dim secret little space. Wings seemed to beat in the air about her, a troubled conflict of emotion rose in her. She fought for a light touch.

"There you go, being gallant again," she laughed, "when you ought to be truthful, Mr. Bestwick. As for living beauty, wait till you meet my sister Janet. But let's go out."

Bestwick said nothing, following her passively down the little steps again. He waited until she had resealed the opening to the secret room, locked the door once more and stood on the greensward under the elm. It was now definitely growing dark. The big tree brooded above them, mysterious and suggestive, a dozen perfumes from garden shrubs floated in the air. And the queer emotion still lay on Frances. She had brought it with her from the house. In the silence between her and her companion it spoke, challenging and forewarning her. Indeed, she felt sure of what was coming. She knew two impulses—to flee and to remain. She remained. Afterward she was quite honest about that.

Bestwick probably read her with ease. He waited, still silent, until they stood exactly under the tree. Then he placed his hands on her shoulders and faced her lightly toward him.

"Let's go out," he mimicked gently, "and we will—right to the Kissing Tree. Give me a kiss, Miss F. Lowry," he added in a low voice, and he put a finger under her chin, and raising her face slowly laid his lips against hers.

For one blinding flash Frances was impotent, melting, helpless, utterly to be taken care of; and then there came a queer reaction; a smoky but resolute and violent marshaling of forces, a sensation of cold withdrawal and utter repulsion. She raised one hand to fight free, but Bestwick caught her wrist.

"Darling girl," he whispered, holding her. But in a moment she tore herself away.

"Why—why did you?" she cried sharply. "And why am I here? It's all spoiled. I don't like it." It was the truth. "Why, I don't even know you!" That, too, was truth. It filled her with a queer sense of panic. She bent and snatched up her empty basket. "I'm going, Mr. Bestwick. You may finish those sketches any time, but I shan't be back."

It seemed to her she stood facing a stranger. Something glamorous and enchanted was gone—a fair bubble of illusion that was dispelled. She had been kissed by a stranger—yes, a stranger; what's more, not even a young and suitable stranger. Old, battle worn, experienced beyond a doubt, flirtatious, cheaply persuasive. She had allowed him to stage this common bit of melodrama with her, who always had boasted of a level head and a sense of humor.

"Going!" she cried furiously, and ran right out of the place.

She scrubbed her lips with her handkerchief as she went—until they burned. Nor would her hot self-scorn abate even under mental emollients. What, asked her mind, was she making all this to-do about? Why so much fuss over a kiss? Janet, her beautiful sister, probably kissed a hundred men per annum. But the point was that she didn't. Probably that's why a kiss to her seemed different and special. Janet gave them out like flowers from an indestructible bouquet; but with her a kiss was a single special blossom, a flower for a knight's helm, and at least a process uninterrupted—by a third person.

(Continued on Page 58)

Everywhere You Hear— Chrysler

Let a Chrysler Six enter a home operating two or more cars and the others rapidly fall into disuse. The Chrysler, on the other hand, is constantly in use—because it is a Chrysler. In due time—through sheer logic—it replaces the rest. Who would choose sluggishness against Chrysler snap and dash? Who would choose the cumbersome and the costly as against the convenient and the economical? Chrysler is virile, awake, and alive. In and out and around the others it darts—circling them on the hills, passing them on the highways. Not merely a new note in motoring—a new school in engineering, and a new school in performance, is the Chrysler. Height, weight, balance, space, acceleration, power, appearance—these are some of the things Chrysler has revolutionized. Make no mistake—you are witnessing the rise of new principles in motor manufacture which are profoundly affecting *all* motor car design. No car is immune to the irresistible attractions of the Chrysler—it is invading all classes of ownership, beginning with the highest. If you are still of the few who doubt—watch the city streets, the country club, the fine homes, and equally so the country roads and the substantial residence sections. Above all—*listen to the talk everywhere.*

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Division of Maxwell Motor Corporation
MAXWELL-CHRYSLER MOTOR CO. OF CANADA, LTD., WINDSOR, ONT.

(Continued from Page 56)

Which is what made this one so horrible. For in the very middle of kissing this Henry Bestwick of New York she had seen a face looking at her. A so-so face with whimsical brows, attractive gray eyes and a moth's-wing mustache—a face that chided her—the face of Dr. Ezra Taylor!

It was now dark and June bugs were lurching out of the hedges. Her own home lay still dark and quiet under a recuperative complex. Frances flung up to her room, plunged out of her clothes and threw herself on her bed, to continued self-analysis, recrimination and a choice list of epithets out of association with her rude companions of the Spanish Main.

But sleep came presently.

III

SHE was awakened by the broad pale smile of the moon in her face. It had come up, climbed the hedge and the house wall and now peered in through her open window, like a round inquisitive face. Frances awoke to full consciousness, sat up, banked her pillows behind her and returned the impertinent white stare.

Whatever the fat face discovered must have been pleasing, for the moon now resolved to enter the room bodily. It laid broad filmy white hands across the sill, sent in exploring spectral fingers along the wall, over the furniture. One of these crept up the side of her dresser, began progressing slowly over the top, touching one by one little oddments she had thrown there. Frances watched it idly. It rested on her brush and comb, a tray of pins, a handkerchief, reached next a bit of pale blue. That was the ribbon that carried the key to Dora Pennyman's house, tossed down now from her wrist on her return. The moon finger crept to the key itself, fingered, fondled it, silvered it clearly, brought out its outline sharply. And Frances, rubbing her eyes, leaned forward swiftly. This was not the key to the Pennyman house!

Superficially—yes. An undistinguished bit of plated metal, at first glance very like it—very like a hundred other keys. But Frances' fingers had too long associated with the other—were too familiar with its pattern of flange and top. Instinctive memory stirred. This was a totally different key. Even the blue ribbon was of different texture.

In some fashion a substitution had been made. It had—it must have been made upon her wrist, literally, since the key had not left it except for the lock in the Pennyman door. And in one heart-shocking moment memory assisted Frances and gave her the bitter humiliating truth, one grim inescapable conclusion. When she came to this she rose and dressed herself swiftly in the discarded garments of the day and left the house.

The clock on her dresser recorded 11:50. The silent world into which she stepped was bathed in lustrous radiance. From somewhere along the hedges she caught the faint receding crunch of Abel Prunes' footsteps. Abel was making his periodic round. Thank heaven, she had awakened early! There was far too much moon anyhow for any pretentious coup of deviltry to be staged at the Pennyman house as yet.

If any such thing were contemplated it was planned no doubt for the dim hour just before daybreak. In the dark grayness then, a van, a muffled engine, a force of men in the lane —— It sounded like melodrama again, but it wasn't impossible. At least it would be the only strategic promising success. Any plot laid against the Pennyman stores would have to be on a large scale. No one individual could make a dent on the house; a lone man might as well try to carry off the Kissing Tree as touch the heavy walnut pieces, the fragile crystals, the old paintings.

"It would need complete darkness and a lot of teamwork; skill and lots of care about it. It would be a darn clumsy thing to tackle. And I don't know that that's what's in the wind; but there's something, and I've got to see. There must be plenty of time, with all this light."

As she fled along it occurred to Frances that she had come without a weapon. But after all there were no weapons, unless you counted the kitchen fire shovel, the furnace poker or the little old empty pearl-handled derringer mother kept under her pillow.

"What could I do, anyhow?" she reflected. "This will be a job for finesse. I'll have to lie low and watch, and give some kind of alarm if it's needed, that's all."

Very quickly she had got through the lane and faced the iron gate once more. The lane was as bright as day, and completely empty. The garden was empty also. No one sat in the rustic seat now. No one stood in the porch. The moon, busy here also, brightened the gray house wall, revealed the correctly closed door. There was no key standing in the lock. All appeared to be as it should. But with her hand on the latch, Frances knew better. The door gave, swung open silently, revealing the well-like darkness of the hall beyond. Without hesitation Frances stepped inside. The living room at her left lay dark, too, or practically so.

With her heart knocking a little in her side, Frances realized the undisturbed presence of the familiar setting, the ghost-gray shapes of Dora Pennyman's old possessions arranged in their conventional outlines, and with a curious tension of nerves, a sort of sixth sense, she knew that the living room was empty. But it was not entirely dark!

A thin vertical pencil of light about the height of a low door gleamed on the wall by the chimney breast, and a smothering, overpowering conviction seized Frances. The drama had begun. Whatever was intended—for whatever reason her key had been stolen—the event was going forward now, beyond that pencil of light, up the three little steps and in the little secret pocket behind the chimney, which she had so fatuously revealed.

Oh, for mother's derringer, with a good ball in it! Oh, even for the kitchen shovel! Oh, foolish impulse that had led her unconsidered, unprepared steps so quickly here! Frances' hand, moving in despair, struck down sharply into the pocket of her pongee dress. Her hand automatically closed on a smooth cylinder lying there—a forgotten cylinder. As she drew it out the light on the wall refracted a metaled silvery gleam. Her finger touched the dark circular pottery base, cased in its rim of metal luster. Then a slight sound from behind the chimney reached her and she became inspired. Without a moment's hesitation she extended the object she held in her right hand, passed through the opening in the wall and up the little steps to the hidden room.

By the light of a lantern, she saw a man in brown kneeling there on the floor with his back to her. He knelt before the William and Mary piece, with a litter of objects about him on the floor. As Frances looked at him, his slim tapering fingers manipulated a middle button in the little central cabinet and drew out the secret drawer. She spoke almost without volition:

"Put 'em up! I mean put up your hands, Mr. Bestwick!"

Bestwick flashed to his feet, half turning But he faced her with his hands in the air readily enough.

"That's right. Up, I said!" The cool hard voice flowed steadily from Frances' lips, and words over which she had no control immediately followed: "Or I shall blow you into the middle of next week," she added bitterly.

Color poured over Bestwick's face.

"My God, you've caught me!"

"It looks like it. Did you suppose you could get away with abusing confidence, exploiting a friendship? Not if you deal with me!" cried Cap'n Cutlass. "But you get yours. You're due for the police now."

To her surprise, Henry Bestwick, with his hands still elevated, bit his lip and groaned.

"What do I care about the police?" he cried. "My God, the whole thing's ruined!"

Suddenly his expression changed—became servile, pleading, anxious.

"Miss Frances," he cried, "I wouldn't blame you for shooting me outright. I've been despicable. But if you'll listen to me, if you'll see it my way, if you'll look at these things on the floor and let me tell you—I took the only way I could. You'll realize I'm not here to touch or take a thing belonging to the Pennymans. It wouldn't make much difference to them—they'd never know—and none to you," he added desperately, "if you'd let me explain, if you could forgive me and help me ——"

What Henry Bestwick of New York had to offer in the way of explanation was the last straw. That little fling of romance begun as a summer idyl under the Kissing Tree, crystallizing in these last minutes into a possible duel of wits with a desperado—at least a fitting and dramatic finish for it—dwindled and died into a contemptible effigy

Frances leaned against the wall in weary contempt as he finished.

"No," she said, "you must realize the impossibility No exception has ever been made I ought to turn you over to the police anyhow But since you have hardly begun, I shall let you go. Pick up your things, please; your pads and rules, your drawing pencils and your black sateen bag, and go. Go quickly, please. Go very quickly," she added a little later, watching Mr. Bestwick's figure vanish across the porch, "and thank heaven that I don't give you the black spot even so—and a swift dispatch from this Chinese snuff bottle."

When she had locked the house again she did not at once go home. She stopped and sat on a low stone wall at the end of the lane. And here Dr. Ezra Taylor, driving home in his one-lung gas shay, found her. He stopped and climbed out.

"Frances Lowry! Sitting all alone after midnight—on a stone wall!"

"Yes, and I'd like to beat my brains out on it—if I had any. Tell me, have you any medicine for a sick self-respect, Doctor Taylor? Could you give me some kind of a pill?"

"I'd rather give you a kiss," said Doctor Taylor boldly.

"You won't when you hear who's kissed me this evening—and why," cried Frances. "A commercial measuring worm!" And she burst out with the whole story.

"Think of it! A man who makes his living faking fine antiques—celebrated for it in his world—proud of it, even it's so almost respectable! A man who finds a rich stupid Western client who wants William and Mary—but doesn't know it, and to whom he offers to sell the famous Pennyman cabinet for ten thousand dollars. A man who resolved by hook or crook to get into that house while Dora was away, who was willing to sit tight and take time and wait until he found the right dumb-bell to help him, who found—me!"

Doctor Taylor patted her shoulder.

"Everybody buys bad mining stock once in his life, Frances."

"It was only glamour," she wept—very strangely, on Doctor Taylor's shoulder.

"Well, I don't care what you call it—I didn't like it. I knew there was something. But it's over now. You know, Frances" —here the doctor cleared his throat because his own voice trembled a little—"that's how you can tell the true from the false—how you can tell the real thing, I mean. You don't want to hide it away in a garden somewhere. You want it in your life—openly. I know," he added, "because I—I've got it myself—the real thing. Oh, Frances, I've got a gall to ask you, but I'm in love with you so, I've got to tell you about it. A doctor's wife has a dog's life; any one of 'em'll tell you. Never home in time for meals, can't keep a social engagement, called out in the night for baby cases and old ladies with hearts; not so much money for it—a few thousand at best—and in my case, the boys' club all over the place. But—well, I've got to ask you, because I love you, Frances. I'm tired of your being the Lowrys' fetch and carry and the fourth Grace. I want you to be all three of 'em for me. You're the most gifted, the most beautiful girl I ever knew, and if you could only care for me ——"

"But I do care for you, Ezra Taylor, strange as it may seem in view of my recent conduct. I knew it—if ever—both times—with that measuring worm. I mean when he—and again when I was holding the snuff bottle on him. I saw your face the first time, and that's why I hated it. And at the end, when I looked at his hands—a strangler's hands, I thought, perhaps, and knew he could call my bluff—well, I saw you too. Oh, what wouldn't you have done to him!"

"I'd like to have pasted him one. Kiss me, Frances."

"Or shot him with blue vitriol from a hypodermic."

"I said, kiss me."

But Frances held off a minute, her nose rubbing his blue serge comfortably.

"How nice you smell—of meddy and all that. It's sort of like Chinese incense. Oh, if I was clever like Thelma I could tell you about the way I'm fond of you! I'd say, 'My love for you, Ezra, is like a coat of silk sewn with jade and azure stars ——'"

"Say it in American," ordered Doctor Taylor, but as he completely estopped utterance just then of any kind at all, his request was fairly unreasonable.

ROADSIDE MARKETS

(Continued from Page 11)

"But my wife said, 'Yes, but that's not the truth. You have got fruit for sale. It rots on the ground every year. How would it be if I'd keep a few baskets in the house to sell to people when they stop? Maybe when they find they can have it they won't want it so hard. That's the way folks are.'

"So that's what she did. She just kept a few baskets handy by. Then presently she moved them out to the porch, and from there she moved them out to the front gate, right in plain sight. Well, that's how it started. It's just a side issue, you see."

"But it pays?"

"Why, yes." He laughed as he added, "It pays surprisingly well. It astonished us how much we made a week. It did for a fact. It doesn't seem like anything at all; a quarter here, fifty cents there and a dollar now and then; but when you begin to tot it up it counts up to a pretty good sum. You see, it's no expense We've got the stuff right here; don't even have to haul it off the place. The customers do that for us. And it's spot cash every time. That's something to a farmer—just having loose change.

"As a matter of fact, we could sell far more than we do, especially week-ends. Sometimes we sell out clean as a whistle on Saturdays—nothing left over for Sunday—and when that happens we close down."

"And lose all your Sunday customers?"

"Yeah, sure thing; let 'em drive on."

"But it would be easy enough to buy more stuff from the farmers around to supplement your own?"

"Oh, yes."

"And make this a sort of clearing house for the produce of the countryside You know—organize it—sell right straight up to the peak capacity of what the crowds will buy—push it, like a regular business—make it a big open-air market - buy first-class attractive stuff and charge good prices. People will pay."

"Oh, yes," he assented readily, "they'll pay all right if they like the goods. But—well, you see, it's this way: This is all right for a side line, as I said, but I don't think I'd want to make it more than that. I'm a farmer; running a fruit stand's not my job, though I'll admit it pays and is no trouble at all. It's my wife's pet. She likes getting out and meeting folks, you know. And when she's busy one of the children stands outside."

"If it's your wife's pet she keeps the cash, I suppose—butter-and-egg money, so to speak?"

He laughed at that and shook his head.

"No, sir-ree! It's a community chest. We're using it to pay off the mortgage."

As good as that! He was using the side issue to pay off the mortgage which the main issue, the straight selling of produce through regular channels, with heavy transportation and commission tolls, had probably put on. The side show was making more than the main tent.

He was like a prospector who, accidentally stubbing his toe upon an outcropping ledge of rich high-grade ore, walks on, nose in air, eyes, dreaming, on the peaks. A fortune to be made in roadside markets? Pish and likewise pooh!

"Look out there!" exclaimed the farmer, laughing, as he pointed to the road. "See what you have done! Now that's a funny thing. I've watched it happen over and over again. Somebody stops his car—wants to buy. Then everybody else on the road stops—the whole outfit gets the same notion at the same time. They follow a leader just like a flock of sheep!"

We looked and saw it was so. Our car, the first to halt, was now the center of a

(Continued on Page 63)

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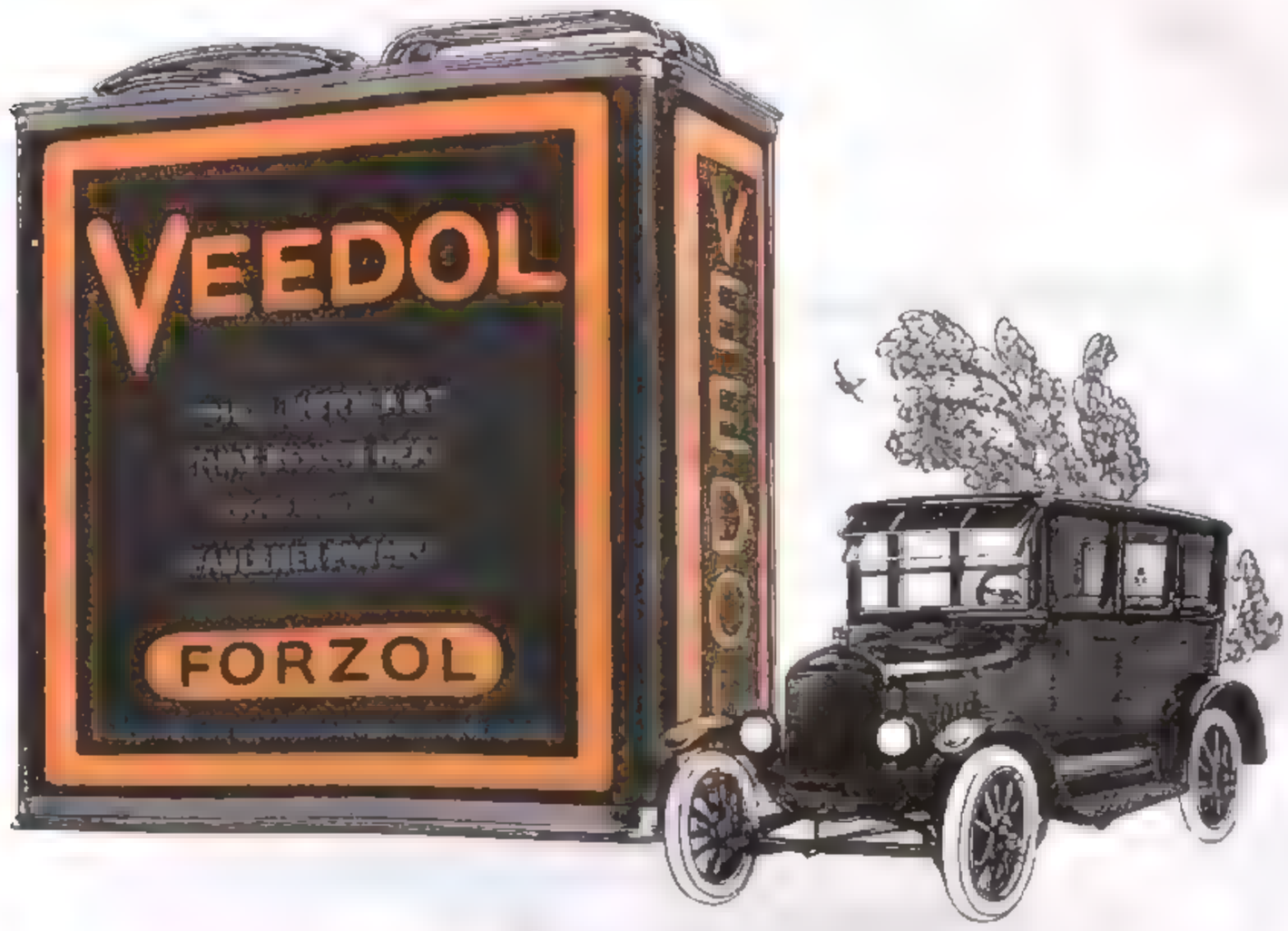

It is the proved economy oil for Fords - *for eight definite reasons*

ECONOMY of operation is certainly one of the deciding points in favor of the Ford car. Too often, however, the Ford owner forgets that economy of operation depends not on the car but upon himself.

For example, take lubrication. Experts now agree that this is the primary factor in the economical operation of any car. Yet how often do Ford owners confuse cheapness with economy when buying oil! And how often do repair bills prove that cheap oil is no economy!

There is one oil—Veedol Forzol—that is the *proved* economy oil for Fords. It will not be hard to convince you that this is a fact and not a mere statement.

Why this is the economy oil for Fords

Veedol Forzol was created for just one purpose—to solve the unique problem of the Ford lubrication system.

In the Ford, the engine and transmission are combined in one housing. Both units must be lubricated by the same oil—yet each requires different characteristics in the lubricant.

Quality *motor* oil may lubricate the Ford motor but it cannot be expected to lubricate the Ford transmission properly, because it is not made to do that job. Its use results in jerky chatter when you start, stop and reverse. Chatter wears out the transmission bands, causes destructive vibration and leads to overhauling and repairs.

Only an oil made to do *both* Ford lubrication jobs can give you economical Ford lubrication. That Veedol Forzol has this ability is proved by the results it gives. These are known as the "8 Economies."

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1—10 to 25% saving in gasoline—Hundreds of tests have demonstrated that Veedol Forzol saves 10% on gasoline consumption. 25% to 33% have been developed repeatedly.

2—Eliminates costly chatter—Veedol Forzol lengthens the life of the Ford brake bands by properly lubricating them. Chatter, a result of faulty lubricants, is entirely eliminated

3—10 to 25% saving in oil—The savings in oil consumption run from 10% to 25%. The exact savings depend upon the mechanical condition of the engine and the lubricant formerly used.

4—10 to 25% less carbon—Veedol Forzol forms on an average from 10% to 25% less carbon. The exact savings depend on the mechanical condition of the engine and the lubricant formerly used.

5—Resists heat and friction—Veedol Forzol possesses the famous characteristic of all Veedol oils to resist heat and friction.

6—Ability to coast—With average oil, a Ford will only coast down steep hills. With Veedol Forzol, you coast down the slightest grades.

7—Resists fuel dilution—Even with poor fuel, Veedol Forzol maintains its lubricating value longer than other oils. Result—more miles per gallon of gas and per quart of Veedol Forzol.

8—Fewer repairs—Because Veedol Forzol masters the lubricating problem of the Ford power plant, it gives a new freedom from repairs.

Test these "8 Economies" in your own Ford. Check the improved performance of your car against the "8 Economies" and prove for yourself that Veedol Forzol is the economy oil for Fords.

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Veedol Forzol is the identical oil formerly known as Veedol Fordol, a name which could not be registered or protected. The name **Veedol Forzol** is a trade name registered by us in the United States and foreign countries as a protection to the motoring public, the trade and ourselves.

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FOUR-SQUARE HOUSEHOLD TOOLS

(Continued from Page 58)

stationary flock. Hungry motorists were swarming around that stand like bees on a watermelon rind. His wife was doing a rushing trade with her final baskets of fruit.

"Of course," I said, "there's more to it than mere sheeplike imitation. You have a sound commercial proposition here. The people have been driving through these magnificent orchards; their appetites have been continuously stimulated by the sight and smell of all this fruit until they're hungry without knowing it. In addition, you have a strategic position here—no rivals for miles around. It looks cool under those green trees and your wife is attractive in white. Will a bee fly to honey? Of course the people buy! The man or woman who gives the public what it wants, when it wants it and at a fair price, presently has to hire a lawyer to figure his income tax—and I'm going to tell your wife so."

He laughed.

"Don't you do it! Leave her alone! She don't need any egging on!"

Later we struck other roadside markets, but not so frequently as in the East. The Westerner, and particularly the Northwesterner, is a man of large and noble ideas. Small opportunities—or opportunities which look small on the face of them—make no appeal. He is a dreamer to whom the birds in the bush sing more sweetly than the bird in the hand. Partly this largeness of spirit is the fault of the Creator, who drew the landscape on such mighty and magnificent lines.

But in the East, where competition is harsh, and thrifty aliens, Italians and Portuguese, have gone into agriculture and demonstrated what can be done with a small patch of earth, the American farmer is quicker to pounce on the chance to earn an honest dollar on the side. In addition, he has sold garden sass to tourists for ages; and automobile tourists, tearing and toothing through the landscape, are an old story to him; he knows the breed. And so throughout New England, in Jersey, Long Island and New York, along those congested thoroughfares, the Boston and the Albany Post Roads, up in the Catskills, not only along the main traveled arteries but also on pleasant shady by-trails leading deep into the rural countryside, one comes suddenly upon roadside stands with fruit and flowers artfully combined to catch the motorist's eye. Sometimes it is a girl selling maple sugar, delectable stuff, put up in five and ten pound jars. Or it may be baskets of fruit adorned with green leaves, peaches, apples, pears, as well as sandwiches in boxes, with fresh sweet cider to complete a picnic lunch en route.

Homemade Preserves

One farmer's wife, with a beauty streak in her blood, had added flower bulbs from her sweet old-fashioned country garden, and took orders for preserves and jams. And such preserves! Brandied peaches such as grandmother used to serve with fricasseed chicken when the preacher came to dine. Spiced apple butter. Little yellow egg-shaped tomatoes swimming in amber sirup. Damson-plum jam with nuts. Delectable rarities of a leisurely bygone age. She confessed that she had more orders than she could fill. She was an accomplished artist in her line, and the public had found it out and had beaten a path to her door. A famous firm of grocers de luxe offered to buy her whole output; they named a fancy sum. She refused.

"It sort of takes the fun out of it," she explained, adding that she liked to meet her customers face to face and swap recipes. Such meetings gave flavor and zest to her life, like spices she flung in her preserve kettle. "And besides," she concluded shrewdly, "if they can ask such topnotch prices and get away with it, why shouldn't I?" In point of fact, she did. But she gave value received.

It is possible, upon these roads, to collect the ingredients of an entire meal in the course of a morning's run. Recently a judge of general sessions, having closed his country place, was returning to town. His route lay along a famous Eastern turnpike in the heart of a rich farming district. The judge drove slowly, feasting his eyes upon the luxuriant crops which lay stretched out like a vast checkerboard in varying hues of green. Presently he drew up under a tree to which was tacked a shingle bearing a legend with the strange device: Broilers For Sail. The judge, who has growing sons of his own, divined who had been the architect of that crude sign.

"I could do with a broiler or two," he mused. "Hi, chief," he called to a freckled lad leaning over a gate, "is this your show?"

His business dispatched, he drove on. A score of miles farther along, he slowed down behind what appeared to be a traffic jam.

"Accident, I guess," said the judge, peering through his wind screen. "Some speed bug." Suddenly he burst into a laugh. "Green corn! A wagonload of fresh green corn! Farmer's wife selling it to the crowd—that's what the accident is!"

He sprang down and stepped over to the wagon drawn up by the roadside in front of an ancient Colonial farmhouse.

"When was this corn picked?" he demanded, as he pulled off his driving gloves. He husked an ear, sniffed its aroma, pushed his thumb nail into the even white rows. The milky liquid spurted into his eye.

"This noon," said the woman.

"That's fresh enough for me," said the judge. He gathered up an armload. "How much a dozen?"

"Fifty cents."

"Fair enough. It's ten cents an ear in town—fifty cents, if you eat it at a hotel with those little silver dinguses stuck in both ends. Not for mine! That's no way for an American to eat corn."

Speculators' Methods

And now the judge's blood was up. He had pushed through to the inside circle of the crowd, where men and women stood busily husking corn and bundling it into their waiting cars, and he perceived that there were other vegetables for sale—carrots, onions, beets, spinach, watermelons and baskets of fresh-gathered fruit.

"Might as well buy the rest of the dinner," he decided. He bought enough for that night—he bought enough for a week.

"Got any more fresh corn like that I bought here last week?" sang out a newcomer in a two-seater, peering over the heads of the crowd.

But the woman had just sold the last ear and the corn lover turned sadly away. For corn, really fresh corn, is a luxury very difficult to obtain in a great city; by the time it is transported by auto truck, water or rail, reconditioned, distributed and sold at retail, it is anywhere from two days to a week old and about as tender as the gizzard of a hard-boiled owl.

"Any cider?" queried the judge. She pulled forth her last gallon jug. "Do you put up any jellies or jams, tomato catchup or chili sauce? The stuff I have been buying isn't fit to eat."

The woman shook her head.

"This is just a side line," she explained.

"Pretty profitable side line, looks to me," muttered the judge.

He topped off with a basket of luscious fruit for the colored maid on the back seat, which she refused, for she was a lady of *ton* who disdained to tote food on the Subway like any common yaller gal.

Some of these roadside markets are good, some of them are poor. They fall into two general classes—first, those operated by the farmers or their wives, with the produce from their own fields; and second, those operated by nonfarmers as a sheer speculative venture, capitalizing the rich opportunities of the roadside. This second class usually buys its stuff from commission men in the city, reships it and sells it at high prices as fresh farm stuff. These speculators buy low and sell high. Their vegetables are stale, their fruits withered and tasteless or verging upon decay. They are usually odd lots picked up at a bargain down in the railroad yards where carloads of overripe market produce are sold for a song to cover the freight rates.

These salvaged lots are then transported to the roadside market, reconditioned, artistically disposed to conceal the blemishes and sold at top prices as coming straight from the farms. And so they do straight from the farms of the Middle and Far West, thousands of miles away. Thuswise the public is bilked.

"Are these Long Island potatoes?" asked a purchaser at one of these straight-from-the-farm commission markets on a certain much-traveled highroad.

"Yes, sir," came the glib reply.

"Because I always buy Long Island potatoes. I consider them the best."

"You're right. Long Island potatoes are hard to beat. Of course, they're a higher price."

But those particular Long Island potatoes which were sold to that customer had their native habitat in Maine. They had been shipped down to New York, resacked and rechristened to suit the local taste. An expert could have told the difference by the quality of the skin, but not the average city bird. The motto of these smooth speculators is, "Name it and you can have it. We strive to please."

"Those guys can get away with murder!" exploded one indignant roadside merchant, who, with his wife, ran a farm, carted his produce to the highway and sold out clean every week-end. "They give us all a black eye, for when the auto folks get fooled on one of those places they naturally conclude we're all the same stripe, and they go whizzing by without a look and give us their dust. It's not fair. There used to be one of those birds who ran a stand down the road a piece." He gave a brief summary of this bird's business methods. "He traveled around the farms, bought up culls dirt cheap and unloaded them on the public at fancy prices."

"And how long did he get away with that?"

"Well, not for long," admitted the farmer with a slow grin, rasping his chin. "He couldn't build up any permanent trade. Now I have my customers who stop regularly every week. What that guy counted on was one-sale customers—fellows that wouldn't ever come back, skylarkers off on a spree. But the bulk of traffic along this road is made up of people going back and forth from their homes. They live hereabouts. He ought to have located on one of the national highways and caught suckers beating it across the continent. He wouldn't have had any comeback then. But for all their slickness, these smart guys generally overreach themselves. I've seen them come and I've seen them go. They set up a stand and they start off with a whiz-bang, trying to hog the whole trade. Melons from the South. Grapes from Spain. But presently things begin to slack off. Either they haven't got the right point of view or they haven't got the guts to stick. They've no roots, no bottom, nothing to hold onto, and some fine morning you go past their place and find they've beat it in the night. They've discovered that location ain't everything. You've got to have something to sell."

Culling Out the Middlemen

It is the hardest thing in the world to get a farmer to admit that he makes money. Many keep no books from year to year and only know in a general way how they stand. Often the farmer is harassed by some gadfly of a debt which is stinging him in the pocketbook so hard that he is unable to recall past profits because of present pain. He is not, any way you take it, a sky-blue optimist. I expected, therefore, to hear the usual pessimistic tale. But this exponent of agriculture looked me shrewdly in the eye and remarked dryly:

"Well, I'm not in business for my health—not but what farming's healthy too." And he laughed. "I haven't felt no need so far for setting-up exercises on the phonograph to keep me up to par, and my wife hasn't gone in for ballet dancing yet." He added bluntly: "It stands to reason a farmer can make more money selling straight to the public without a go-between than when he has to pay through the nose all along the line to railroads and commission men. Every time stuff is handled somebody has to pay a toll. And ten times out of ten that somebody is Mr. Farmer; he's the end man that gets the knock.

"Well, I tried out all that. Produce men used to come to our door three and four times every year, offering to handle everything. New York being so near, we could pick and choose. We didn't have to step outside our gate. They'd come in autotrucks and take everything we had, from a dozen eggs up, and when they'd collected a load they'd scorch the road in to New York to catch the early markets.

"But those commission people weren't in the business for their health no more than the farmers are. Sometimes when the season's poor they'll advance you cash, and I don't know how it is, but pretty soon they get the farmer to eating out of their hand. Anyhow, we couldn't seem to get ahead. There was always some debt showing up just around the next curve like the searchlight of an automobile. And finally I decided to try cutting out the middlemen altogether and to sell straight to the customers along the road.

"I didn't have to put up any capital and I figured I wouldn't fall very far even if I failed. But we didn't fail. The idea seemed to catch on right from the first. It was no trouble at all. We didn't try to rob the public by asking any such prices as the fancy grocers charge in town. We followed the general curve of the market, but always just a little bit under, see? It's like this: In the springtime, when peas and beans are scarce and high, we can afford to sell well under the market and still take a profit; we don't follow all the dips and curves in prices, but hold a steady line. Staples, like potatoes, we shave down to the narrowest margin of profit in order to attract customers, and then we make it up on luxuries. We can do that and still not sell over the market price. When we started in to cut out the middleman we had one small farm of twelve acres which I worked myself. Since then I've leased two more and put money in the bank every year. Yes, so far as I'm concerned, cutting out the middle fellows and selling straight to the public pays."

It was out in Westchester, tooling along perfect roads in perfect weather, amid what had once been a prosperous farming community, but had now been transformed into a fashionable residence district by commuting New Yorkers who had bought the old farmhouses, remodeled them into country homes and played at gentleman farming while the farmers moved into town, that I heard of a woman who had made a striking success of roadside markets. A pioneer in the business, she had roused the entire countryside to what could be done in that line. A woman of imagination, initiative, resource.

Starting With Nothing

She was situated, I found, on one of those magnificent motor roads which, in their press of week-end traffic, resemble the congestion of Fifth Avenue. And the public is the public of Fifth Avenue—which is to say, practically every social and financial grade, native and alien, which can negotiate the price or the loan or the theft of a car. By day, a constant stream of outbound citizens roars past on duty or pleasure bent; by night, a constant stream of autotrucks laden with foodstuffs or booze with guards armed to the teeth goes thundering by in the dark. Altogether, a smooth, speedy, rollicking, raffish, moneyed crowd. America on the loose. And these are the boys who buy; these are the girlies whose jaws are forever on the grind.

It will be seen that on such a highway, with such a public, the selling possibilities of certain commodities is limited only by the blue-sky vault overhead; and of all commodities, the most universal, the most appealing, is food. And yet, until Mrs. Blank, a farmer's wife, tragically poor, borne down by poverty and debt, communing with her soul one despairing afternoon, looked down upon that highway black with racing cars, and had a sudden flash of inspiration, nobody in that community had ever dreamed of selling farm products by the roadside as an organized business proposition. Hot-dog stands, yes. Soda pop and orangeade stands, yes. Candy, peanuts and popcorn stands, antique shops and real-estate chalets, yes. But fresh green farm products, no.

It was a brand-new original idea. The week before I saw her she had refused an offer of $75,000 to sell out. That was how much her idea had increased in value in five years.

"I guess I'd better begin this story at the beginning," she said to me with a laugh. "And that beginning, in our case, was just nothing—literally nothing at all. It was after the war. We were dead broke, like a lot of other folks. The family consisted of my husband, myself and two little girls. Four mouths to feed, you see. My husband was a farmer, but he had no farm. And I don't know any tougher luck than to be a farmless farmer, unless" she twinkled suddenly "it's to be a farmer with a farm. But my husband liked farming. The first thing to do was to get hold of a place—a few acres on which we could make a living. We decided to lease on credit the first year, and this we managed to do. The farm was small—around fifteen acres. We own it now. Our plan was to make it support us until we could get on our feet and look around. Luckily, we had a good-sized field of rhubarb which the owner threw in with the lease. We counted on selling that to buy a few necessities.

His same fine blend of 50 years ago

In his little Swiss kitchen fifty years ago, Daniel Peter experimented with infinite care—until he caught just the fine blend he was after. And that blend has remained the standard in quality for two generations.

Of the scores of varieties of cocoa beans, only six go into *Peter's*—and only certain choice grades of these. It is an art—roasting and blending these beans. Even today only foremen thoroughly trained in Swiss methods have charge of this work.

Milch cows of the highest grade supply the milk for *Peter's*. This pure milk is blended with the chocolate in big mixing kettles just as it comes in hourly, fresh from the farm.

Peter's has a fine, rare flavor that is different—distinctive. Only in *Peter's* do you get this satisfying flavor. If you've never tasted it, try *Peter's* today. You'll like it. It's *good*.

Send 20 cents for the famous Peter's assortment package—plain—almond—croquettes. Peter Cailler Kohler Swiss Chocolates Co., Inc., 129 Hudson St., New York, N. Y.

High as the Alps in Quality

Peter's
MILK CHOCOLATE

"Well, when the time came round we got it ready. We bunched it and my husband took a wagonload off to market. At noon he drove back into the yard, his wagonload untouched. He hadn't sold a single bunch! He got down, stamped into the house and sat down without a word. He was too mad and discouraged to speak—just sat there glowering at the floor, black as a thundercloud. Finally I got him to open up. He'd gone to the market and the man there had offered him two dollars and a half a hundred bunches. Two dollars and a half for a hundred bunches and not a penny more! Well, that spelled ruin for us. For just to bunch all that rhubarb takes a lot of labor, not counting anything else.

"My husband argued with the man, asked him what the h—— he thought farmers lived on—ozone? The man told him he could take it or leave it and be damned. I guess the talk got kind of rough. My husband don't say much as a rule, but that day he saw red. He told me he let go at that fellow with both barrels—much good that it did, but you know how men are! Right in the midst of it all a lady came in and asked to buy some rhubarb—retail. The commission man sold her two withered bunches for a quarter. So there was the proposition, cold. We had to sell our rhubarb wholesale for two dollars and a half and that woman had to pay a quarter for two bunches, retail. It was hell both ways. Hell if we did sell and hell if we didn't. My husband turned around and brought the stuff back home. I tell you things looked blue. We had to sell it or we had to starve. If we could get anywhere near the retail price we could realize a profit. The idea was to sell it straight to the public—but how, when, where?

"I suppose I could peddle it around," said my husband gloomily. But that idea was not so good. He was needed on the farm; and besides, this is a farming neighborhood and people had rhubarb aplenty of their own.

"I went outdoors to think it over, leaving the wagon still loaded in the yard. It looked as if we were in a cleft stick. And yet there was the public willing to buy rhubarb at twelve and a half cents a bunch if only we could get at them. I couldn't help thinking of that woman, you see, for if there was any light it must be in that direction."

Small Beginnings

"Did I tell you that our farm lies back 100 yards or so from this road which drops here about twenty feet? I used to come out after dinner, look down, watch the automobile lights flash by and wonder about the people inside. Day dreaming, I guess you'd call it. Without thinking, that's what I did that day. I came out and stood looking down, figuring how on earth we were going to live. Down below on that road were prosperous people; they rolled by in luxurious limousines, wads of money in their pockets, able to buy the earth. And up here, 100 yards off, were we, scratching our heads off, and still not making a cent. Rhubarb at twelve and a half cents a bunch meant nothing to them—and withered rhubarb at that; while to us —— And just at that point my idea came to me like a flash; it went blazing through my mind. I turned and flew back to the house, picked up an old basket and began to heap it with rhubarb like one possessed. My little girl stood watching me from the door of the tool shed

"'Come here,' I said. 'I want you to take this basket, stand out on the road and do just what I say.'

"Just then my husband came out of the house. 'What on earth ——' he began. He's used to my freaks and that's all he says when I spring something new.

"'I've got an idea,' I replied. 'Come on.' I led my little girl down to the road, perched her on a ledge and taught her what to say. 'Rhubarb! Nice fresh rhubarb! Five cents a bunch. Six for a quarter. Buy my rhubarb!'

"You see, I didn't sell at the market price; I decided to be moderate, take a small profit and clean up on that wagonload. Well, it acted like a charm. It seemed as if all the world wanted rhubarb that afternoon. The first to stop was a general. Afterward I got to know him well. My daughter waved a bunch at him and sang out in her sweet little pipe:

"'Rhubarb, mister? Nice fresh rhubarb? Five cents a bunch. Six for a quarter. Please buy my rhubarb!'"

"I was watching from behind a tree. My heart was in my mouth. I saw him stop and buy. Others did the same. We cleaned out the lot that day. The first dollar we earned that afternoon I kept as a souvenir—and framed! I have it yet."

She smiled. There again spoke imagination, vision, faith. A lesser woman in such straits would have used that dollar to buy sugar or soap. But even then she knew that the worst was over and that more dollars were on the way; even then she realized that she had tapped a rich vein of paying ore—it only remained to work it for all it was worth, and that is what she did.

In the course of the next few days they constructed a shelter by the roadside. Having no money to buy timber, they used boxes and benches, an old door, and for an awning she nailed up window shades to protect her wares from the sun. Thus began a pioneer career in which she was mother, housewife, farm hand, retail merchant, bookkeeper and general manager all in one. Up at dawn in the fields to pick the vegetables covered with dew, toiling far into the night to get all set for the next day. She worked like a bond slave—and she loved it.

The Business Grows

With such a spirit, success was inevitable. The motoring public began to acquire the habit of stopping before her stand; they liked the idea of taking home in their cars vegetables and fruit manifestly fresh from the fields. She kept her prices moderate. She took infinite pains to please. And what her husband called freakiness, by which he meant her quicksilver imagination, her eagerness to pounce on a new idea, kept her up on her tiptoes. She was forever inventing fresh dodges to divert into her pocketbook more and more of the gold which ran in a big thick vein past her door.

"For example," she illustrated, "some of my regular customers—and they were regular; I made it my business to see that they got that way—wanted me to put up jam. Well, jam making is a back-breaking nuisance; it's a careful, finicky job, requiring any amount of attention. Time and proportions have to be just right, and I had my hands full as it was. But I promised.

"One lady, I remember, wanted a particular kind of plum jam. She brought me the family recipe. She didn't care about the price, but the jam had to be just so. Well, I took on the job, and then I discovered that we didn't grow that particular kind of plum around here. I had to send down to Pennsylvania for them. It took weeks, for I had to make samples; but finally I satisfied her.

"Soon after that I began to take orders for winter things. Then I decided to add specialties which we didn't grow on our farm, but which the customers called for. Not rare hothouse specialties, you understand; not the stuff you buy at big city fruiterers which costs its weight in gold; but country specialties, impossible to find at any price in town. And, of course, all this time our biggest specialty was simply fresh vegetables and fruit, the best in quality and moderate in price.

"I can't deny it was the hardest kind of hard work those first few struggling years, housekeeping and farming and selling and keeping books. For from the very first we had to keep books. From week to week I liked to know where we stood. As time went on the demand grew so in volume that we couldn't begin to keep up with it; we couldn't grow things fast enough to sell. So we were forced to reach out, to supplement our own home-grown produce with that from other farms. My husband would go out through the countryside and pick and choose what we needed. We always paid cash right on the nail; we never bought cheap, low-grade stuff just because it could be had for a bargain, but kept our standards high. For we discovered that the best was what the public liked. In this way we became a sort of clearing house for all the farms within a radius of fifty miles. Whatever they had to sell we bought direct, for cash, cutting out the commission men, and sold direct to the consumers.

"Well, as time went on we began to do a great volume of business. At least"—she laughed—"we thought it was pretty big for rubes. For example, one year we sold $50,000 worth of apples alone—the finest grade of apple that is produced in this part of the country.

"Then one morning a farmer rang us up and said, 'I have 500 baskets of ripe peaches. Can you handle them right away?'

"We could and we did. We sold those 500 baskets inside of three hours the same afternoon. One season we sold 10,000 gallons of cider right on this roadside. You should have seen the scramble one Saturday afternoon! There was such a jam of automobiles in front of our place, and for half a mile to the rear, that somebody back on the road got the idea there must be an accident and telephoned into town for the police. Two cops came whizzing up on their motorcycles and found that the only accident was that all the world wanted cider at one and the same time.

"I figure that our success was due chiefly to three simple things: First, hard work; second, giving good quality; and third, selling at a reasonable price. Of course, it is true, we did have a strategic location here on a great automobile highroad where thousands pass every day. But so had others, and yet they failed; any number have failed. We were the pioneers in roadside markets in this part of the country; and when we began to make a success, others started up. But usually they were just speculators, swindlers, trying to cash in on the opportunities without giving value received; they had no farms; they had no practical experience; they bought cheap stuff, cheated the public and gave us all a black eye.

"And we had other troubles. I wouldn't have you believe that building up a business like this was all plain sailing from the start; it distinctly was not. We've had our runs of bad luck and bad judgment. For instance, one day we got in a wagonload of pears. Luscious! Fit to melt in your mouth! We figured we'd make a killing on that wagonload, sell out that afternoon. You know when you go to the grocer for a melon, the first thing he asks is, 'Want it for today?' There's today's fruit and tomorrow's fruit and next week's fruit."

The New Departure

"Well, that wagonload was strictly today's pears. They were right up to the absolute pitch of perfection to be gobbled up before dark. The next day they'd begin to go off. The third day they'd be black, mushy, ready for the garbage can. So we had to act quick. And then, with that wagonload of perishable perfection on our hands it up and rained! For three mortal days it poured as if it would never stop.

And the public, instead of buying pears, just streaked past in closed cars and never even looked out. But on the whole, in spite of such occasional mishaps, we prospered. We stretched out. We became known both to the farmers and to the traveling public along this road.

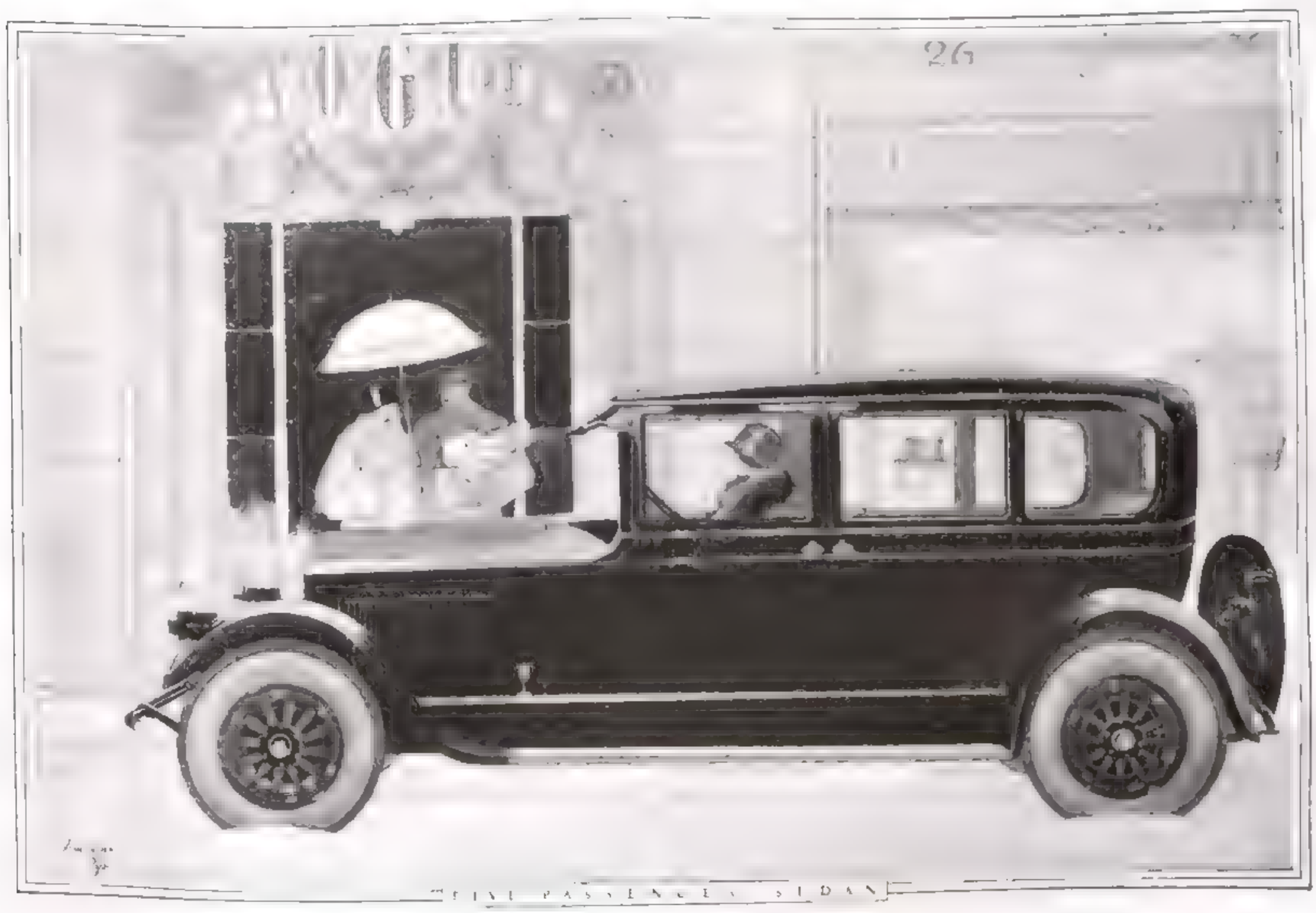
"At length one day I decided on a new departure; or rather, to be exact, the public decided it for me. We were already selling, in addition to fruit and vegetables, cider and jams and taking orders for almost anything the auto folks might crave. And presently they began to pester me to put up lunches for them. As if I didn't already have enough on my hands! But they kept right after me, and you know how it is about a new idea. First off, you can't see it; nothing to it. You go blustering and scolding around and shoo it out of the house. But it keeps hanging around like a hungry underfed cat, mewing and miaowing, and first thing you know it's sitting on your lap and you're feeding it the baby's cream.

"Well, that's the way it was with me. I fought that idea up hill and down dale, but finally it wore me out and I gave it right of way. It was the inevitable next step. I saw it had to be. Everything fitted in like fate. In the beginning we'd given the public fresh produce. That wasn't enough for them; they began to clamor to have it cooked. And when enough people clamor you've got to give in. It's what preachers term a call. So we put up a building, bought tables and crockery and started to feed the multitude from our farm, instead of selling the produce to them raw. They would have it, and I'll admit we've made money on the idea. Last week we refused an offer of $75,000. And—well, here we are!"

An analysis of this particular success is worth while, for it demonstrates that in farming as in business there are two separate and distinct departments, the producing and the selling ends, each equally important, but requiring in the operator different qualities, different gifts of mind. Rarely are both the producing and the selling ability combined in one and the same

(Continued on Page 66)

PIERCE-ARROW
Series 80



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OR maybe it's tennis you miss when winter comes. Whatever exercise you were accustomed to all summer, its sudden discontinuance very likely caused a feeling of dullness, heaviness, lassitude.

Physical directors know the effects of this sudden change of habits, and one of the most prominent advises their correction by eating sauerkraut.

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For lactic ferments are among the most valuable of intestinal cleansers and disinfectants. Their beneficial effects are attested by the highest health authorities. They prevent the growth of harmful bacteria which are so often the cause of "that tired feeling."

The statements of such food scientists as Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, Superintendent of the Battle Creek Sanitarium; Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, Director of the Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health, conducted by *Good Housekeeping*; Dr. William S. Sadler of the Chicago Institute of Research and Diagnosis; Dr. Arnold Lorand; and many others, regarding the value of sauerkraut as a corrective and preventive food, are given in detail in the booklet, "Sauerkraut as a Health Food," with forty-five new and delicious ways of preparing it.

All who would preserve health through right eating should have this booklet. Mail the coupon now for your copy FREE.

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(Continued from Page 64)

head. If a man has genius for production he is apt to be more or less of a dud in the selling line.

This holds particularly true of the small farmer, whose time and energies are absorbed practically to the exclusion of all else in the many-sided problems of actual production. But the result of this one-sided interest is that even when he makes a fair success with his crops, he has neither the time nor the initiative to cope with the formidable problems of selling, which require headwork of an entirely different order. Thus he has permitted the selling end of his business to slip out of his hands, and there has come into being a group of middlemen, commission merchants, brokers, and so on, who have taken over this department. They handle the farmer's selling problems for him; but they handle them not for his financial advantage but for their own. They are like two separate, competing business firms, each anxious to cut down the other's profits and to pile up increment for themselves.

But in the case of Mrs. Blank, the producing and the selling departments of the business of farming were confined in the same family. The husband handled production; the wife handled the selling end of the game. She gave her entire resources to the problem of building up trade, creating direct contacts with the public, observing what it liked, amplifying her stock, working out schemes to attract new customers, organizing the countryside behind her so that she became a kind of unofficial clearing house for all the farmers around—and because she had a gift in these directions and was quick to seize opportunities on the wing, she made a signal success.

"Can a farmer make money selling direct to the consumer?" I asked a wholesale commission man whose yearly net earnings run well up into five figures.

"Certainly he can," came the positive reply. "A farmer can nearly always make a profit if he can market his own produce without go-betweens. But many of them are not in a position to do that. When they begin to deal with commission men who contract to buy their crops, they're bound to accept less, for they've eliminated transportation rates; they've eliminated handling costs, market flurries and overproduction.

"In short, they've eliminated risk. And in this business world you always have to pay for eliminating risk. Safety comes high.

"Let's see just how much the farmer pays for his safety. Let's take a case. Take spinach, for instance: That's very easy to produce; the costs are small; it brings a good price. Just now"—he reached for the day's market list—"it brings seventy-five cents a bushel. When a farmer sells it himself direct to the consumer, his costs amount to perhaps twenty-five cents at most, so that he nets around fifty cents. That's supposing he is able to sell direct.

"But if he has to pay all along the line, freight, commissions, brokerage, cartage, baskets, and so on, those high profits leak away. Out of that seventy-five cents must come freight costs, selling, cartage; and baskets and waste bring it up to more than fifty cents. In fact he is lucky if he gets off with twenty cents out of the original seventy-five. But if he is in a position to sell straight to the consumer he can eliminate some of those costs.

"As the situation now stands, the farmer is between the devil and the deep blue sea. But the rapid growth, along our great motor highways, of open-air roadside markets by means of which the farmer, especially the small farmer, is enabled to establish a direct contact with the consuming public and cut out the middlemen is just another evidence that farmers are beginning to strike out for themselves new avenues of trade; they are beginning, like business men, to handle not only the producing but also the selling end of their game. And all these innumerable small successes by the roadside are merely indications, signposts, pointing the way to greater things."

TIPS WITHIN TIPS

(Continued from Page 10)

"Yes! And plenty you'll be getting too."

"I heard der vos only sixty passengers mit us."

"Like black ale, yeoman?"

The conversational skein wove aimless patterns, careless, natural.

At the next table to us ate the two stewardesses, a great fat English woman and a greater and fatter German, mutual enemies from the first bitter glance, one noticed. With them the manicurist, a little bobbed-haired Irish lady of twenty four or five, who gave a faint if somewhat flat note of romance to our party.

We had a waiter, a Belgian, named Gus, who came the nearest to breaking my fought-for reserve. There was something so strange and ludicrous about his behavior that I was on the point of laughing a hundred times.

Gus had every mannerism of the perfect waiter. He flitted about us, respectfully suggesting delicacies, bending down to ask if everything was all right with gestures of daintiness and reserve. And yet, in the midst of the most subservient speech he would suddenly enter into the conversation as a perfect equal or make some highly profane comment on those in the pantry.

"Those idiots out there; at making salad they're good bricklayers"—spoken disdainfully, with just the slightest raising of the eyebrows.

I was sensitive, that first meal among strange faces, conscious of a presence of gods that were not my gods. And yet, somewhere before, I felt, I had experienced their influence. I wondered, and a chance phrase gave the secret to me.

A Blow Off Hatteras

The ordering of our fare from the long, complex menu of the first class had entailed a tedious harangue with Gus. The ancestry of a proud cheese was probed; the home life of a surly steak investigated. Two wistful plates of soup had been sent back to the pantry no more than tasted. It was nothing but an innocent baked potato that gave me the cue.

Harry, the head waiter, had broken it open and was bending over it. An expression of violent and revengeful wrath spread over his features and struggled with the suave lines of his mask.

"I don't know why it is," he said, "but I never can get a cook who really understands a baked potato."

Chance phrasing, but he had hit upon a sentence and a sentiment which were a standing joke between my mother and me. To me a baked potato is a baked potato; to her eyes it is an offering to the deity which presides over a well-run table.

A steak cooked a minute too long, a sauce with a mite too much seasoning—veritable paroxysms of rage. What manner of men were they? And so, still musing, ice cream and coffee came and were criticized and went away, and the first supper was over. I had gone a few steps into the labyrinth of a new existence.

I slept most of that day, because it seemed the thing to do; I was one with the rest of the crew in having said too strenuous a good-by to New York. About three, it must have been, a dream came to me that I was again in the air, in a tiny pursuit plane, and that the atmosphere was getting bumpier and bumpier. I remember leaning far out of the fuselage to try to spot a landing place in the gyrating earth below me, and awoke, half out of my upper berth, my head a dizzy plumb bob. The pursuit plane was the Spica, and the bumpy air a neat little blow off Hatteras. Moreover, someone was thundering on the door. I fell the rest of the way out and found the second steward awaiting me with a long and intricate menu to be typed for the crew's mess.

Then it was that, sitting in my stuffy sardine can, I found out of what flimsy stuff illusions are made. For six trips above decks had given me the illusion that I was a good sailor; an illusion bred of stormy days on sea with the wind blowing nine or ten and me on the hurricane deck forward, braced into the gale, exhaling in long breaths of salt-tanged air. There in the office the only bracing I did was to wedge my swivel-backed chair in between lashed desks. The air had a tang to it, but instead of salt it contained a finely blended mixture of essence of cooking cabbage and garlic and frying fats, held together by a permeating savor of hot humanity. For the great electric exhaust fans of the galley, whose exertions made monotonous thunder in my ears, drew hot air across the galley outside my door and puffed it, with careless spite, into my averted face. No doubt it was excellent atmosphere in which to compose a really stirring menu; it made the items which I was copying stand out and take vivid shape. The words "boiled potatoes," "sauerkraut," "stewed prunes" and "bolognas," oft recurring in my theme, became alive, and I could almost taste them.

The calendars and maps on my walls swung to and fro and tittered with a rustling of paper. My typewriter lost all decorum and began first to slide back and forth on the desk with an undulating, syncopated motion, and then to leap up and down in a frenzy of malignant delight. My finger, aimed at an "a," struck a question mark. It was too much. I ran. The only man who saw me was the chief bell boy. But then my reputation was safe; he beat me to the rail.

The first few days out of New York too many different varieties of uniforms and personalities passed and repassed my office for me to gain any clear picture of those who were to help me make life happy for my chosen masters. I should still be somewhat uncertain about them all if it hadn't been for the crew list, which it was my duty to keep.

The steward's department, it told me, numbered one hundred and ten. At the top of the list was the title, chief steward. I knew him, from the first day, and even had permission to use his name as written on a rubber stamp. At first sight he was an imposing figure with a red face and tight trousers which prevented his chest development from slipping down any farther than it had.

Under his name came that of the second steward, John Crosby, who, as I suspected from signing on, was the active member of the executive force. Followed Pat O'Connor, the third; and Harry Eker, the head waiter; my table mates. Then there were deck, smoke room and hospital stewards; our feminine equipment; 'Erbut Burleigh, the printer, and his dark assistant, Santa Costa; and after them a long list of waiters, thirty-three in all. I was yet to learn that this roster was divided by an imaginary line into saloon stewards and bedroom stewards—B. R's.

Dwellers in the Glory Holes

Beneath them came the steerage steward and his four satellites, and then, less conspicuous but equally important characters in the cast, the linen man, the three night watchmen—who did no watching at all, but made sandwiches and blacked boots all through the night. There were the laundrymen—souls damned in their greed for wealth, who melted away under our eyes as they slaved in a steam-filled hell where the thermometer read 120 every hour of the day and night—and the mess boys and messmen, humble apprentices to the trade of waiter, who broke the dishes assigned to the messes. We had two janitors to tidy up the glory holes where the stewards slept, five bell boys, seven finely assorted cooks, two butchers and three bakers; storekeepers and pantrymen—the middlemen between the cooks and the dining-saloon stewards—scullerymen and dishwashers, three apiece, a galley fireman and a joiner and five musicians, whose position in my social register does not indicate their importance.

This, then, was the cast of characters of the play. Perhaps I should have given it before, but now it is done.

Such an intricate machine as this, I knew, demanded considerable oiling. Here and there I had heard tales, of a row of houses in London, palaces, each built by the liberality of the transoceanic passenger to his steward—of great fortunes amassed by humble servitors. I think my first interest in my fellow slaves was in the system which brought all this about. After all, I had so long been a contributor to their prosperity that I wondered what the receiving end would be like. And before I could know the men I must know the simple mechanism of their lives. Sex novels to the contrary, the struggle for

(Continued on Page 69)

U.S. Royal Cord Balloon Tires

Built of Latex-treated Web-Cord

NOT the least of the advantages of U.S. Royal Cord Balloon Tires is the added traction and safety they provide for winter driving.

In snow—the wide, flat surface on the road makes them ideal "snow shoes".

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Over rough frozen roads—the flexibility of the Latex-treated Web-Cord carcass saves them from damage, while the additional cushioning protects the mechanism of the car and its occupants.

Watch the cars equipped with U. S. Royal Cord Balloon Tires this winter.

U. S. Royal Cord Balloon Tires are made for 20, 21 and 22 inch rims.

U. S. Royal Cord Balloon-Type Tires for the larger wheels and rims on cars not built for full-size Balloon Tires.

As to the right size for your car see the nearest U. S. Tire Sales and Service Station.

Trade **United States Rubber Company**

UNITED STATES TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES

To Benjamin Franklin we owe the discovery of Bifocals. "Poor Richard's" lenses were split horizontally, the upper half of each lens ground for far-sight, the lower half for near-sight

Jameson had Benjamin Franklin's eyesight but not his foresight

JAMESON was in high feather! At last the National Company had summoned him. Now he was selling himself to the president of this mighty enterprise. And he was obviously making a fine impression.

"This letter," said the president finally, "contains the sort of problem you will meet daily. How would you handle it?"

Jameson glanced at the letter and had a moment of dismay. Why had he *put off* having his eyes re-examined? Months ago he'd known that his glasses weren't right for reading. Now, in his effort to read he instinctively put the letter at arm's length and squinted his eyes. "Don't do that!" warned the inner voice. "Don't let on that your eyes are faulty or ageing!" Back came the letter to the correct reading position—14 inches from the eyes. Jameson decided to bluff it through.

Minutes passed. The president coughed. Jameson thought he had the gist of the letter. But those blurred sentences? Well, he'd take a chance, anyway. Haltingly, he gave his opinion.

An ominous silence. Then the president rose, "Well, er—" he said, "somehow you missed the big point in that letter. Thanks for calling, however, and good-day."

Bifocals would have saved Jameson

Eliminated! His highest ambition wrecked because of his eyes—his only defect. Yet how easily Jameson could have forestalled failure. Simply by wearing Wellsworth Bifocals! Instantly he might have shifted his eye focus and read every word of the letter quickly and clearly.

Wellsworth Bifocals are *one piece of glass*, and the line of separation between distance and close-up is practically invisible. Thus the wearer has the advantage of reading glasses and distance glasses in one pair of becoming lenses.

There's only one sure way to escape the penalties of defective vision. That is to have your eyes examined. If you have put off this duty to yourself, don't wait until your vision is like Jameson's. Have your eyes examined today.

Ask for Wellsworth Bifocals in the new Crunite Glass

American Optical Company Southbridge Mass U S A

WELLSWORTH
PRODUCTS
for Better Eyesight

THE WORLD'S GREATEST FOUNDATION FOR BETTER EYESIGHT

ESTABLISHED 1833

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(Continued from Page 66)

existence is the primary struggle, the skeleton upon which life is built.

Money is something for which men are known to kill one another; no ten men in all their lives could even read all the laws that have been written for its distribution. There was to me something fascinating, then, in the fact that in the struggle of which I had become a part the greater share of the spoils by which men lived was regulated by no written law.

I had but to glance at the figures printed opposite the positions on the crew list I kept to see this. A waiter received fifty dollars a month. That meant that, for one six-weeks' trip, the maximum he would be paid officially was seventy-five dollars. The boat stopped at four ports, at three of them twice, and in one it remained eight days. That any man could guard such a small sum from inroads during these calls was impossible. What a mere pittance there would be left at the end of the trip! And yet a waiter, I already knew, must have served a long, arduous apprenticeship and have been able to take care of several tables in the saloon or eight first-class staterooms or both—and be an expert painter besides. The whole ship fairly boasted of the standards maintained.

All this I wanted to be quite sure of before I made any criticism, to myself, of what I knew was an organized system for obtaining gratuities. Yes, there was no doubt of it, such a system was acknowledged, and men were paid in that acknowledgment.

With their soupçon of a salary official reward ended. What unwritten rules were there by which men played the rest of the game? It was that feeling of the presence of such laws that gave me the vivid sense of mystery, of things unseen and yet felt, the first few days. For again it came to me that men cut their throats for riches and these laws must be iron-bound, with the struggle for existence intensely keen.

Here was a boat ready to put to sea with one hundred and ten men waiting to serve. A certain number of passengers were coming aboard, had come aboard, to be served. And from them there was an unknown, only roughly estimable, sum to be distributed. There was a feeling of uncertainty about it—a possibility of great—comparatively—riches, or of one of the seven lean years.

The Head Waiter's System

Little by little, I learned just how complicated a problem it was. Take the apparently simple matter of assigning the waiters to tables, for in the hidden mechanism of that process I found the setting of standards by which the whole ship was run. No two tables were, presumably, worth the same amount in tips.

The day before sailing, a list of the passengers with the cabins they were to occupy for the trip came aboard. A copy arrived at my office, and the head waiter, the second steward and the chief chef met there to confer over it. They knew the price of each cabin, and from the list they made a blanket valuation of the whole sailing. Then they picked from the list, here and there, a name that they knew, a passenger who had sailed before, whose actual value in dollars and cents they recollected—five-dollar men, ten-dollar men, twenties. The sums indicated the units they would tip their waiter and B. R.; their dispensation to the deck and smoking-room stewards would be in proportion. Memories on this score were remarkably accurate.

At the time, I remember, I realized very little of what was going on under my eyes. The three men stood, crowded into my tiny domain, smoking cigarettes and reading silently. From time to time they exchanged meaning looks or pointed to a name. At last there were a few remarks, a pencil notation or two on the head waiter's list, and they broke up. In such silent understanding are affairs carried on below decks.

The final estimation was made when the passengers came on board. The heads, I found, were remarkably keen in sizing up the value to the department of an individual. Perhaps their clothes, their luggage, perhaps their general bearing—no one thing; but they knew. For curiosity, I asked the second, coming back, to give me what he had guessed were the correct figures for our new list. In more than 80 per cent of the cases he was within a dollar of being correct.

At first the whole atmosphere of it grated horribly on me. It seemed to shatter a great many illusions of mine host—or confirm an equal number of disillusions. But it was so frankly businesslike and, in a way, once the system was accepted, so just, that I began to wonder. And there was also the fact that once the estimate, the segregation and the setting of standards were complete, there was no more mention of remuneration. The great majority of the men did not even take part in the proceeding, but accepted what was given them without comments. There is much less bickering over the possible tip than passengers imagine; each steward knows too well what an individual is worth to have to wonder. There is exactly the same amount of conversation among stewards—and I presume other servants—about the amount of their tips that there is among any other group of employes about their wages. No more; no less.

But I am getting ahead of my story. The rates of wages must be set before they are taken for granted. Once the classification is complete, action begins immediately. The head waiter takes his floor plan of tables and writes a passenger's name opposite each seat. What he is really doing is dividing the passengers into groups of five-dollar heads, ten-dollar heads, and so on, four at a table, and when he has done, each table will have patrons of the same estimated value in tips; and those of higher values will have preference of place. Certain individuals have already been chosen for the captain's board.

And now the first seating list is made out, and not too unreasonably, for everyone should be more at home with others of the same financial rating, or at least with those of the same scale of spending. The lamp of justice continues to burn feebly through the haze of a system fundamentally based on grafting, for the waiters are now assigned on this new scale. The best waiter goes to the highest-paying table, the next best to the next. Thus merit is again triumphant and service is bought and paid for much more accurately than I ever suspected when I was one of the great appraised.

Of course there is possibility of graft within graft in the allotment—an intimate friend of one in power, perhaps a cousin—but the standard of service maintained is the ultimate check. Again and again, I was to observe, the company in effect said: "Go as far as you like, cut anybody's throat you please, but the minute we find you're not coming up to scratch—out you go!"

And favoritism and efficiency are not congenial bedfellows.

Doctor Benty's Wager

The attitude of the waiters toward this classification was interesting. Although most of them took it for granted, in one or two cases a man made a definite attempt to increase his earning capacity.

There was a chap named Benton, commonly known as Doctor Benty, who was one of the best waiters on the boat. He was a small gray-haired old fellow of fifty or fifty-five, whom a long and devious life had never quite robbed of ambition. Doc was also one man of whom the crew was immensely proud in a queer way. There were imitations, but he was the only really sober, happily married, definitely settled-down man on the boat; and every drifter took a sort of projected pride in the fact that it was possible for one of their happy-go-lucky number to be like that. In melancholy, morose, morning-after moods, he was their one justification for having chosen the sea for their mistress, for he proved their goddess not irreconcilable to the deities of the hearth.

But there was in Doctor Benty a secret passion which belied all the life for which he had fought. And that passion, which had originally brought him to the sea before the days of the wee wife at home, was gambling. Doc was born a gambler and a gambler he would die. He would love, honor, respect and keep a wife at home. He would be loved and honored for it at sea, but he could not stop gambling. So he gambled on his tips.

Our passenger list, going down, disappointed everybody, and the best Doc could get was a ten-dollar table for four people—forty dollars. Any man in the saloon would have exchanged with him, but mortgages and babies disturbed Doc, and the gambling blood in him burned fiercely. There was a man at his table, a representative of a New York banking house, who had made a dozen trips on the same boat. And a dozen times he had handed smiling and satisfied stewards a ten-dollar tip. To have spat in the face of Fortune and demanded more seemed ridiculous, and yet, the first time I saw Doc he was on the aft deck one evening, in violent argument with the waiter on the table next his, swearing that he could make of that banker a fifteen-dollar man.

"Aw, you're fuila hop," was his kindly answer.

"All right," I remember his snapping back, "I'll betcha twenty dollars I do make him a fifteen-dollar man!"

There was almost a battle to take his money. Before he had done he had a hundred dollars' worth of bets that he could raise not only the banker but the whole table.

Splitting the Splits

And the extraordinary thing is that he did it! No one seems to know exactly how. After the third day, they say, nobody at that table ever ordered a meal; they said he could tell by looking at them what they wanted to eat. He made all their salad dressings and cooked the steaks himself. But ten-dollar people are used to good service—there must have been some finishing touch. The losers of the bet say he bribed the passengers to give him more, but then they had to pay, so their testimony can't be taken seriously. Anyway, it sounds foolish.

When I first heard of the division by dollars and the changes which gave Doc vent for his passion, I congratulated myself upon having come to the bottom of all graft. And I was a little astonished, both at the fortune a few might make and at the hard luck of the seventy-seven other men in the department—of whom I was one—whose duties kept them from bathing in this stream of gold.

But I was soon to find out that the appraisal begun in silent conference around my desk had a far deeper significance in the lives of those about me than the mere segregation of individuals into groups of equal value. It set standards for a complete, well-developed, organized system of what I can only call internal tipping.

I found that every man who came in direct contact with the passenger's Midas-like touch was not only expected but forced by a great social pressure to pass on a certain fixed percentage of the golden adherence. Waiters and B. R.'s tipped by their patrons had, in turn, to tip half a dozen individuals who waited on them—the pantrymen, the cooks and bakers, their glory-hole steward—the janitor. Moreover, these individuals had then to pass on another levy to those below, scullerymen and dishwashers. On all sides was division and redivision.

The complicity of the system, all based on unwritten code and yet adhered to to the invisible letter, astonished me. For the whole scheme was worked on a sliding scale, set by the heads after their prevailing conference.

Going south we traveled light. The dismal air that the news spread was a result of low standards set. Each waiter

was given to understand that three dollars was expected by the chief pantryman; each B. R., for aid when fetching meals to passengers in their rooms, two dollars. Coming back, when times were better, both these rates were raised a dollar and the pantry waxed prosperous. The glory-hole steward received two dollars from each one of his berths. I, in my unofficial luxury of a first-class cabin, had to pay my waiter and my B. R. five dollars each way—out of seventy-five dollars a month, and nobody to split with me. Dishwashers received fifty cents apiece from every man who ate in the pantry. This included everyone in the department except our exclusive tables in the saloon—our share to them was paid out of our tips to our waiters.

It took me a long time to fill in the details of this scheme after I realized its existence. Crosby, much later, gave me some of the totals. For a six-weeks' trip the chief pantryman split five hundred dollars with his assistants, fifty-thirty-twenty. On his tips and profits from running pools the smoke-room steward made about three hundred dollars, but he paid the pantry forty dollars, his scrubman twenty dollars, and, of course, tipped his glory-hole steward. He was also expected to pay the second steward 10 per cent, a sort of feudal levy. The deck steward took in about two hundred, which he split, sixty-forty, with his assistant, and also gave 10 per cent to the second and twenty dollars to the pantry.

The waiter and the B. R. are really the backbone of the service. Each man figured that in taking in twenty-five dollars in tips it was necessary to pass on eight dollars.

Moreover, there was a catch in it. If for some unforeseen reason the twenty-five was not forthcoming, the rates were already set, and they had to pass on the eight dollars just the same. Passengers don't realize that. Of course, if one changed the value of one's table, as Doc did, the additional profit was rightly one's own, but a man would be thought stingy if he did not donate a little of it to the cause.

Squeezing a Waiter

Of the economic means of enforcing all these laws, there are many. Suppose a waiter falls short in his generosity on the trip south. He will perhaps pull a sob story to the pantry, of how badly his table treated him. The pantry will not comment—a shrug of the shoulders, a gesture, no more.

Then the ship sails north. The waiter has a table he particularly wants to please. He takes his first order and rushes out to the pantry. Extraordinary, but for the moment all three pantrymen are vitally interested in something else. The chief does not seem to realize that he has shouted his orders before either Webster or Carillo. "No, there is no more vegetable salad. . . . What is that? . . . Oh, yes; there it is; but the dressing isn't on yet; come around in fifteen minutes." But at last the waiter has his tray complete. He disappears into the saloon and comes rushing back a minute later. "Why in —— didn't you tell me this pheasant wasn't fit to eat? . . . You put it one side? . . . The hell you did!" He rushes on to the galley. "Gimme a steak, tender ——"

The perspiration has begun to come out on his honest brow. Four people in the saloon are tongue-lashing him, telling him what they think of his stupidity in no uncertain terms. Nothing they have ordered has come to them the way they want it. The tender steak is overdone, burned; the salad without onion is smothered with the vegetable. Do they blame the pantry? Not on your life. They blame the waiter. They gave him the order and he brought the wretched food; he must be responsible. Later they will confer and conclude that he is no good, lazy and irresponsible, and they will all agree to cut down their tip to the minimum, if they have not the nerve to dispense with it altogether and report him.

This acute aggravation continues until, a day or two later, depending on the strength of his nerves, the waiter sidles up to the pantryman on deck and slips a five-dollar bill into his hand. "Just won it in a crap game last night or I'd have paid you before," he lies. No more. But from then on things go smoothly.

At the home port, perhaps, it is a more difficult problem; a man may jump and not come back. But if a crew remembers the exact amount a passenger tipped five years ago, how much chance is there of their forgetting the conduct of a man with whom they ate, slept and worked? An unofficial blacklisting is as final as any company-kept record, and as crews of ships constantly drift about, off one ship and line onto another, there is always one man on a boat who has the dope on that guy.

Moreover, if that guy hasn't jumped quick and far, a little corporal punishment is likely to follow. No shrugging of shoulders here, and River Street is a dangerous place to venture along after dark—or even at midday, if one has enemies.

I changed a lot of my opinions in those first weeks at sea. In the first place, I don't think anyone on the paying-out end of the game ever thinks highly of the tipping system. But meet up with it on the other side of the fence and it wrings a certain amount of sincere, if grudging, respect. Men do work for their tips, do a great deal they do not have to do, with the aim of pleasing. One gets the service one pays for accurately; one contracts for a certain grade of work and one gets that grade of work. This is as sure as if the rates were included in the company's prospectus for the trip. Moreover, one does not enrich one man, as I always supposed, but he divides a sum among a number of servants, much more justly than he possibly could by even the most determined effort to reward.

Of course there is bound to be difficulty with those unpleasant individuals who are not content with the order of things, but who try to wring money out of a passenger in the same manner that the pantryman wrung it out of the recalcitrant waiter. That is bad. And we had one man who made a practice of sobbing to inexperienced females for more money. But whether one is tipping them, doing business with them or playing bridge opposite them, the type is met with everywhere the malcontent who has an idea he can use you. By far the majority of men I was intimate with on board the Spica—and they were a representative lot, veterans of every line that sails the globe—accepted what they got without question.

They gave good service, a full measure, for what they were paid. And they took a pride in their honesty.

Grafters they were, I suppose, living a life fundamentally based on a parasitic system. But again, my definition of a grafter changed. I had always thought of a man bearing that label as one who took money which no one else had the lack of decency to take. Instead of that, I found the biggest grafters on the boat, the chiefs, were men who were the final products of a fierce struggle, the survival of the fittest. They were fittest not only in obtaining money it was not on the books for them to receive, but fittest in serving, in giving results, in taking opportunities which men under them were not able to take.

If a company could be imagined which added to its total pay roll the sum which a shipload of passengers might be assumed to leave on board in tips, if it forbade and could enforce a no-gratuities regulation, it would be absolutely impossible for it to distribute this money in nearly as just or accurate a manner as it is now distributed. Each individual pays. And yet I am convinced that this money is not more than should be justly paid for the standard of work that is done. And under such a system the service would go completely to pieces for lack of competition and from the feeling of injustice which the equal payment of two men of different ability would instill in the crew. Passengers taxed to pay this additional salary would suffer equally. Those who might be content with minimum service would have to pay for maximum; and those who are accustomed to a maximum would receive only the average.

Instead of decreasing the self-respect of the individual servant, I actually think tipping increases it; the man who has worked himself into first-class rating, good enough to be put on the royal suite or on the captain's table, has made good just as cleanly as any business man. He knows it, and is paid for it.

And so I felt the whirl of unseen machinery all about me. Before I could understand the whole I must understand the parts. I knew this and I groped for them in the first weeks. Long days they were, below decks, cooped in my cigar box. Was this the modern glamour and romance of the sea? The great visions that I had seen the hours before we sailed seemed remote and far away; these were prosaic characters around me, artisan in a trade which was new to me, but as drab in the understanding as the trade rules of any union.

Somehow I still felt the surge of emotion which comes from living with strange adventurous characters. For all the petty unwritten laws which govern their existence which they made and obeyed, there was still something which set them apart from the rest of men.

The lure of the sea had been trapped, cramped into a great iron box, tied down with the thousand invisible webs which the money god of the new century wove in its wake, but it was not dead. It lived and pulsed in the veins of the men around me, in the thin blood of the pampered souls above; a dangerous captive, full of subtle power. All this system was not the lives of these men; it governed merely their occupation. But it changed them, and what had they become?

The office over which I presided was located just aft of the galley. I did not mention that in the square upon which it opened the sole business property was a large annunciator board. Around this our five bell boys worshiped. And the reason I stood by, aside from the urgings of my conscience, was that I was a sort of middleman between anything that went wrong on board and those officially designated to set it right.

The Trouble Man

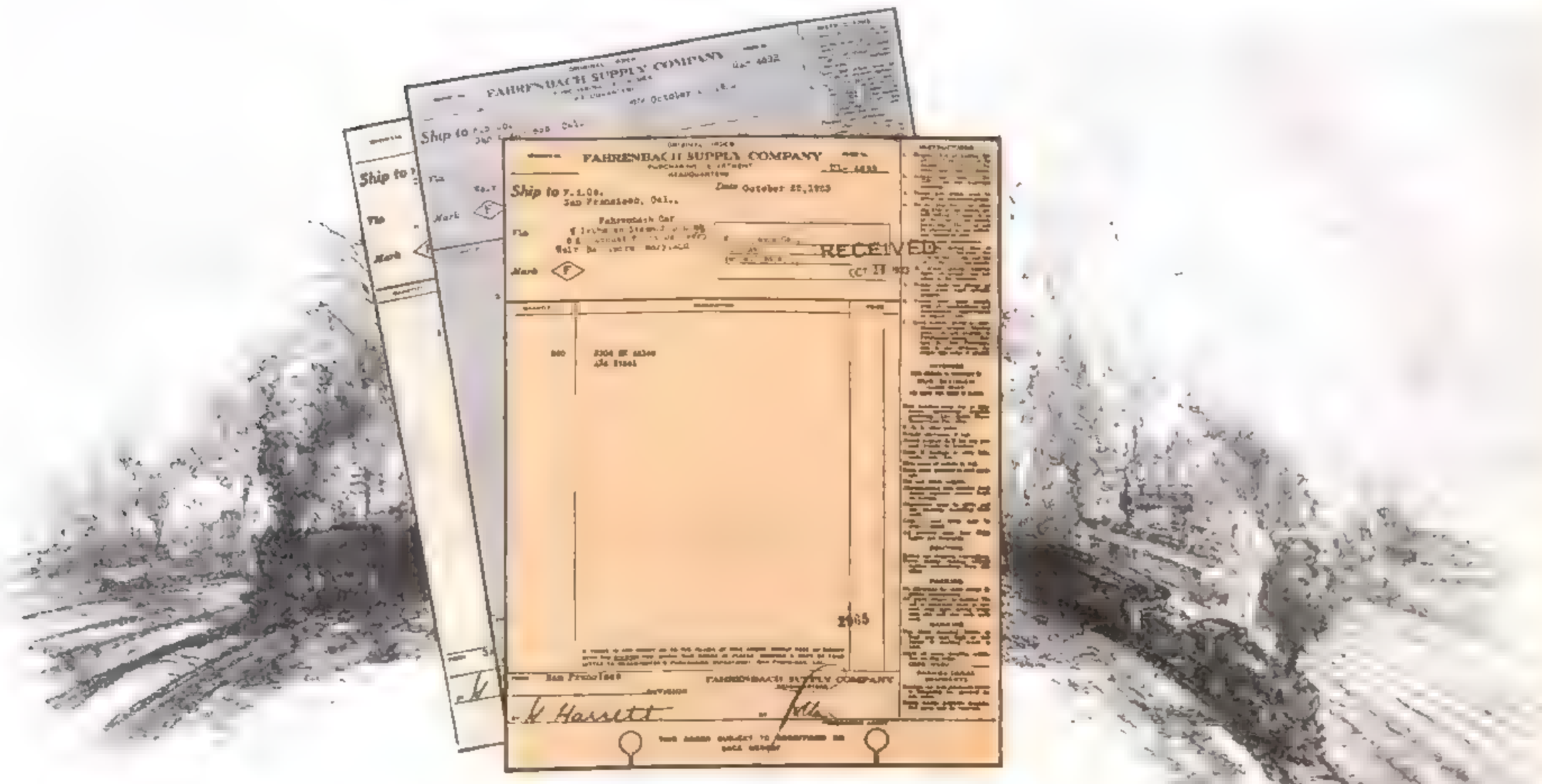
It was the privilege of any member of the department to rush in upon my leisure and dramatically inform me that the electric light in 333 was out of order, that a door had jammed in 168; or to shout in strange accents "211, she needs a bath, and no water is for her to get into."

In each distressing crisis my function was to take a history of the case, decide who was best fitted to cope with the situation—the electrician, who went by the picturesque title of Sparks, the plumber or the joiner. If not urgently pressed by other matters I wrote the gentleman a polite note in duplicate, requesting his presence at an informal affair in the habitation referred to. I then woke up a bell boy and dispatched one copy of the note; and my responsibilities were at an end—officially. But socially they had just begun, because I was expected—and usually asked—to reward my informant with a cigarette and to offer him—or let him take—the other chair in the office.

Here it was that the two narrative threads in the drama I was living came together. For I had the crew with me to talk to, and the passengers, of whom the stewards knew so much, to talk about.

By the time Hatteras was only an unpleasant memory, and the Spica was just over the edge of the world from her namesake, I had formally resolved and recorded in my diary that while I had strength and poverty to keep me from it I should never again travel as a passenger. Like all good resolutions, its keen edge has been dulled by time; but I still hold that if Fate does bring me over a gangplank with a ticket instead of a pass in my hand, the first thing I shall do is to show the entire steward's department my discharges, take them into my confidence and let them know that I am one of them. The thought of living in the knowledge of their knowledge of me—the intricate, detailed information that they have secured without my aid, from unpacking my luggage, from watching me eat, sleep and make love—would make me so self-conscious that I should never even be able to ask a B. R. for a glass of water, let alone send down at intervals of an hour for Scotch and soda.

"All Right," I Remember His Snapping Back, "I'll Betcha Twenty Dollars I Do Make Him a Fifteen-Dollar Man!"



Your business runs on paper tracks

TO transfer money you sign a slip of paper, and coin rolls along a paper track. Cost sheets, job tickets, and order blanks make a paper road along which thousands of workers troop toward a mill.

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GRAHAM

In the Language of the Buyer?

Graham Brothers believe that intimate familiarity with a problem is essential to a *practical* solution.

In accordance with this idea, they began several years ago to make an exhaustive analysis of America's leading industries.

These investigations revealed vital information that has been applied both to the building and selling of Graham Brothers Trucks. Instead of manufacturing to meet general requirements, they build trucks and bodies to meet *specific needs.*

That this specialized method of manufacturing and selling appeals to business men is evident from the fact that a tremendous increase occurred in every industry analyzed, in the exact order in which the analyses were made. In many of the 18 industries upon which the investigations were concentrated during 1923-4, the increases exceeded 1000 per cent and the 18 industries as a whole absorbed 90 per cent of all the Graham Brothers Trucks produced!

In view of these results, it was only natural that the investigation should be extended to include every important business. With this analysis now completed, with a new 1 ton truck, an improved 1½ ton truck and 36 standard body types, it is apparent that Graham Brothers are in a position to discuss any haulage problem—

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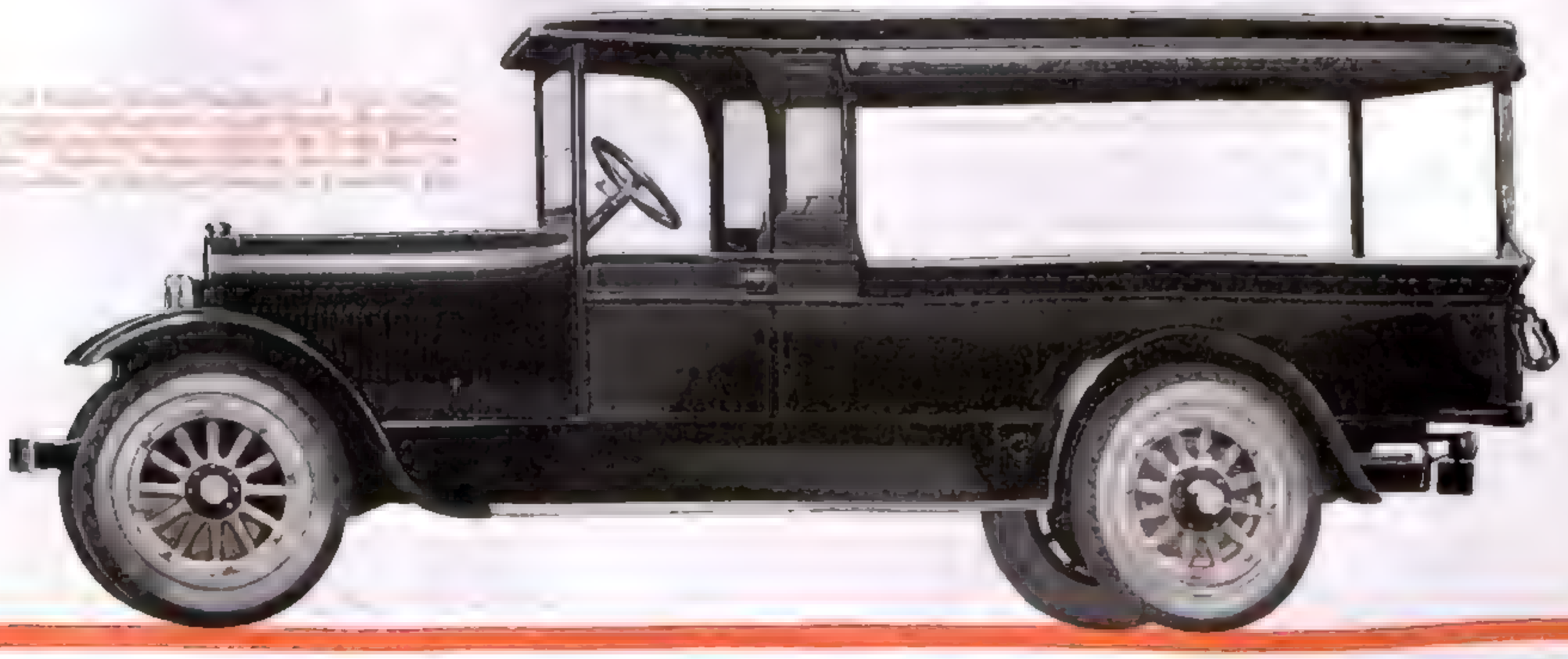

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Such good milk to cook with! What cakes it makes, what puddings and pies, what gravies and dressings, what cookies and candies!

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Carnation insures good cooking, for it is *insured* milk—always uniform in quality—always pure and safe.

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You can dilute the double-rich contents of this can until the quart bottle overflows with pure milk

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SOMETHING SQUISHY

(Continued from Page 7)

sickeningly handsome, with just that dark, dignified, clean-cut handsomeness which attracts impressionable girls. It was, indeed, his dignity that so oppressed Roland now. There was that about Sir Claude Lynn's calm and supercilious eye that made a fellow feel that he belonged to entirely the wrong set in London and that his trousers were bagging at the knees.

"A most delightful man," whispered Lady Wickham, as Sir Claude moved away to open the door for Bobbie. "Between ourselves, the original of Captain Mauleverer, D.S.O., in my Blood Will Tell. Very old family, ever so much money. Plays polo splendidly, and tennis and golf. A superb shot. Member for East Bittlesham, and I hear on all sides that he may be in the cabinet any day."

"Indeed?" said Roland coldly.

It seemed to Lady Wickham, as she sat with him in her study after dinner—she had stated authoritatively that he would much prefer a quiet chat in that shrine of literature to any shallow revelry that might be going on elsewhere—that Roland was a trifle distrait. Nobody could have worked harder to entertain him than she. She read him the first seven chapters of the new novel on which she was engaged, and told him in gratifying detail the plot of the rest of it; but somehow all did not seem well. The young man, she noticed, had developed a habit of plucking at his hair; and once he gave a sharp gulping cry which startled her.

Lady Wickham began to feel disappointed in Roland and was not sorry when he excused himself.

"I wonder," he said in a rather overwrought sort of way, "if you would mind if I just went and had a word with Miss Wickham. I—I—there's something I wanted to ask her."

"Certainly," said Lady Wickham, without warmth. "You will probably find her in the billiard room. She said something about having a game with Claude. Sir Claude is wonderful at billiards; almost like a professional."

Bobbie was not in the billiard room, but Sir Claude was, practicing dignified cannons which never failed to come off. At Roland's entrance, he looked up like an inquiring statue.

"Miss Wickham?" he said. "She left half an hour ago. I think she went to bed."

He surveyed Roland's flushed dishevelment for a moment with a touch of disapproval, then resumed his cannons. Roland, though he had that on his mind concerning which he desired Miss Wickham's counsel and sympathy, felt that it would have to stand over till the morning. Meanwhile, lest his hostess should pop out of the study and recapture him, he decided to go to bed himself.

He had just reached the passage where his haven lay when a door which had apparently been standing ajar opened and Bobbie appeared, draped in a sea-green negligée of such a caliber that Roland's heart leaped convulsively and he clutched at the wall for support.

"Oh, there you are," she said a little petulantly. "What a time you've been!"

"Your mother was ——"

"Yes, I suppose she would be," said Miss Wickham understandingly. "Well, I only wanted to tell you about Sidney "

"Sidney? Do you mean Claude?"

"No, Sidney—the snake. I was in your room just after dinner to see if you had everything you wanted, and I noticed the box on your dressing table."

"I've been trying to get hold of you all the evening to ask you what to do about that," said Roland feverishly. "I was most awfully upset when I saw the beastly thing. How Bryce came to be such an idiot as to put it in the car ——"

"He must have misunderstood me," said Bobbie with a clear and childlike light shining in her hazel eyes. "I suppose he thought I said, 'Put this in the back,' instead of, 'Take this back.' But what I wanted to say was that it's all right."

"All right?"

"Yes. That's why I've been waiting up to see you. I thought that when you went to your room and found the box open you might be a bit worried."

"The box open!"

"Yes. But it's all right. It was I who opened it."

"Oh, but I say, you—you oughtn't to have done that. The snake may be roaming about all over the house."

"Oh, no, it's all right. I know where it is."

"That's good."

"Yes, it's all right. I put him in Claude's bed."

Roland Attwater clutched at his hair as violently as if he had been listening to Chapter VI of Lady Wickham's new novel.

"You—you—you—what?"

"I put him in Claude's bed."

Roland uttered a little whinnying sound, like a very old horse a very long way away.

"Put him in Claude's bed!"

"Put him in Claude's bed."

"But—but—but why?"

"Why not?" asked Miss Wickham reasonably.

"But —— Oh, my heavens!"

"Something on your mind?" inquired Miss Wickham solicitously.

"It will give him an awful fright."

"Jolly good for him. I was reading an article in the evening paper about it. Did you know that fear increases the secretory activity of the thyroid, suprarenal and pituitary glands? Well, it does. Bucks you up, you know. Regular tonic. It'll be like a day at the seaside for old Claudie when he puts his bare foot on Sidney. . . . Well, I must be turning in. Got that schoolgirl complexion to think about. Good night."

For some minutes after he had tottered to his room, Roland sat on the edge of the bed in deep meditation. At one time it seemed as if his reverie was going to take a pleasant turn. This was when the thought presented itself to him that he must have overestimated the power of Sir Claude's fascination. A girl could not, he felt, have fallen very deeply under a man's spell if she started filling his bed with snakes the moment she left him.

For an instant, as he toyed with this heartening reflection, something remotely resembling a smile played about Roland's sensitive mouth. Then another thought came to wipe the smile away—the realization that, though the broad general principle of putting snakes in Sir Claude's bed was entirely admirable, the flaw in the present situation lay in the fact that this particular snake could be so easily traced to its source. The butler, or whoever had taken his luggage upstairs, would be sure to remember carrying up a mysterious box. Probably it had squished as he carried it and was already the subject of comment in the servants' hall. Discovery was practically certain.

Roland rose jerkily from his bed. There was only one thing to be done and he must do it immediately. He must go to Sir Claude's room and retrieve his lost pet. He crept to the door and listened carefully. No sound came to disturb the stillness of the house. He stole out into the corridor.

It was at this precise moment that Sir Claude Lynn, surfeited with cannons, put on his coat, replaced his cue in the rack and came out of the billiard room.

If there is one thing in this world that should be done quickly or not at all, it is the removal of one's personal snake from the bed of a comparative stranger. Yet Roland, brooding over the snowy coverlet, hesitated. All his life he had had a horror of crawling and slippery things. At his private school though other boys had fondled frogs and achieved terms of intimacy with slowworms, he had not been able to bring himself even to keep white mice. The thought of plunging his hand between those sheets and groping for an object of such recognized squishiness as Sidney appalled him. And even as he hesitated there came from the corridor outside the sound of advancing footsteps.

Roland was not by nature a resourceful young man, but even a child would have known what to do in this crisis. There was a large cupboard on the other side of the room and its door had been left invitingly open. In the rapidity with which he bolted into this his Uncle Joseph would no doubt have seen further convincing evidence of his rabbithood. He reached it and burrowed behind a mass of hanging clothes just as Sir Claude entered the room.

It was some small comfort to Roland—and at the moment he needed what comfort he could get, however small—to find that there was plenty of space in the cupboard. And what was even better, seeing that he had had no time to close the door, it was generously filled with coats, overcoats, raincoats and trousers. Sir Claude Lynn was evidently a man who believed in taking an extensive wardrobe with him on country-house visits; and though he deplored the dandyism which this implied, Roland would not have had it otherwise. Nestling in the undergrowth, he peered out between a raincoat and a pair of golfing knickerbockers. A strange silence had fallen, and he was curious to know what his host was doing with himself.

At first he could not sight him; but shifting slightly to the left, he brought him into focus, and discovered that in the interval that had passed Sir Claude had removed nearly all his clothes and was now standing before the open window, doing exercises.

It was not prudery that caused this spectacle to give Roland a sharp shock. What made him start so convulsively was the man's horrifying aspect as revealed in the nude. Downstairs, in the conventional dinner costume of the well-dressed man, Sir Claude Lynn had seemed robust and soldierly; but nothing in his appearance then had prepared Roland for the ghastly physique which he exhibited now. He seemed twice his previous size, as if the removal of constricting garments had caused him to bulge in every direction. When he inflated his chest it looked like a barrel. And though Roland in the circumstances would have preferred any other simile, there was only one thing to which his rippling muscles could be compared. They were like snakes, and nothing but snakes. They heaved and twisted beneath his skin just as Sidney was presumably even now heaving and twisting beneath the sheets.

If ever there was a man, in short, in whose bedroom one would rather not have been concealed in circumstances which might only too easily lead to a physical encounter, that man was Sir Claude Lynn; and Roland, seeing him, winced away with a shudder so violent that a coat hanger which had been trembling on the edge of its peg fell with a disintegrating clatter.

There was a moment of complete silence; then the trousers behind which he cowered were snatched away and a huge hand, groping like the tentacle of some dreadful marine monster, seized him painfully by the hair and started pulling.

"Ouch!" said Roland, and came out like a winkle at the end of a pin.

A modesty which Roland, who was modest himself, should have been the first to applaud had led the other to clothe himself hastily for this interview in a suit of pajamas of a stupefying mauve. In all his life Roland had never seen such a color scheme, and in some curious way the brilliance of them seemed to complete his confusion. The result was that, instead of plunging at once into apologies and explanations, he remained staring with fallen jaw, and his expression, taken in conjunction with the fact that his hair, rumpled by the coats, appeared to be standing on end, supplied Sir Claude with a theory which seemed to cover the case. He remembered that Roland had had much the same cockeyed look when he had come into the billiard room. He recalled that immediately after dinner Roland had disappeared and had not joined the rest of the party in the drawing-room. Obviously the fellow must have been drinking like a fish in some secret part of the house for hours.

"Get out!" he said curtly, taking Roland by the arm with a look of disgust and leading him sternly to the door. An abstemious man himself, Sir Claude Lynn had a correct horror of excess in others. "Go and sleep it off. I suppose you can find your way to your room. It's the one at the end of the corridor, as you seem to have forgotten where it is."

"But listen ——"

"I cannot understand how a man of any decent upbringing can make such a beast of himself."

"Do listen!"

"Don't shout like that," snapped Sir Claude severely. "Good heavens, man, do you want to wake the whole house? If you dare to open your mouth again I'll break you into little bits."

Roland found himself out in the passage, staring at a closed door. Even as he stared, it opened sharply and the upper half of the mauve-clad Sir Claude popped out.

"No drunken singing in the corridor, mind!" said Sir Claude sternly, and disappeared.

It was a little difficult to know what to do. Sir Claude had counseled slumber, but the suggestion was scarcely a practical one. On the other hand, there seemed nothing to be gained by hanging about in the passage. With slow and lingering steps, Roland moved toward his room, and had just reached it when the silence of the night was rent by a shattering scream; and the next moment there shot through the door he had left a large body. And as Roland gazed dumbly, a voice was raised in deafening appeal.

"Shotgun!" vociferated Sir Claude. "Help! Shotgun! Bring a shotgun, somebody!"

There was not the smallest room for doubt that the secretory activity of his thyroid, suprarenal and pituitary glands had been increased to an almost painful extent.

It is only in the most modern and lively country houses that this sort of thing can happen without attracting attention. So quickly did the corridor fill that it seemed to Roland as if dressing-gowned figures had shot up through the carpet. Among those present he noticed Lady Wickham in blue, her daughter Roberta in green, three male guests in bath robes, the under-housemaid in curl papers and Simmons the butler completely and correctly clad in full afternoon costume.

They were all asking what was the matter, but as Lady Wickham's penetrating voice o'ertopped the rest, it was to her that Sir Claude turned to tell his story.

"A snake?" said Lady Wickham, interested.

"A snake."

"In your bed?"

"In my bed."

"Most unusual," said Lady Wickham with a touch of displeasure.

Sir Claude's rolling eye, wandering along the corridor, picked out Roland as he shrank among the shadows. He pointed at him with such swift suddenness that his hostess only saved herself from a nasty blow by means of some shifty footwork.

"That's the man!" he cried.

Lady Wickham, already ruffled, showed signs of peevishness.

"My dear Claude," she said with a certain asperity, "do come to some definite decision. A moment ago you said there was a snake in your room; now you say it was a man. Besides, can't you see that that is Mr. Attwater? What would he be doing in your room?"

"I'll tell you what he was doing. He was putting that infernal snake in my bed. I found him there."

"Found him there? In your bed?"

"In my cupboard. Hiding. I hauled him out."

All eyes were turned upon Roland. His own he turned with a look of wistful entreaty upon Roberta Wickham. A cavalier of the nicest gallantry, nothing, of course, would induce him to betray the girl; but surely she would appreciate that the moment had come for her to step forward and clear a good man's name with a full explanation.

He had been too sanguine. A pretty astonishment lit up Miss Wickham's lovely eyes. But her equally lovely mouth did not open.

"But Mr. Attwater has no snake," argued Lady Wickham. "He is a well-known man of letters. Well-known men of letters," she said, stating a pretty generally recognized fact, "do not take snakes with them when they go on visits "

A new voice joined in the discussion.

"Begging your pardon, your ladyship." It was the voice of Simmons, grave and respectful. "Begging your pardon, your ladyship, it is my belief that Mr. Attwater did have a serpent in his possession. Thomas, who conveyed his baggage to his room, mentioned a cardboard box that seemed to contain something alive."

From the expression of the eyes that once more raked him in his retirement it was plain that the assembled company were of the opinion that it was Roland's turn to speak. But speech was beyond him. He had been backing slowly for some little time, and now, as he backed another step, the handle of his bedroom door insinuated itself into the small of his back. It was

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almost as if the thing were hinting to him that refuge that lay beyond.

He did not resist the kindly suggestion. With one quick, emotional movement he turned, plunged into his room and slammed the door behind him.

From the corridor without came the sound of voices in debate. He was unable to distinguish words, but the general trend of them was clear. Then silence fell.

Roland sat on his bed, staring before him. He was roused from his trance by a tap on the door.

"Who's that?" he cried, bounding up. His eye was wild. He was prepared to sell his life dearly.

"It is I, sir—Simmons."

"What do you want?"

The door opened a few inches. Through the gap there came a hand. In the hand was a silver salver. On the salver lay something squishy that writhed and wriggled.

"Your serpent, sir," said the voice of Simmons.

It was the opinion of Roland Attwater that he was now entitled to the remainder of the night in peace. The hostile forces outside must now, he felt, have fired their last shot. He sat on his bed, thinking deeply, if incoherently. From time to time the clock on the stables struck the quarters, but he did not move. And then into the silence it seemed to him that some sound intruded—a small, tapping sound that might have been the first tentative efforts of a very young woodpecker just starting out in business for itself. It was only after this small noise had continued for some moments that he recognized it for what it was.

Somebody was knocking softly on his door.

There are moods in which even the mildest man will turn to bay, and there gleamed in Roland Attwater's eyes as he strode to the door and flung it open a baleful light. And such was his militant condition that, even when he glared out and beheld Roberta Wickham, still in that green negligée, the light did not fade away. He regarded her malevolently.

"I thought I'd better come and have a word with you," whispered Miss Wickham.

"Indeed?" said Roland.

"I wanted to explain."

"Explain!"

"Well," said Miss Wickham, "you may not think there's any explanation due to you, but I really feel there is. Oh, yes, I do. You see, it was this way: Claude had asked me to marry him."

"And so you put a snake in his bed? Of course! Quite natural!"

"Well, you see, he was so frightfully perfect and immaculate and dignified and—oh, well, you've seen him for yourself, so you know what I mean. He was too darned overpowering—that's what I'm driving at—and it seemed to me that if I could only see him really human and undignified just once, I might—well, you see what I mean?"

"And the experiment, I take it, was successful?"

Miss Wickham wriggled her small toes inside her slippers.

"It depends which way you look at it. I'm not going to marry him, if that's what you mean."

"I should have thought," said Roland coldly, "that Sir Claude behaved in a manner sufficiently—shall I say human?—to satisfy even you."

Miss Wickham giggled reminiscently.

"He did leap, didn't he? He reminded me of those hills in the Bible. 'Why leap ye, ye high hills?' Do you remember? But it's all off, just the same."

"Might I ask why?"

"Those pajamas, old dear," said Miss Wickham firmly. "The moment I caught a glimpse of them, I said to myself, 'No wedding bells for me!' No! I've seen too much of life, old thing, to be optimistic about a man who wears mauve pajamas." She plunged for a space into maiden meditation. When she spoke again, it was on another aspect of the affair. "I'm afraid mother is rather cross with you, Roland."

"You surprise me!"

"Never mind; you can slate her next novel."

"I intend to," said Roland grimly, remembering what he had suffered in the study from Chapters I and VII of it.

"But meanwhile I don't think you had better meet her again just yet. Do you know, I really think the best plan would be for you to go away tonight without saying good-by? There is a very good milk train which gets you into London at 6:45."

"When does it start?"

"At 3.15."

"I'll take it," said Roland.

There was a pause. Roberta Wickham drew a step closer.

"Roland," she said softly, "you were a dear not to give me away. I do appreciate it so much."

"Not at all!"

"There would have been an awful row. I expect mother would have taken away my car."

"Ghastly!"

"I want to see you again quite soon, Roland. I'm coming up to London next week. Will you give me lunch? And then we might go and sit in Kensington Gardens or somewhere where it's quiet."

Roland eyed her fixedly.

"I'll drop you a line," he said.

Sir Joseph Moresby was an early breakfaster. The hands of the clock pointed to five minutes past eight as he entered his dining room with a jaunty and hopeful step. There were, his senses told him, kidneys and bacon beyond that door. To his surprise he found that there was also his nephew Roland. The young man was pacing the carpet restlessly. He had a rumpled look, as if he had slept poorly, and his eyes were pink about the rims.

"Roland!" exclaimed Sir Joseph. "Good gracious! What are you doing here? Didn't you go to Skeldings after all?"

"Yes, I went," said Roland in a strange, toneless voice.

"Then what ——"

"Uncle Joseph," said Roland, "you remember what we were talking about at dinner? Do you really think Lucy would have me if I asked her to marry me?"

"What? My dear boy, she's been in love with you for years."

"Is she up yet?"

"No, she doesn't breakfast till nine."

"I'll wait."

Sir Joseph grasped his hand.

"Roland, my boy ——" he began.

But there was that on Roland's mind that made him unwilling to listen to set speeches.

"Uncle Joseph," he said, "do you mind if I join you for a bite of breakfast? I've been up all night."

"My dear boy, of course!"

"Then I wish you would ask them to be frying two or three eggs and another rasher or so. While I'm waiting I'll be starting on a few kidneys."

It was ten minutes past nine when Sir Joseph happened to go into the morning room. He had supposed it empty, but he perceived that the large armchair by the window was occupied by his nephew Roland. He was leaning back with the air of one whom the world is treating well. On the floor beside him sat Lucy, her eyes fixed adoringly on the young man's face.

"Yes, yes," she was saying. "How wonderful! Do go on, darling." Sir Joseph tiptoed out, unnoticed. Roland was speaking as he softly closed the door.

"Well," Sir Joseph heard him say, "it was raining, you know, and just as I reached the corner of Duke Street ——"

THE ANACHRONISM

(Continued from Page 15)

was just exactly right for Marvin Gibb and Ellie; and the Werfers, except for Ting, had been at once amiable neighbors and good landlords; but if a man couldn't ever come or go without having to run the risk of rabies ——

The door at the head of the stairs opened and Ellie's head and shoulders projected above the banisters; a strained quality in her utterance of his name caught Marvin Gibb's ear; he saw that her face, too, indicated strong emotion. Alarmed, he dismissed his contemplated expostulation and stumbled up the stairway.

"What's the matter, Ellie? What's happened?"

"It's—it's come—it's in there." She spoke with an effect of effort, holding her wrapper shut with her right hand and gesturing with the other, a gesture which, to Marvin Gibb, conveyed a hint of tragedy.

"What's come?" He voiced the demand with a touch of impatience, aware of its futility. He had never managed to make Ellie understand the need of explicit speech; in moments of stress she still resorted to baffling cryptic allusions.

"It," she repeated, impelling him to the door. "In there!"

The sitting room, wholly visible from the doorway, seemed to Marvin Gibb the same friendly, familiar place he had left six hours earlier. His eye moved from the walnut château of the cuckoo clock to the aureate gleam of the gilt chairs below it, to the twin statuettes beside the window, to the bed-a-sofe against the inner wall, an imposing piece of furniture susceptible of nocturnal expansion by means of which, according to the pamphlet of instructions, any home could be instantly enlarged by the addition of an extra bedroom, ready in a twinkling for the unexpected guest. Uncle Al had thoughtfully provided this convenience against the chance of his demanding a shelter overnight. For some reason it focused Marvin Gibb's attention now, although, seen from the end, it presented no unusual aspect.

"I don't see ——" he began.

The speech froze on his lips as the springs groaned and, against his will, he did see. Upreared above the end board of the bed-a-sofe he saw, without believing, the head of something out of geology books, out of the woodcut fairy stories of infancy. Fascinated and unbelieving he stared at something that belonged in the age of the roc and the mammoth, a thing all the more incredible because its giant contours were recognizable exaggerations of familiar lines. In Brobdingnag, perhaps, they might have called this beast a dog.

Plainly, now, the creature took cognizance of Marvin Gibb, motionless upon his threshold, his body interposed before the shrinking helplessness of Ellie. Eyes surveyed him meditatively from below shaggy silver brows; the jaws parted, revealing dreadful teeth; there was a grisly suggestion of hunger in the protrusion of a tongue.

Deliberately, even with dignity the animal lowered its bulk from the bed-a-sofe; the relieved springs whined softly. Marvin Gibb, hypnotized, faced the slow, confident approach, observing, as bound martyrs in a Roman arena might have noted such trivial details while lions crept upon them, the slow, rhythmic oscillations of a tail for which the sitting room proved less than adequate; one of these majestic wavings overturned a gilt chair and in the downfall a great chip of the plaster decoration of its back was splintered free. Dully Martin Gibb wondered at himself for viewing this catastrophe unmoved, for harboring, indeed, a certain feeling of relief. The dog was upon him before he could examine this phenomenon at length. He stiffened at the touch of a cold moist muzzle against his rigid hand, looking down, still unbelieving, at the vastness of the animal's extent. Standing before him, its shoulder reached above the lower button of Marvin Gibb's coat; its body seemed to stretch away, like the dotted lines in the geometry book, to approach infinity.

"You don't mean to tell me," said Marvin Gibb in a tense whisper, "that Uncle Al went and sent us ——"

"He just did!" asserted Ellie. "There's a letter. It's all your fault, too—you must have said something yesterday that gave him the notion."

Still under the hypnotic spell of the nearness and immensity of the beast, Marvin Gibb endeavored to fix his mind upon the scrawled note she thrust before him. Uncle Al had written hastily in pencil, upon the letterhead of a Long Island kennel, but his words rose all too plainly into Gibb's consciousness.

"*Dear Mare & Ellie:* Wish I'd known before that you wanted a dog. Tried to get you a real big one, but this pup was the best I could do. The man says he'll make a good-sized dog when he gets his growth. Be out to have a look at him next trip, sure.

"UNCLE AL.

"P. S. His name's Brian Boru, but they call him Mickey. He's about a year old."

Slowly the extent of the disaster forced itself upon Marvin Gibb. Amazingly as

(Continued on Page 78)

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Square Rascal: Continuous or intermittent alarm; 2½" high x 2½" wide. Runs 30 hours **$3.25**
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Square Spark: Similar to Rascal. 30-hour timepiece. No alarm in this clock **$2.50**
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(Continued from Page 76)

Uncle Al's inattention had led him to misinterpret the drift of yesterday's talk, the fact remained that this dog, this economic evil, this social nuisance, this anachronistic survival from an age of barbarism, had been added to the household of Marvin Gibb with all the sacred permanency attaching to any gift of Ellie's Uncle Al. Like the cuckoo clock and the bed-a-sofe, the gilded chairs and the plaster statuary, he was here to stay, for richer and poorer, for better and worse, until death did them part.

Ellie, following these meditations telepathically, sought, as always, the silver lining of the cloud.

"It just can't be helped, Marvin. After all, it might have been worse."

Marvin Gibb emitted a bitter laugh. "Yes," he said, "he might have sent us a couple of baby elephants, instead of one, I suppose. Do you realize what it'll cost to feed a dog like this?"

Ellie's family pride was touched. "I guess we can afford to feed a dog, after all Uncle Al's done for us! Or perhaps you'd rather hurt his feelings ——"

Marvin Gibb's conscience informed him that he deserved the rebuke. After all, it was to be regarded in the light of an investment, wasn't it? Whatever he might spend in the maintenance of Brian Boru was no more than bread cast upon the waters, presently to return with increase, when Uncle Al should, as he put it, retire from the harness and settle down.

"Never mind," he apologized. "I wasn't complaining, exactly. We'll manage somehow—cut down somewhere else, that's all."

Brian Boru, apparently content with his olfactory investigations, withdrew in grave dignity to the bed-a-sofe and slumber. Awakened presently by the cuckoo's announcement of two o'clock, he listened with an effect of displeasure, his head tilted to one side. Marvin Gibb, inspecting the damaged gilt chair, discovered a certain sympathy toward this attitude; for the first time the cuckoo seemed officious, declamatory; he felt, indeed, that the bird jeered at him. Strangely, there was a sour solace in the condition of the chair.

"Guess it's past fixing," he announced. "I'll put it up in the attic." He paused. "The room was kind of crowded anyway," he added. Returning, he found himself still aware of a new disapproval, a sense of clutter and constriction, in which the elaborate carved walnut château that housed the cuckoo, the bulk of the twin statues, the sprawling magnitude of the bed-a-sofe, the gratuitous enormity of the sleeping dog were all involved. He had always liked the room till now, and yet a word of Haggerty's rose in his recollection to express it.

"Dinky," he muttered "And we've got to keep that dog in it too!"

The sense of oppression lay heavily upon him while he ate the thrifty meal of reclaimed fragments; his discontent led him to a covert inspection of Ellie, in which, mysteriously, he beheld her with the judicial eye of an outsider, unpartisan and just. It was strange that he'd never noticed that—that effect of pudginess about Ellie's wrapper-clad figure: he'd thought of her as rather thinnish. The wrapper, too, a garment once delightfully intimate, seemed now singularly undecorative. Collaborating as usual in the dish washing, Marvin Gibb looked forward to his afternoon of self-education with a gloomy hope of escape from such meditations as these.

He found, however, that it was impossible to concentrate upon the printed word. The creak of Ellie's rocker distracted him; she interrupted him, too, at intervals, to read some item from the pamphlet on the care and feeding of the Irish wolfhound which the kennels had thoughtfully forwarded with Brian Boru. The stupidly reiterated squawk of the cuckoo seemed intentionally malicious; he observed with morose satisfaction that it disturbed the dog as well, that Brian Boru hoisted himself to a sitting posture with the first petulant note and listened, head atilt, with unmistakable displeasure.

The presence of the beast, too, made it impossible to forget the expense of his maintenance, the manifold inconveniences of harboring him in a flat which had been, Marvin Gibb now perceived, less than sufficient for himself and Ellie. He suffered himself to give asylum to unworthy thoughts of Uncle Al, who, instead of lending ear to forceful, informed and entertaining conversation, had manifestly given too much of his attention to the impressive lady with the black do-funny on her hat.

Ellie sat up sharply. "It says that he's got to have plenty of exercise or he'll be sick," she announced. She read at length from the pamphlet, while Marvin Gibb listened unhappily.

"All right," he said when she paused, "if he gets sick and dies it won't be our fault. How's he going to get any exercise in a dinky flat like this?"

"Yes, and what would Uncle Al think of us if he comes back and finds we've let the dog die, just for want of a little trouble?" Ellie spoke with that inflection which, he knew, was designed as a reminder that the Gibb connection contained no Uncle Al. "I should think, after all Uncle Al's done for us, we might do a little thing like taking a dog for a walk, without grumbling. I'm going to anyway. You needn't come."

She moved to the bedroom. Marvin Gibb, interpreting her final statement with the accuracy of eight years of matrimony, closed his book and resumed his coat. He foresaw an indefinite succession of Saturday afternoons and Sundays, perhaps of intermediate evenings as well, dedicated, at the expense of self-improvement, to aimless excursions through East Juniper, attached to Brian Boru's leash.

Glancing at the recumbent dog he realized the spectacular quality of these parades. He would be unlikely to escape remark in even the quietest purlieus of East Juniper. A nature intensely undesirous of ostentation surveyed this prospect with a sense of catastrophe now mercilessly specific. He would be stared at, spoken to, pursued, perhaps, by fascinated little boys. Before this prevision the lost opportunities for self-education, the monetary cost seemed minor matters. Marvin Gibb's teeth closed; he drew one arm from its sleeve, determined desperately on revolt.

"You ready, Marvin?"

Ellie's voice implied unmistakably that there had been no sincerity in her suggestion that he stay behind. Marvin Gibb hesitated for a daring moment, and then replaced the arm in the dangling sleeve. After all ——

Ellie had improvised a leash from the shawl strap, and this, under her direction, he made fast to Brian Boru's collar. The animal submitted graciously to the attention; he seemed indeed to interpret it correctly, lowering himself unbidden from the bed-a-sofe, and, stretching prodigiously, expressing a benign acquiescence in a graceful brushing gesture with his tail.

Marvin Gibb caught one of the statuettes in time; the other, impacting in its fall against the radiator, shattered in a multitude of fragments. Ellie's regret voiced itself with a degree of injustice. Marvin, she appeared to believe, had been responsible.

"I'm sure I don't know what I can say to Uncle Al about it," she said, brushing the forlorn litter skillfully into the dustpan. "He'll think it just too careless of you."

"It was his dog that did it," said Marvin Gibb. "If we're going to keep him in the house I'd better move the other one up to the attic before he smashes that too."

"Or before you do," said Ellie unkindly. "The idea of blaming it on a dog! Yes, take it up now, while I finish cleaning up this mess!"

Marvin Gibb found a melancholy satisfaction in the task. He rejoined Ellie and Brian Boru in a slightly mitigated gloom and opened the door upon the porch, entirely forgetful, for once, of the unforgiving and vigilant malice of Ting, the Pekingese.

There was an outburst of soprano yelps from the lower step of the porch stairs. Marvin Gibb flinched before the inchworm uprush of the enemy, scaling the steps with furious heavings of back and the scratching of eager claws. The retreat exposed Brian Boru to the assault, a circumstance which in no degree abated the frenzy of the aggressor. Reared erect upon inadequate haunches, preserving a precarious balance by dint of frantic fanning motions of the inbowed forelegs, Ting snapped avid jaws upon the air, six inches under Brian Boru's short, silvery whisker.

The wolfhound seemed, to Marvin Gibb, to survey his enemy with detachment, there was upon his solemn countenance the look of one who is less interested in the spectacle before him than in identifying some elusive mental association prompted by the sight. It seemed to Marvin Gibb that Ting reminded Brian Boru of something else, that the big dog endeavored, now, to remember this something only hazily suggested by the other. He fancied that he detected a sort of nod, a look of gratified remembrance as Brian Boru, sitting deliberately, scratched himself back of the ear with a lordly and leisured hind foot.

Marvin Gibb discovered that he was grinning sourly, his humor lightened a little by the discomfiture of the Peke, now manifestly abashed by the innuendo, magnificently contemptuous, of the gesture.

"See, that's what you remind him of, you funny little dog," he said aloud, as he moved past Ting to the stairs, Brian Boru keeping pace between him and Ellie. Emerging on the more traveled thoroughfare at the end of McKinley Street, he became disagreeably conscious of attention and remark. Pedestrians paused, stared, exchanged audible comment; a strolling policeman halted the party to demand specific information as to Brian Boru's breed, weight, cost and appetite, questions which Ellie was able to answer somewhat vaguely while Marvin Gibb chafed uneasily in the dismaying proximity of the law.

"Let's go out Juniper Hill way," he suggested sullenly as the policeman moved out of earshot. "Kind of country out there—won't make such a holy show of ourselves."

Ellie had no objection. The town dwindled as they neared the foot of the slope; here, crossing the frowsy slum that occupied the swampy lowland along the creek, they emerged upon a macadam road that slanted steeply up the face of the hill, passing new houses set in roomier spaces, the abodes, Marvin Gibb reflected gloomily, of folks who had more money than sense. He was annoyed at himself for harboring, nevertheless, a certain vague envy, an unwilling comparison between these cheerfully extravagant homes and the upper floor of the Werfers' two-family tenement in McKinley Street. If Marvin Gibb had been sufficiently a fool, he reflected, he might possess and inhabit one of these houses; he could afford it, he told himself, a lot better than some of the four-flushers who'd already moved out to the Hill. Pausing before a nearly finished cottage he read a signboard concisely specific as to price and terms; he could plank down that first cash payment this minute, if he wanted to.

"My feet are just killing me," said Ellie. She seated herself on a pile of lumber, Brian Boru immediately subsiding on the trodden turf before her. Marvin Gibb was willing enough to pause, for his own part, but he concealed the fact.

"No wonder." He indicated Ellie's shoes, absurdly unfit for such excursions. For some reason, too, her suit displeased his eye; it no longer fitted her—Ellie had clearly been putting on a good bit of superfluous weight. Uneasily he moved away to the open doorway of the new house and was tempted to unlawful entry; Ellie and Brian Boru rejoined him presently as he stood at an upper window commanding a view out above the roof tops of East Juniper to a far bank of mist into which, unsupported like air castles in a fairy book, the pinnacles and towers of the city lifted in the touch of a declining golden sun.

"It's kind of pretty, isn't it?" said Ellie softly.

Marvin Gibb turned abruptly away, resenting the word. A thought crossed his mind; a memory of the blistered, yellow paint of the clapboards, six feet away, that were all the outlook of the bedroom window at the flat.

"Let's get started home," he said sullenly.

This word, too, for some reason, displeased his ear. He walked in moody silence, aware of interested stares from those who passed them on the long journey back to McKinley Street, glances that made him conscious of Ellie's ill-fitting suit, of the absurd, high-heeled shoes that continued to distress her.

"I suppose I'll just have to buy some new ones," she said in the apologetic tone in which, always, she mentioned projected extravagances such as hats and clothes. "You won't be able to take him out for walks except on Saturdays and Sundays. It's a pity to waste the money, but ——"

"If he lets us off with the price of a pair of shoes we'll be lucky," said Marvin Gibb. "If we had any sense we'd ship him straight back where he came from."

"Don't be silly, Marvin! You know perfectly well you'd never hurt Uncle Al's feelings that way—after all he's done for us. It's a pity if we can't keep a dog, when Uncle Al's generous enough to buy us one!"

Marvin Gibb held his tongue. Glancing up as a car passed them at a corner he encountered the attentive gaze of Henry Weaver and touched his hat in mechanical

(Continued on Page 80)

Above are illustrated only a few of the many special tools designed and built by Hupmobile for its hundreds of service stations throughout America. These special tools, plus Hupmobile flat-rate system, enable Hupmobile mechanics to save minutes, and in some cases hours, on a given job.

Hupmobile

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A dealer may do his best to service a car expertly and at low cost. But, unless his mechanics are supplied with special tools, that best is bound to fall far short.

Hupmobile dealers all have the special tool equipment necessary to assure lowest cost and quickest, most efficient service to the Hupmobile owner.

These tools are designed at the Hupmobile factory by Hupmobile engineers. Many of them are built by Hupmobile. They are specially designed to shorten the time of certain mechanical operations.

Therefore they help to save labor-cost for the owner, give him a better job, and enable him to have the car in the shortest period of time.

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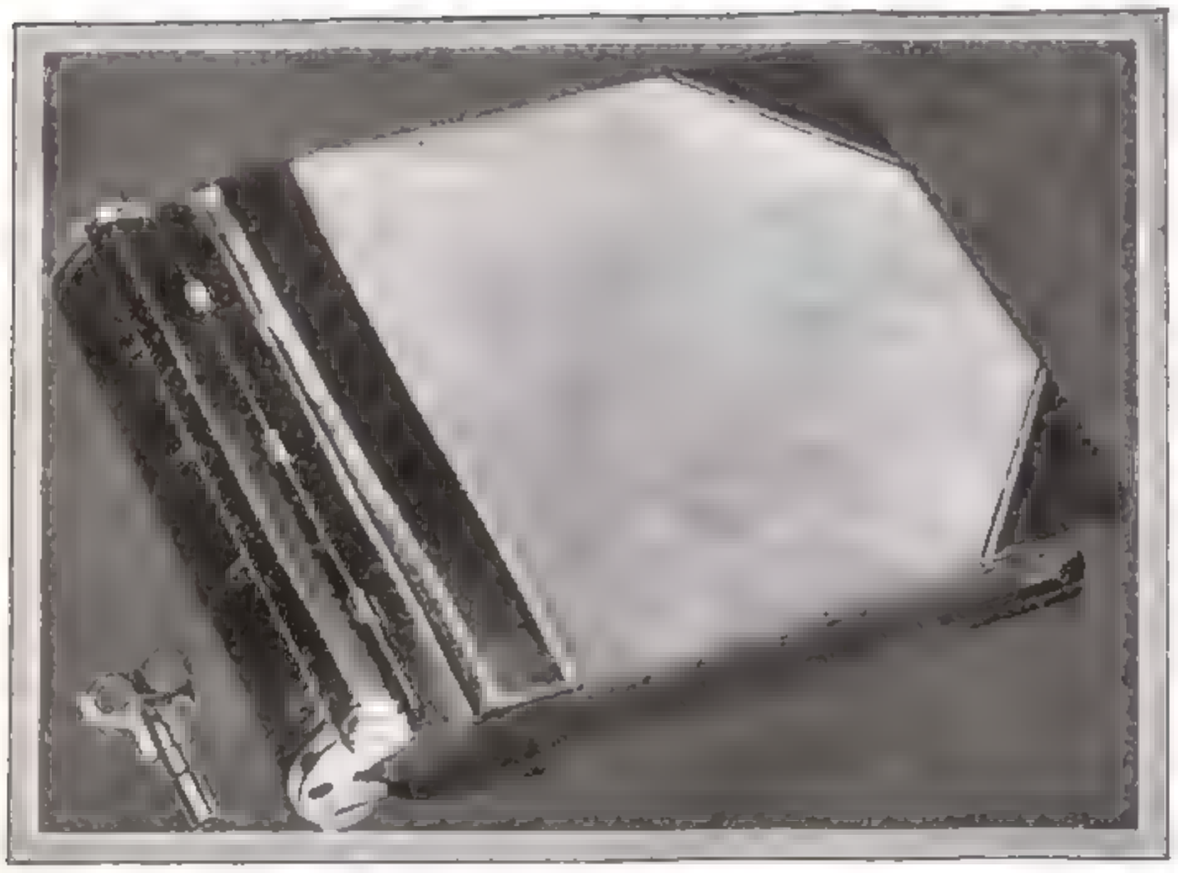

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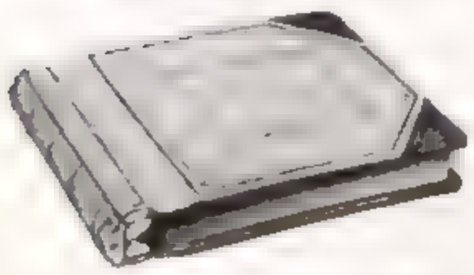

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LOOSE LEAF AND BOUND BOOKS

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(Continued from Page 78)

response to the great man's gesture of recognition, a greeting in which, unmistakably, there had been more of interest and cordiality than had marked that casual nod across the aisle of the smoker. He tightened his hold on the shawl strap.

"Oh, I suppose we'll manage somehow," he admitted. "But it's a silly extravagance, all the same, for people in our position."

He regarded McKinley Street with disfavor as they neared their door, and, coatless and at rest in the sitting room, yielded once more to the unreasonable feeling of crowded smallness. Even relieved of the statuettes and the broken gilt chair, the room impressed him as no place for two humans and a dog. He resented the cuckoo clock as a needless and nonutilitarian intrusion upon the cramped space; the whirring preface to the bird's appearance annoyed him. It seemed also to annoy Brian Boru. At the first fretful yawp from the bird the wolfhound rose from his place on the bed-a-sofa and directed a gaze of grave displeasure at the clock, which he evidently identified at last as the source of unseemly disturbance.

Without haste he crossed the room and rose, resting a forepaw against the wall, his head level with the peevish bird. There was a crunching sound, a melancholy squawk from the cuckoo; the dog dropped to all fours, the clock dangling from his jaws; with judicial deliberation he shook his head. The clock shattered against the remaining gilt chair. Brian Boru moved back to the bed-a-sofa, his tail expressive of restored complacency. Ellie, in the doorway, cried out in a consternation which, strangely, Marvin Gibb refused to share.

"Smashed the chair, too, while he was at it," he announced, straightening from his survey of the wreckage. "Look here, Ellie, there just isn't room in this flat for that dog. We'll either have to send him back ——"

"And how would that make Uncle Al feel after all he's done for us?" Ellie spoke with aggrieved heat. "I suppose you'd rather hurt his feelings than move to a place where's room enough for a dog, but I wouldn't! I'm not going to let my uncle think I'm so ungrateful—and I was thinking, anyway, that we could perfectly well afford to buy that new house we saw. They only want fifteen hundred down, the sign said. And our lease runs out next month too."

"Well, there might be something in that," conceded Marvin Gibb. "We'll need more room, of course, when your uncle comes to live with us. Wouldn't do any harm to go out there tomorrow and look the place over again, especially as we'll have to take the dog for another walk anyhow." He frowned as a memory of that article in Things to Talk About reproached him. "If it wasn't for your Uncle Al we couldn't think of it," he said defensively. "It's criminal extravagance to waste good money on—an absurd anachronism like that dog."

"I suppose it wouldn't be extravagant to hurt Uncle Al's feelings," said Ellie tartly. "Supper's ready."

Familiarity had blunted the fine edge of Marvin Gibb's pleasure in the club car, but tonight, as he moved one of its roomy wicker armchairs to the window he was aware of a renewed satisfaction in its comfortable privacy. You could certainly think better when you had a seat to yourself, instead of being jammed against the window by the elbow of some newspaper-reading commuter, and the problem that faced Marvin Gibb demanded the best attention of an undistracted mind.

Declining genial invitations to join the games of bridge and poker already in process of organization at the other end of the car, he shut his eyes and, when the noise and motion of the train had presently heightened his sense of seclusion, managed to center his thoughts sternly upon the new crisis in his affairs.

Although his common sense angrily informed him that the feeling was utterly without excuse, he was a little frightened. It was true enough that he was wholly free to choose the safety of his present unassailable position at the head of the mail-order division; difficult as it had been of late to get along with Hornby, there was not, and Marvin Gibb knew that there would never be, the slightest danger of losing that job. It was altogether silly, therefore, to harbor this dim, uneasy alarm just because Haggerty & Gelbfuss had offered him, at less than half what he knew to be its value, a third interest in their healthy young business. Nevertheless, Marvin Gibb was obstinately afraid—so afraid that he found himself marshaling up an orderly regiment of reasons for staying where he was.

Safety was worth something, surely; a hundred a week that came in with inevitability of the calendar itself was better, wasn't it, than a potential two hundred against which must be balanced a possible zero, or even less? The savings bank paid only four per cent, and Haggerty & Gelbfuss were earning many times that rate on their small capital, but —— Marvin Gibb shook his head; it was a gamble, any way you looked at it, and a gamble, as things stood, that would hazard nearly all that was left of his savings.

He scowled at the thought. It all went back to that unlucky interview with Uncle Al—every bit of it. If it hadn't been for that, he and Ellie wouldn't ever have dreamed of moving away from McKinley Street; they'd have gone on saving pretty nearly half their income, instead of living right up to it and dipping into their capital besides. If it hadn't been for that dog

Gloomily Marvin Gibb's mental ledgers exhibited the totals of what, directly and otherwise, he had spent on and because of Brian Boru. If he'd never seen that wolfhound there'd be plenty of reserve funds now to stand behind this gamble!

No, he couldn't risk it, that was all. He'd have to tell Haggerty in the morning that the deal was off—it wasn't fair to let them keep the offer open any longer. Now, having decided finally against it, he beheld the proposal in a more appealing light. A chance of a lifetime, and he'd have to let it get away, just because of that dog!

Henry Weaver touched his shoulder; he sprang up, startled to find that they were passing the South Juniper station.

"Come on, Gibb—ride up with me, will you?"

There was no mistaking the sincerity of Weaver's tone, and Marvin Gibb thought wistfully of the ease and speed with which the little closed car would cover the long mile between the station and the new house on Juniper Hill.

"Wish I could, thanks, but it's a clear evening and Mrs. Gibb's probably walked down to meet me. She generally does when the weather's good."

"Never knew such a pair of walkers as you two," said Weaver. "See you everywhere I drive." There was a note of admiring envy in his voice and Gibb saw him glance down at a waistline bulge. "It's first-rate exercise."

"Wish you'd tell my dog that," said Gibb gloomily. "He doesn't know it. You take a dog that's built to run down a pack of the giant wolves they used to have in Ireland, and kill 'em one by one as he catches up, and you'll use up quite a bit of shoe leather trying to keep him in shape by walking him on the end of a leash!"

"Something in that." Weaver chuckled as they moved toward the door of the car. "Funny thing about that dog of yours, Gibb. Never see him without a sort of feeling that he remembers those old times when his kind chummed around with kings."

Marvin Gibb nodded; Brian Boru had often inspired this fancy in his own thought.

"He'd fit in back there," he said slowly, "where there were plenty of big wolves to hunt and kings to chum with—kings that didn't have to collect postage stamps to put in the time! But in a town like East Juniper today—well, I ought to have better sense than to keep such a dog. He's no use under the sun—he costs a pile of money and walks me ragged. He's just—just"—a dim memory stirred—"just an absurd anachronism, that's all."

The train paused. Descending, Marvin Gibb took a gloomy pleasure in rejecting with decisive head shake the eager solicitations of the taxi men calling upon him loudly and by name. At the far end of the platform where the bulbs began to overcome the fading autumn day he could see Ellie and, beside her, serenely immobile, the great silver statue of a dog. His step quickened; there was still that queer little thrill of pride and pleasure in the sight of Ellie waiting for him. He met her smile of welcome with a glance that noticed, as if he had not noticed it a hundred times, the straight, graceful carriage of her shoulders, the slender curve of her bare throat, the clear flush in her cheeks.

"We'll have to hurry," she told him. "It was such a gorgeous day I just couldn't

(Continued on Page 82)

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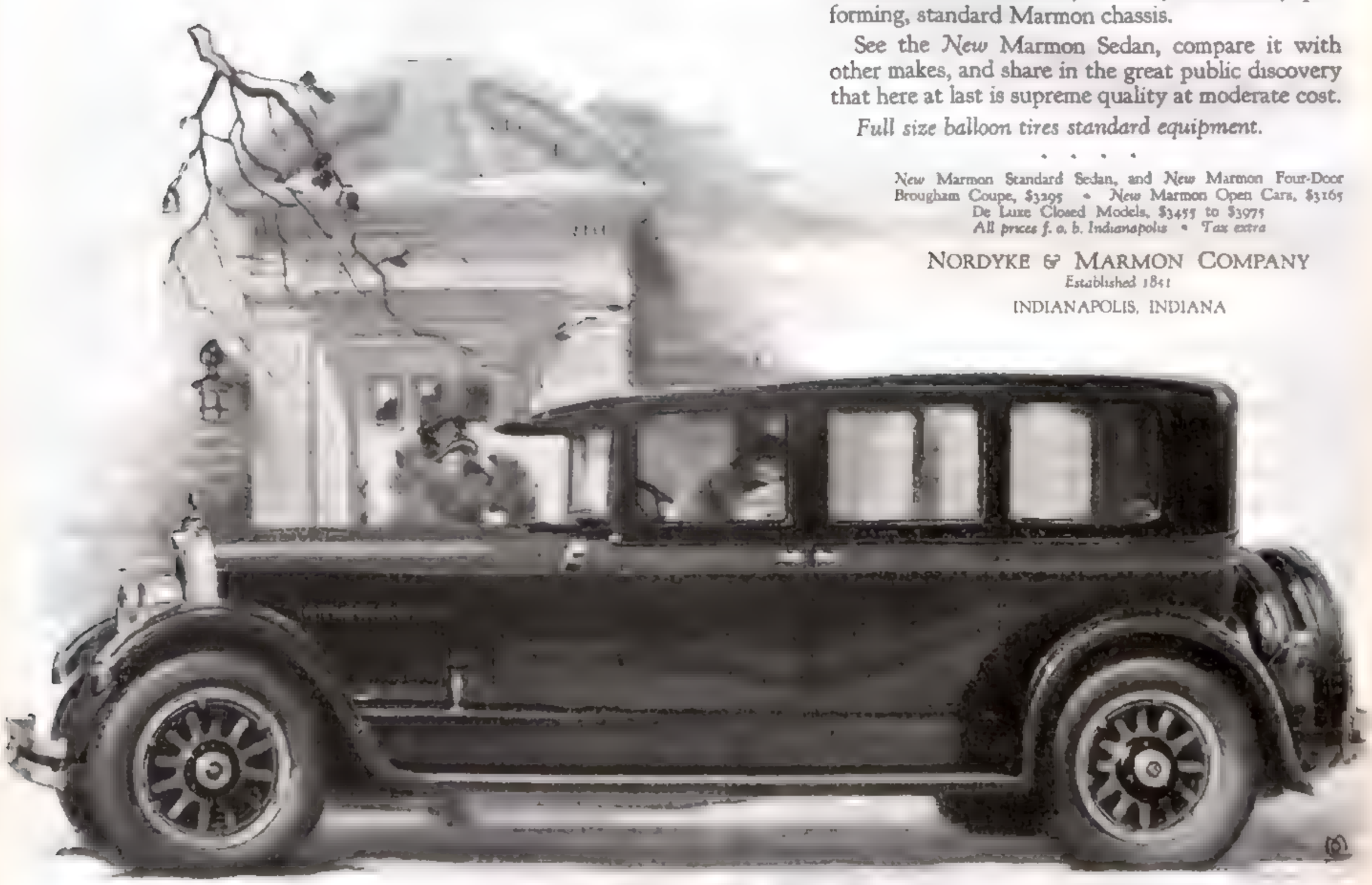

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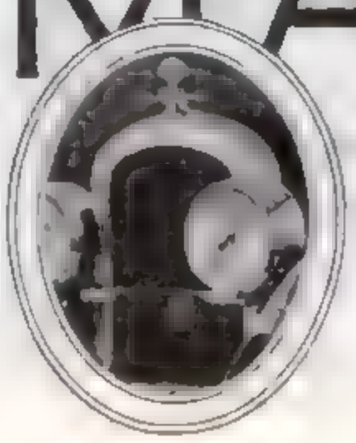

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(Continued from Page 80)

make myself stay to keep an eye on Olga, and the Weavers are coming to dinner too. I've been clear out to Eagle Rock."

"Aren't you tired?" He knew better; it pleased her, though, to have him ask.

"Who? Me?" She laughed. "Come on—I'll show you!"

She held his arm as they moved across the open space before the station, the great dog pacing solemnly a little in advance, so that his leash in Ellie's free hand was, as Marvin Gibb knew, just pleasantly taut.

"Well," she demanded, "did you see Haggerty?"

"Yes." His mood was suddenly overcast. "Had lunch with him and Gelbfuss and we went all over it."

"Settle anything?"

"Not exactly. I'm to let 'em know in the morning. But I've thought it all over and I've made up my mind ——"

"Hold Brian a minute. I'm losing a hairpin." She thrust the leash into his hand. "Yes—you've made up your mind?"

Marvin Gibb didn't answer at once. He gave himself over, for the moment, to a purely creature pleasure in the gentle tug of the leash against his gloved fingers. What was it that Henry Weaver had said about dogs that chummed around with kings? And what was Marvin Gibb's voice telling Marvin Gibb's wife, while the owner of the voice meditated about anachronistic wolfhounds?

"Yes," the voice was saying decisively, "I'm going in with them. All I can expect if I stay with Hornby for a hundred years is a raise every now and then. It isn't good enough—not for me, Ellie. There isn't enough kick in it. Haggerty & Gelbfuss aren't on Easy Street yet, but it'll be sort of fun to get my back into it with them. Besides, haven't I been training myself all my life for a real he-man's job? It isn't as if I weren't prepared for ——"

"That's what I think." Ellie squeezed his arm. "It never used to matter, but lately I've had a—sort of feeling that there was something—something ridiculous about your working for anybody else. I don't know just how to say it, but—you aren't that kind, somehow."

"I guess I know what you mean. I—I've been feeling that way too." Marvin Gibb shook his head. "I don't mean that I'm getting stuck on myself, but sometimes, lately, when Hornby's gone a mile up in the air over something, I've had to go out in the hall and laugh, as if it was just funny—his calling me down, I mean."

"It is," said Ellie. She squeezed his arm again and they walked on for a space in contented silence.

"Of course there's a risk," conceded Marvin Gibb at last. "It's going to take just about all we've got left in the bank to swing it, but ——"

"Don't begin to worry about that," said Ellie. "It isn't as if we didn't have somebody to fall back on, if we have to. There's always Uncle Al."

"Yes, that's so. There's always Uncle Al." Marvin Gibb echoed the words in a tone not wholly sincere. Under cover of the lowering dusk he allowed himself to frown a little. For some reason he resented Uncle Al's intrusion on this talk; it seemed to dull the fine edge of a new stimulating sense of Marvin Gibb's self-sufficiency. He almost wished that Ellie hadn't ever had any rich uncle.

The house greeted him with a cheerful warmth that revived his earlier exhilaration. Even Ellie's little cry of pleasure at the discovery of a letter from Uncle Al failed, now, to shadow his spirits; he left her to read it by the hall light and, unsnapping Brian Boru's leash, followed him into the dusk of the living room, where a wood fire chuckled under its breath, as if it saw a joke too good to share. Brian Boru lowered himself with deliberation to his favorite place on the hearthrug; his tail thumped in token of a sedate and gracious content.

"Marvin!" Ellie's sharp cry frightened him. He found her in the hall, the open letter in one hand, the back of the other pressed against her parted lips.

"What is it? What's the matter, Ellie?"

She thrust the letter toward him, a gesture of stark tragedy. He glanced at Uncle Al's sprawling, exuberant script.

"*Dear Ellie & Marv,*" wrote Uncle Al, "I wish I'd had more time so I could have let you know ahead & had you stand up with us, but it all happened kind of sudden, so you won't see your new Aunt Maybelle till we get back from Atlantic City &c. I don't know for certain when that'll be but this trip we'll certainly take a run out to the country & pay you a regular visit. Your Aunt Maybelle says to give her love to you both & so do I

"Aff. UNCLE AL."

There came back into Marvin Gibb's memory a thought of the imposing lady who had sat by the window that day when Uncle Al's attention had strayed from the talk about dogs, and he wondered whether when he encountered Aunt Maybelle she would prove to be a dog-gone fine figure of a woman, with a black do-funny on her hat, a woman who left a wide, aromatic wake. For some reason the news pleased him; he found that he no longer resented Ellie's Uncle Al, nor feared him; that he held him instead in a regard that was at once amused and understanding and affectionate.

"M-married!" said Ellie's outraged whisper. "M-married!"

"Married yourself, Ellie," said Marvin Gibb. "Kind of nice, too, when you get used to it."

"But don't you see?" Her voice tightened, reminding him a little of a voice that belonged, somehow, back in that flat over the Werfers, with the gilt chairs and the cuckoo clock. "We won't have Uncle Al to fall back on now."

"That's what I like about it." Marvin Gibb's tone seemed to quiet her. "If there's any falling back on anybody to be done in this family, after this, it's going to be on me. Uncle Al's got another job. That one's mine."

"Oh, Marvin! I didn't mean ——"

It was the other voice, now—the voice that went with Ellie's clear outdoor flush and heathery smell of tweeds and the furtive mirth of the wood fire, laughing in its sleeve about something it wouldn't tell

"I know. It's all right." He drew her into the firelighted dusk of the other room; a slow, stately thumping made the welcome to the hearthrug and they stood looking down at the outstretched silvery bigness of the drowsing dog. Again Marvin Gibb thought of kings who did not collect postage stamps, of the huge wolf-killing hounds that had chummed around with them.

"I guess we won't go back on Uncle Al," he said gently, "after all he's done for us. Didn't he give us"—he stooped and touched Brian Boru's head—"didn't he give us this absurd old anachronism here? Eating us out of house and home and walking us most to death and no more use in the world than—than a dog-gone old king!"

Brian Boru thumped upon the hearthrug in gracious, drowsy assent.

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"Ah . . . to be at Angoulême at the Poudrerie, very sensible, very quiet, listening to the mills working, making oneself sticky with truffles, learning from you how to pocket a billiard-ball, laughing and talking." From a letter written by Balzac to Madame Carraud.

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TOUCHSTONE

(Continued from Page 9)

the gypsy, who stared oddly at them, shaking her head regretfully but firmly.

"She can't be refusing money!" the Russian cried, amazed. "No! It's not possible!"

Carlo spoke briefly, listened longer, turned with a doubtful surprise to his patrons.

"She says that she must not accept money for which she gives nothing in return," he interpreted with an incredulous smile; "she asks if you would care to know your destinies without her help."

"Why, yes, I should!" Nina cried suddenly. "I think it would be rather fun. Tell her yes, Reeves."

"But how shall we do this?" the countess inquired interestedly. "Ask her how, Carlo?"

"Nonsense!" Udalschino said shortly. "There is no way. Destiny is only the fruit of the past—that lies buried in the earth."

"Ask her, Reeves," Nina repeated, and at a sign from the secretary, Carlo spoke to the woman.

"She has a ring," he translated, "and when one wears it, it becomes clear—one's life, I mean. You are enabled to see what you are, what you will be, what you will therefore have. But it is dear, she says. It costs"—a shade of horror spread over his mobile features—"it costs a hundred francs! *Dio mio!* Shall I tell her to finish with such foolishness and go, my lady?"

"A hundred francs!" Mrs. Pettiford repeated thoughtfully. "That is expensive. It must be very good," she added, "mustn't it, prince?"

The Italian burst into a short laugh, quickly controlled.

"Undoubtedly, madame, at that price," he answered gravely. "Still—one's destiny! That is always something; but it is not cheap, evidently. Where did she get her ring, Carlo, eh?"

"It is Egyptian, your highness," the man replied; "the Queen of Saba gave it to King Suleiman. It is a known ring. The German emperor has had it on his finger; and Madame Calvé, the great singer; also Mr. Cecil Rhodes."

"Undoubtedly," said the prince. "Why not? At that rate, the lady should be rich."

"She only uses it in May, your highness, and in November," Carlo explained, after some intervening gabble; "and only if no other way will do; and, of course, the people must be rich; and only out-of-doors, and among trees, with the sun behind her; and all must wear the ring together—no one can be left out."

"Indeed," the countess remarked, "then someone will have to pay for me, for I lost too much at bridge last night. I've not a sou."

"Oh, no one must pay, of course," cried Mrs. Pettiford hastily. "We'll all do it, if you'd all like to. Only, who will tell us all these things, if she doesn't, Carlo? Ask her."

"You will tell them yourselves, after she has gone," the man interpreted; "there is no possible doubt, she says. The ring cannot fail."

"What fun!" cried Mrs. Pettiford, fumbling in the gold-link bag on her wrist and drawing out a handful of notes. "Let me see; one, two, three, four, five, six—that's all, isn't it?"

"Yes, Mrs. Pettiford, that's all," the secretary agreed, taking the money and advancing to the gypsy. "*Voici, ma mère!* Show us the ring, now!"

But the gypsy shook her head and pointed to Decker and the governess, who stood now close to her with the curious children.

"She says, these two also," Carlo translated, a little awkwardly.

"Oh, mademoiselle? Why, I hadn't——" Mrs. Pettiford began doubtfully. "Suppose you take the children for a little walk, mademoiselle."

"Certainly, madame," the governess replied, and turned instantly toward one of the little gladelike paths.

"Come on, mademoiselle," cried Reeves Decker cheerily; "you and I will get out of the way of all these dark destinies. Come on, Helen."

He seized the little girl's hand, but the gypsy touched his arm and caught at the French girl's gray sleeve, scolding violently.

An impressible smile flashed across the valet's face at her words. He shook his head at her and turned resignedly to Mrs. Pettiford.

"She says those two must wear the ring, madame," he informed them. "She is a very saucy woman, I am afraid. She will not give it otherwise."

"Oh, mother, what is the difference?" Nina cried impatiently. "Come on, I want to wear the ring!"

"Very well, dear," said Mrs. Pettiford, smiling; "here, Mr. Decker, here is two hundred more."

The gypsy nodded brusquely, lifted her skirt to her knee, showing a firmly slender, beautifully modeled leg, and untied a leather pocket attached to her garter. From it she took a ring with what appeared to be a heavy gray-green stone in a deep clumsy setting. She spoke a few words to Carlo, who interpreted quickly.

"Will you please to stand in a circle, with your hands together and your backs to the sun?" he said. "And you will please to stand in the order of your ages, the youngest first."

"Really, madame, I should rather not," the little lieutenant began; but Udalschino stopped him.

"Come, come, *mon cher*, we must not spoil the pleasure of these ladies," he said, rising. "This commits you to nothing, surely. You need not even believe in this famous destiny of yours, when the ring tells you. Perhaps King Suleiman did not, either. But he accepted it politely from the *Reine de Saba*—with other things."

At this they all rose, and smiling a little at one another, formed a wavering line.

"Come, mademoiselle!" Nina cried, holding out her hand at the end; "and then you, lieutenant, isn't it? You look so, certainly! Then you, Reeves, and then—well, settle it yourselves, the rest of you."

The countess, laughing, took Decker's hand and gave the other to the prince, who accepted it gallantly, offering his to Mrs. Pettiford, who in turn seized Willy Platt's.

"Now give me yours, Nina," said Mr. Platt; but the gypsy shook her head and spoke sharply.

"She says the dark lady is in the wrong place," Carlo translated, embarrassed; and the Russian, blushing a little and laughing, moved up next to her hostess, Udalschino protesting vehemently.

"I could not bear to refuse such gallantry," she explained; "you did it so prettily."

"I'm sure, my dear, you look every bit as young as he does," Mrs. Pettiford whispered good-naturedly, and her guest smiled.

At the same time the Italian pressed her fingers tightly.

"I have no fears whatever as to your youth, *chère madame*," he murmured; "it is my own that troubles me."

At this the countess laughed.

"Now, if you please," said Carlo importantly, "you will each put the ring on your left thumb, keeping it there while you count ten slowly. You will at no time lose hold of the right hand of the person near you. Please to stand nearer the trees. And if you can touch one, it is better."

The countess and Mrs. Pettiford leaned against a great beech; the aviator pressed his elbow into a slender white birch and the French girl's head touched a nameless bushy shrub. The children stared. The gypsy woman advanced and stood behind Nina, loosening her fingers with her strong brown hands to press the big ring—a man's—over her smooth white thumb.

"*Un, deux, trois*," she prompted, and the girl counted slowly. At ten the gypsy moved the ring to mademoiselle's slender thumb, thence to the lieutenant's brown one, and then pushed it over Decker's finger nail. But a sudden tickling of the shrub behind his ear disturbed him; involuntarily he raised his hand, and the ring fell into his palm as he felt for the branch. A warning cry from the gypsy kept his left hand tight wrapped around Udalschino's, and by a miracle of balancing he kept the ring in his fist without dropping it, handing it promptly to her at the fatal ten. It appeared to be of heavy reddish gold with a gray-green scarab sunk into the setting, which was not at all clumsy, seen close, but beautifully and elaborately carved. It seemed warm in his hand; but he reasoned that this was easily accounted for, and was much interested at the countess' sharp cry:

"Oh, how it burns!"

Udalschino said something, low, to her and she laughed nervously, missing her count.

Everyone smiled a little at Mrs. Pettiford's rapt expression, as she counted carefully; she was evidently making a wish.

Now Willy Platt had counted a staccato, self-conscious ten, and the gypsy took the ring from his thumb, slipped into the circle, and with a warning gesture to them all to hold their positions, she advanced to Nina; and while the girl stared, half laughing, half impressed, into her dark bold eyes, she touched Nina's mouth lightly with the ring. She pressed it against the full parted lips of the French girl, brushed the little mustache of the aviator and reached Decker. But now again the teasing branch of the tall shrub slipped out of control at the irritated shrug of the young officer, and tapped the secretary's cheek; he threw his head back and the ring pressed his chin and passed on, to the Italian's contemptuous smile. Willy Platt wiped his mouth fastidiously and drew a breath of relief.

"I trust we may sit down now," he suggested mildly; and they broke apart and laughed a little consciously, resuming their original seats, more or less automatically.

The gypsy put back her ring, bowed slightly, held out her hand for the money Carlo put into it, flashed an odd, distinctly sardonic smile at them and, with a few muttered words to the servant, turned her back on them and walked down one of the paths, swinging lightly from her hips. She did not look back.

"She says, if you please, you may wait here, and you will know your destiny within an hour," Carlo announced with serious eyes. "She says you will be so kind as to remember it, once you have learned it, because her ring does not promise memory. It will tell, but that is all it can do."

"Goodness, but this is creepy!" Mrs. Pettiford cried softly. "Who do you suppose will come and tell us? Another gypsy? What do you think, Willy?"

She was not accustomed to consult Mr. Platt, who, much flattered, turned to her politely.

"Why, really, Nellie, I couldn't say," he said. "Perhaps they've cooked up some such thing as that. You know women are very easily fooled by that sort of buncombe; that's what keeps all those medjums and palm readers alive. It's amazing what fools women are, really."

The secretary stared, surprised, at Mr. Platt, that perfect guest, that tactful bachelor, that lavender-scented squire of dames.

"Fools, yes," said Udalschino softly; "but such delicious fools! I am not sure but that it is better like that. Think what we should be if they were not so, my friend! Any wise man thanks God for it."

The countess laughed.

"You count on that then," she asked gently, "always?"

Udalschino turned and looked at her, straight in the eyes.

"And why not, *ma belle?*" he answered. "Why not? When we meet the beauty, the brains and the—the force, together—ah, then—then we stop to think! That—that paralyzes us for a moment, and we wonder—we wonder ——"

"So that's what you were doing—wondering!" Nina Pettiford remarked in her fresh, boyish voice. "Do you often wonder?"

"No, my dear, I do not," he answered, lifting his lazy eyelids and looking carelessly at her; "I can't afford to. It is—it is—let me see, it is two years since I have wondered. I thought I had given it up, to tell you the truth. And I had decided to marry you and accomplish a great many things, large and small, which I have long intended to accomplish. With your excellent—if somewhat boring—mamma's assistance, of course."

Reeves Decker sprang to his feet—or started to—an angry flush burning his cheek bones. His eyes were on Mrs. Pettiford's placid face, but no shade of its placidity altered. Indeed, she spread herself out more comfortably in her chair and smiled pleasantly.

"Mr. Pettiford and I want Nina to be happy," she said quietly, "and I must say I should very much like to see her a princess. I suppose it seems foolish to you, but I should like it. I didn't like that horrid Frenchman that wanted her, and I told Mr. Pettiford so. And I thought Lord Exford was selfish and conceited. But I do think you have the most charming manners, prince, and I'm sure you're a nice,

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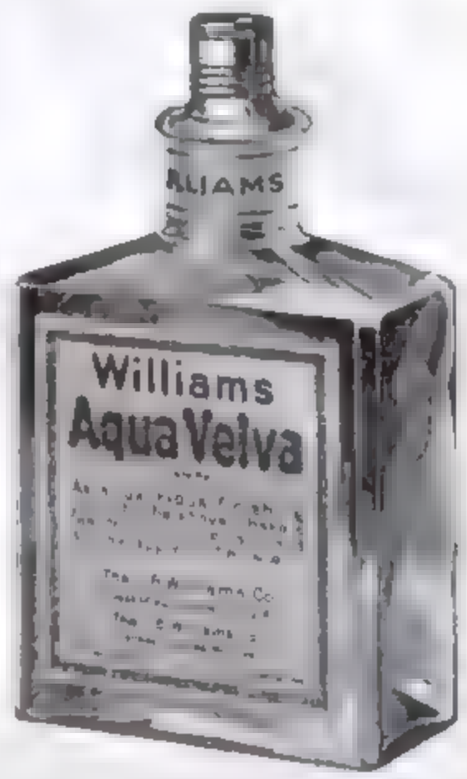

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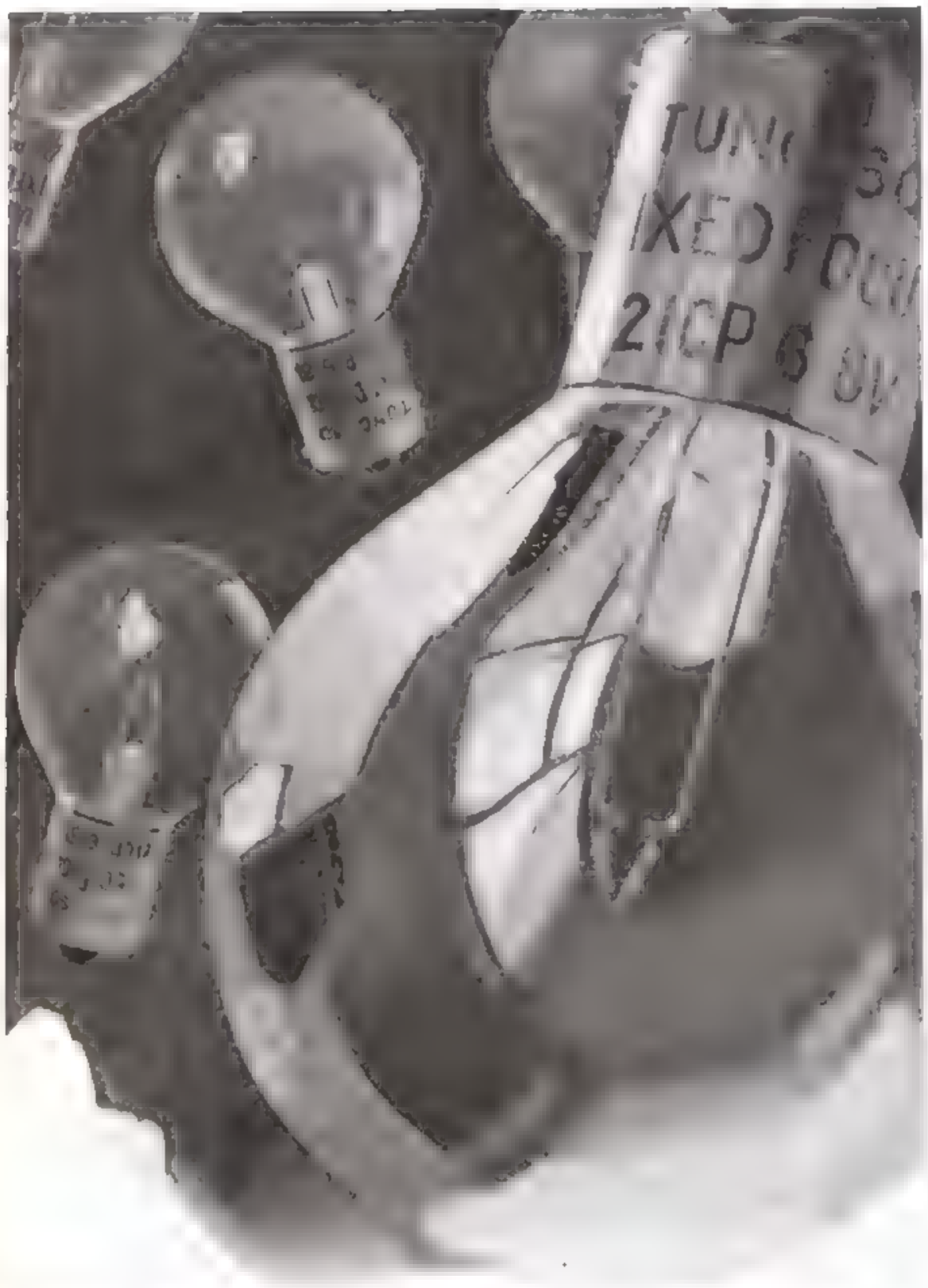

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clean, healthy man; and everyone says you are very clever and ambitious; and you're not poor; you can't be called one of those fortune hunters, now can you, exactly?"

Reeves Decker stared and bit his lip and swept the circle with his eyes. Was he dreaming? Was this a joke?

But the Italian answered easily, not at all embarrassed, it appeared, at this startling frankness.

"You are too kind, madame, *trop aimable*," he said. "I am not poor, as you say; and I believe that I have some small future to offer mademoiselle, as well as one of the oldest names in Europe. She is quite able to appreciate that, and understand it. But I am not nearly rich enough—not nearly. To do what I wish for myself and my country, I must be not well-to-do only, but rich—very rich."

"What a pity it is," said the Countess Borowsky dreamily, spreading out her strong, supple hand, with the great emerald on her pointed finger, "that we cannot afford to choose as we want, over here! Lord, what a pity!"

The Italian took her hand quietly, and holding it as one holds a delightful bit of carved ivory, kissed each finger tip lightly.

"Ah, yes, my dear friend," he said, "a pity, indeed! But what will you have? Things are as they are. It would give me great pleasure to give you an emerald like that for each of your beautiful sensitive fingers ——"

"Not like that, I hope," she interrupted, smiling; "it is flawed!"

"We are all a little flawed here," he answered slowly; "it is in the blood, one way or another, the old, old blood, *ma chère chérie*. So the wise man looks for streams of new gold for his country's veins and streams of new blood for his children's."

"God knows that is true!" the French boy cried roughly. "But only an Italian would say it! No gentleman of France——"

"Oh, *là, là!*" said the prince. "You entertain me! You killed off your gentlemen, my poor fellow, a hundred and fifty years ago; and your ladies, too, unfortunately. That was all very pretty and made a great fuss, yes; but you cannot eat your cake and have it, too, you know. You are a set of educated peasants. Look at your faces! Look at your bodies! Clever mongrels! *Fini, fini!* You have a past—enjoy it! We have waited long, but we shall arrive!"

"You know how to wait—undoubtedly!" the Breton replied with a sneer. "We observed that not so long ago!"

"Now for heaven's sake, don't begin the war again," cried Willy Platt irritably. "and don't count on us, if you do! We're through, I tell you, through! What good did it do, anyway? Here's trade all tied up and living higher than it ever was. You young aviators! Don't count on us, that's all!"

"How disgusting of you, Mr. Platt," said Nina angrily. "Of course we'd go! Not you old ones, I suppose; but then, you didn't go before. I'd go in a minute. I'd like to do something real before I settle down. I'd make daddy give me an ambulance corps and I'd drive!"

"Not if you were married to me, my dear young lady," the prince remarked. "Leave Jeanne d'Arc to the peasants, I beg of you! You may trust the fighting to your husband, believe me. We have been accustomed to manage that for some time in my family, and it is a custom that I think we shall keep, if you please."

"Indeed!" she drawled, staring at him, as she lay sprawled like a boy beside her mother. For since the countess had accepted a chair, Nina was within touch of Mrs. Pettiford, who now had one arm thrown across her daughter. "Indeed!" she repeated. "Is that so? Perhaps I have some little customs of my own, then!"

"Undoubtedly," he agreed easily. "I have observed several, mademoiselle, which I consider susceptible of improvement. But that will all arrange itself."

"Ah," she said, and sat up, still staring at him, "you think so? I've been thinking a little about that, myself. A princess—yes. I like that, just as mother does. And I like you—sometimes. I don't think you're quite what she thinks, you know, but then, mother's terribly innocent. I could handle it all right, probably; but after the first of it had worn off, where should we be? I'd be being a princess, of course, I can see that But what would you be doing? I'm not a beautiful Russian, you know—I'm not sure I understand you She seems to. I've noticed they don't always work out those marriages. In the long run, I'd be wiser, maybe, to take a chance with Reeves Decker. It wouldn't be so thrilling at first, of course; but I understand him and he understands me. I know what he'd be doing. What would you?"

The secretary glanced, embarrassed, at the French governess by his side. He glanced and looked again, and stared frankly. For the little governess, her head held high—even scornfully high—her pale olive cheeks flushed crimson, her big downcast eyes flashing angrily straight across his, was an utterly surprising sight.

"This—this is a terribly odd conversation, mademoiselle," the secretary said, very low; "but really you mustn't notice it; they are not really serious."

"Notice it?" she answered in a deep, thrilling voice he had never heard. "Why should I notice it? Their conversation is always idiotic, and usually in very bad taste. I assure you, I never notice any of you!"

"Oh, in that case"—he began vaguely, still staring at the beautiful oval of her face, the low, curved forehead, the quivering nostrils and the deep-set eyes, so blue that they were more like wet violets than anything else—"in that case, mademoiselle, all the better. Shall we leave them a little? They seem to be growing rather personal."

"You may do as you like," she answered coldly, and looked, it seemed, quite through him, as if he were not there.

Amusement fought with irritated pride in his heart. For heaven's sake, the little devil! She had a temper then! He waited.

"What would I be doing?" the prince repeated, with a certain softly wrapped iron in his lazy voice. "That would be my affair, would it not? You may be quite sure, my dear child, that it would be nothing unsuitable to your position and nothing that would render you ridiculous. And when the first of it had worn off, as you somewhat amazingly suggest, you will very probably have other matters with which to occupy yourself. But I can assure you that going to war will not be one of them."

"Ha!" the young aviator broke in abruptly. His little blue eyes were misty with what looked like honest sleepiness; his squat, humorous nose, his wide cheek bones, his round bullet head with its coarse black hair, seemed the nose, the cheeks, the head of a pugnacious farm urchin "Keep your ambulance corps, mam'selle," he said with a yawn "You may need it before we do!"

"What for?" Nina asked briefly.

"There is always Japan," he answered, and yawned again; "but you are like stupid big rich children—what do you understand? You will have only the dollar balls for friends, then!"

He laid his head against his birch tree and fell asleep in their faces. Willy Platt snorted.

"Young fool!" he said angrily. "Japan, indeed! But then everybody's a fool, mostly. Girl's a fool to marry any one o' these titled fellows. Never worked yet. Serves 'em right for throwing down our straight American boys. Let 'em take what they get, I say. Princess! You can buy any one of 'em—any one! And you buy a good lot that's not mentioned in the bill o' sale too!" He arranged himself more comfortably. "What's the good of marryin', anyway?" he went on. "Any man with enough to live on and a good club or two, that can travel if he likes —— And look at the franc now! What does he want with a wife? And American girls—my lord! Spoiled as eggs, every one of 'em; rotten spoiled. Hard-headed gadabouts, that's what they are. Never satisfied, never contented, nothin' good enough for 'em. You can sweat blood for 'em, and never a thank you! They expect it all, and more. None for me, thanks. I know when I'm well off."

He closed his eyes.

"Why, William Platt, how silly you are!" said Mrs. Pettiford good-naturedly, patting Nina's shoulder. "Of course, some girls make a great deal of trouble for their parents; but they all settle down, mostly, I think. We only want Nina to be happy, her father and I. And really, it isn't money and all that; I always say so. Mr. Pettiford and I had just as good a time twenty years ago, and we had only one bathroom in the house and no car at all! As a matter of fact, I liked it better when I took more care of the children. Of course I can't now. Enos would rather I didn't. But honestly, I used to like our picnics better when I cooked the eggs myself. We always fried the potatoes in the bacon fat, and I could do them just as I liked them. It doesn't seem so much of a picnic with servants around to

Continued on Page 88

"*Please* do something about this!"

FOR quite a while he took the matter lightly, as men often do. But she kept at him about it. Her more fastidious feminine sense rebelled against it.

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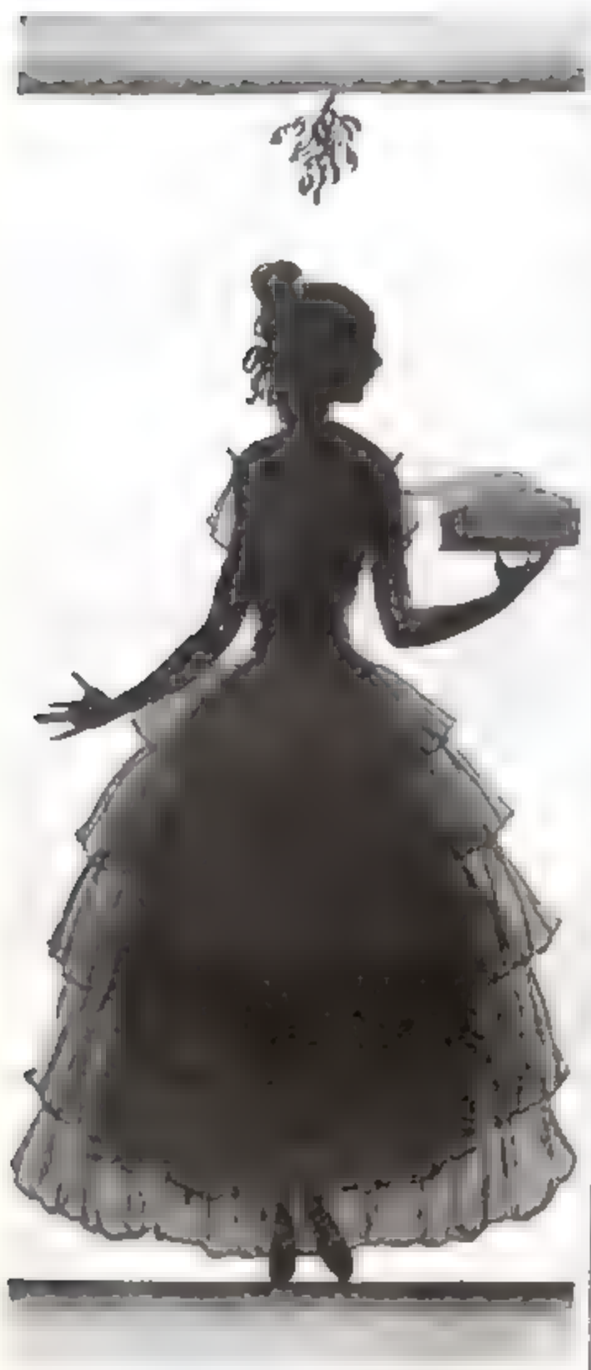

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(Continued from Page 86)

do for you. But if you like Mr. Decker, dear, and would rather marry him, it doesn't matter about his being poor—father has plenty."

"Is he really poor, then?" Udalschino asked curiously. "Our gypsy friend seemed not to think so."

Decker flushed and stared at him.

"Oh, I understand that dialect," the Italian went on; "only there was no need to say so. We are like that," he added, smiling; "we have been subtle so long, you see, that we keep it up—sometimes unnecessarily. When she was telling our fortunes—a form of amusement I particularly detest, by the way—she made the remark that it would be foolish to leave out of the account the young prince that could buy us all, particularly as he would be the richest in love into the bargain."

Nina Pettiford flushed and stroked her mother's hand.

"That's all right, mother; I always knew it," she said quickly. "I saw his picture in a Yale book. But if he preferred it this way, why, that was his affair. I meant to tell you—later."

The secretary bit his lip and looked at her strangely.

"I'm sorry you knew, Nina," he said quietly.

The prince laughed.

"Could you do better than that in Russia, madame?" he asked. "What price the Slav, eh?"

"I'm sure I don't know—I'm not Russian," the countess answered composedly. "I was only a few weeks in Petersburg. I'm an Irishwoman, myself. Seven daughters of us, there were, and when Borowsky wanted one, and her but seventeen, it wasn't my poor father that could very well refuse. And I don't blame him, though it was hard on me."

"Come out of this, mademoiselle; they're all crazy, I think," said the secretary sharply. "Come and take a walk. I don't know what's the matter with everybody today. They all talk ——"

"They all talk all the time," she said, moving off with him. "I am very grateful to be with the children, who at least are warm-hearted and clever."

"Tell me, mademoiselle," he asked abruptly, "why do you never say what you really feel? I always knew you were ——"

"You knew nothing about me," she interrupted; "we will not speak of it. She a Russian, indeed! Have they no ideas?"

"The French," he answered mildly, "are supposed to be polite, and you are acting rather like a spitfire, if I may say so."

"I am no more French than that Irishwoman is Russian," she answered, "and I am polite because I am paid to be. I am not naturally so."

"Not French? Then what are you?" he asked, wondering.

"I am Russian," she said quickly, "but Americans do not care to engage them for governesses. And as I speak as good French as any Frenchwoman, having spoken it since I was born, I tell them I am French."

"How did you learn it?" he asked, guiding her along a further path.

"From my French governess," she said.

"You had a governess then? You were not always ——"

"I had three," she said, "a French one, a German one and an English one. The only Russian was my old nurse—and her little nursemaid; and most of the servants, of course. They are delightful servants—I think the pleasantest in the world, though, of course, they have not the form of the English. But one loves them, because one owns them."

"But who are you?" he said, stopping and seizing her arm. "Tell me, what is your name?"

"My father was Prince Bartschkoff," she said; "but everyone was killed—everyone. There is only my sister and me. She is a teacher in a school in America, and when I have enough money I am going there to be with her. She wishes to be as far from Europe as possible. She likes America; they are simple and kind, she says, and it is better for us to forget."

"And what is your name? Will you tell me? All I know is Mademoiselle Barty."

"Why should you know any more?" she asked, and again her scornful eyes drove through him, again a confusion of amusement and rage fought in his heart.

"Very well, princess," he answered, "as you like. I only wanted a name to think of you by."

"You are not to think of me at all," she answered coldly; "we have our duties to think of, you and I. And you are not to call me princess. That is laughable. I do not know why I told you at all. I have never told anyone else."

"There seems to be something in the air today," he said. "It is the most extraordinary thing the way they're all talking, and no one seems to notice it. They sit there and smile and —— For heaven's sake, *they're telling their own fortunes*, just as she said! Don't you see? Don't you see?"

"I don't see what you mean at all," she answered. "The gypsy told their fortunes—Mrs. Pettiford paid her for it. I have seen plenty of them; they used to come to one of my father's houses, the one on the river. They always said I should have a very rich husband and be very happy with him. That is very likely, now, isn't it? This one said that I was a princess and would follow my prince over the water, and Udalschino laughed at me."

"What? He dared ——"

"Oh, very nicely," she said quietly; "he is very charming to me, Prince Udalschino. You see, they understand these things. They know better what people are, without labels. You seem to think that because they are paid they are inferior."

"I think? I?" he asked, and took her hand in silence.

"No, no, not you," she said hastily. "I meant Americans in general; those that I see, I mean. No, not you. You have always been very—very —— My name is Katerina," she said. "I was called Rina."

Tears came into her eyes and she let them fall carelessly on her cheeks.

"I keep thinking of my home," she said, "and my mother. She was so beautiful! I used to ride through the woods—like this—behind the parties. My father's estate was so large that I never went all through it. But I rode a great many miles. He had a menagerie in our park—the strangest animals, and lions especially. He gave me one little village for my own—I was twelve years old. They brought me strawberries and a little bear on a chain."

Great tears rolled down her cheeks, and the secretary took out a very fine soft handkerchief and wiped them away carefully, with a shaky hand.

"Don't cry, Rina, don't cry, please!" he begged.

"Tell me," she said suddenly, "what did she mean, that Czech, when she said you could buy and sell all those people? Are you to be a merchant?"

"No, not that," he answered slowly; "but, you see, my father is very, very rich, Rina, quite disgustingly, idiotically rich. He wanted me to know something about business, and I wanted to please him, and so he put me with Mr. Pettiford. He is one of the greatest manufacturers in the country. Then when Mr. Pettiford began to worry about his family, over here, he sent me over to look after them; and I thought it would be rather a lark. But I asked him not to say anything about me, you know, and he didn't. My name is Reeves Decker McCready. I didn't know Nina knew it."

"You like her—Nina?"

"Like her? Why, yes, well enough," he said slowly: "she's a nice girl, a good sport. She's nice with her mother, too, which all of them aren't."

"I hate her," said the princess quietly, and then, as he stared, her eyes widened, she blushed and started down the path.

"No, no!" she cried. "How foolish! How wrong! Of course that is not true! I meant ——"

"Oh, you darling!" he whispered, and caught and held her. "Yes, you did—you did mean it, bless you! Oh, Rina, really? Do you? Because that makes me so happy!"

"Stop! Go away! That doesn't—doesn't mean ——"

"Oh, yes, it does!" he cried. "And you know it does, you little spitfire princess thing! How could anybody look at any ordinary girl's eyes, and then look at yours, and not feel —— Oh, my dear, there's nothing in their eyes but what is there! And in yours, the mystery, the silence, the—the first time I saw your eyes, Nina just turned into a nice good-natured boy for me!"

"There is too much in my eyes, my friend Reeves," she said, yawning a little and swaying toward him. "They have seen too many sad things."

"Forget them, forget them, Rina dear!" he whispered. "Why, you are sleepy! Sit down, my dear, and rest."

And at the foot of a great beech, her head on his shoulder, she sat and slept, instantly, profoundly. At the end of a quarter hour she woke abruptly, gazed blankly at him, staggered to her feet.

"Why—why, where are we?" she asked, her head low, her eyes veiled, her voice subdued. "Where is Helen, monsieur, and Enos? I—I—was sleeping? The children ——"

"They are with their mother," he said, smiling. "I think the prince's wine made everybody a little drowsy."

But she was ahead of him, running lightly along the path. At the picnic glade she stopped, turned, stared at him and beckoned. He followed and laughed softly. The whole party lay sound asleep before them. Mrs. Pettiford, one arm thrown over Nina, the other about the younger two, napped like a mother cat among her kittens. The Frenchman, his back to them all, scowled in his dreams, against his tree. Willy Platt, in a special nest in the shade, lay upon cushions, snoring lightly. Udalschino's head rested frankly against the countess' relaxed knees. She, her face turned from him, drowsed against her cushioned chair.

"You see, they did not miss us," he murmured, but the slight sound was enough. Nina opened her eyes and gazed emptily at them. At the same moment the prince lifted his head, moved slightly, smiled and sprang to his feet, waking the Countess Borowsky, who sighed and pointed easily to her hostess.

"What a very pretty picture!" she said. "You surprise us, you two active ones."

"Oh, bother, Reeves! What became of the gypsy?" said Nina, yawning. "I thought she was going to tell all our fortunes!"

"She—she went away," said the secretary, studying their faces, "and I took mademoiselle for a walk, as you all seemed sleepy."

"Oh, that's too bad," said Mrs. Pettiford. "Shall we go now, then? We're dining with those Pittsburgh people, dear. And you were coming with us, prince?"

"Whenever I am allowed," said the Italian. "May I help you, mademoiselle?"

"Yes, dear, let the prince help you," said her mother. "Are you ready, lieutenant? Willy, will you help the countess up?"

"It's not often a poor bachelor like me gets a chance to help a beautiful, clever woman," said Mr. Platt. "I'm not likely to miss it!"

"Go to mademoiselle, children—don't hang around me—you're on my dress, Helen," Mrs. Pettiford complained, and the little procession started down the glade.

The secretary tried in vain to catch the eyes of the governess; she avoided his own most obstinately. But he saw her quick breath as he touched her hand in taking the children's coats from her, and he smiled contentedly as he settled into the back seat of the second car beside her.

"She doesn't remember," he thought, "and yet she knows something—*she knows!*"

"Did you and ma'amselle take a walk, Mr. Decker, while we were all asleep?" little Enos asked sociably.

Boldly he put his arm across the seat behind her.

"Yes," he said, "we did, Enos—the first of many, I hope. Later on I am going to try to persuade her to take a long ride with me—across the Atlantic."

She turned and faced him, her head high on her neck, her eyes haughty.

"Monsieur!" she cried, but he took her hand firmly.

"You seem to forget," he said, and smiled at the children.

"Mademoiselle had her fortune told, you see, when she was little," he explained, "and the gypsies told her that she was going to marry a very rich man and be very happy with him. So we must see that it comes true, mustn't we?"

"Mr. Reeves Decker, are you ——"

"And today the gypsy told her that she would follow the prince over the water. That seems fairly final. Will you—princess?"

She turned very white; her eyes were wet, frightened violets.

"You—you know?" she whispered. "But who—how ——"

"You told me," he said, and kissed her hand, as courtly as any Italian; "you all told your fortunes. I liked yours the best, and so I am going to seek my fortune with you. For I haven't any, really—unless it is you, Rina!"

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DEFY WATER AND WEAR

THE LAST NIGHT

(Continued from Page 19)

theatrical circles to be love—and he knew that if Cynthia were having a romance with Casley an adverse criticism of the play would be considered by his public as an interesting example of jealousy.

"What do you suppose they're writing?" said Gertrude, who was intensely curious.

"Not a fifth act, I hope," said Caldecott.

As they went out they stopped at Casley's table and Gertrude's quick eye had seen "Dearest Cynthia" written at the top of the sheet, before Casley's quick hand had time to turn it over.

"So this is where you are," she said with a tone of false gayety.

"It is impossible to contradict you, Gertrude," he answered, rising wearily to his feet. It seemed to him as if he were never going to get this infernal letter finished.

Gertrude began flattering Miss Brooks on her beautiful performance. He noticed that Cynthia, like so many actresses, had acquired to perfection the art of receiving a compliment; she showed a friendly, civil gratitude without a hint that her opinion of herself was unduly raised.

As Caldecott made a motion to go Gertrude turned back to her cousin.

"I suppose you'll be in to tea as usual, Benedict," she said.

"If I have tea with anyone tomorrow, it will probably be with you, Gertrude," he replied, amusing no one but himself.

When they had gone and he had sat down again Cynthia stared at him with her chin in her hand and said thoughtfully, "Benedict! I never knew anyone called that before."

Casley saw with alarm that in his own ears his name suddenly sounded different. His first impulse was to make her pronounce it again; his next, to leave the restaurant.

He was actually relieved to see the round figure of Grimes making its way with difficulty between the tables, and dashed off the last lines of the letter just as Grimes reached them.

"Just time to catch the last edition," he said, putting the menu, folded, into his inner pocket without even glancing at it. "Now one other thing," he said: "If this goes to the papers, it will be out by eight o'clock. You won't change your mind, or anything like that, will you?"

"Grimesy!" said Cynthia severely, but Casley would not let her speak.

"Mr. Grimes," he said, "I am about to pay my check, to leave Miss Brooks at home—and that will be all."

Grimesy nodded, and without another word turned and hurried away.

The calmness of this interchange, the quickness of Grimes' departure, gave Cynthia her first real shock. Hitherto the idea of Casley's suicide had been a matter of words—words which somehow had served to bring her close to him. But with the exit of Grimes, bearing the letter for the papers, she saw that the great wheels of action had begun to move. She was frightened—terribly frightened. With that terror in her eyes, she looked up and saw that Casley was paying the check; everything was moving forward toward the inevitable conclusion and she could do nothing whatsoever to stop it.

"Good evening, Miss Brooks. I am relieved to see you so completely recovered from your late headache," said a voice beside her, heavy with sarcasm.

She knew before she looked up that it was the voice of young Robertson. She saw Casley make a faint motion to rise, ending with a bow across the table—quite enough acknowledgment of the boy's presence.

The waiter brought the change and expressed himself thoroughly satisfied with his tip; and still young Robertson was indulging in a speech the object of which was to fill Cynthia with remorse for having wounded him by proving to her that he was not in the least wounded.

She hardly heard the boy, and yet found him almost intolerable; and looking straight across the table at Casley, appealed to him with her large wide-opened eyes to save her from this tirade.

Casley moved in his chair, leaned his forearms on the table, and bending forward until his head was close to hers, he said in his slow assured accents:

"As I was saying, the only possible criticism of your rendering of the part would be, to my mind, in your first scene with the king. There, I think, you too much foreshadow the tragedy that is coming. You are not quite gay enough, for I am told that to be made love to by a king has a gay side."

Cynthia's mind, like her eyes, entirely abandoned young Robertson, who, after a few seconds, fell silent; for you cannot go on talking, however great your gift for sarcasm, to the tops of two bent heads. And after a few seconds more he turned on his heel and strode out of the restaurant—a very good exit, only nobody except the head waiter saw it, for it was now getting late and everyone else had gone home.

Then Casley, too, stood up, for he saw that Cynthia, under the circumstances, would think it discourteous to make the move; and they went through the empty room toward the door. The head waiter bowed and expressed a hope that they would come again.

"There is no restaurant in New York to which I am as likely to return," said Casley, which pleased the head waiter immensely, that is, if his manner was a clew to his feeling.

Casley received his hat, given to him as if it were a kingly crown instead of rather a shabby felt hat.

A taxi—a very small taxi, driven by an enormous hunched-over driver was standing lurking at the door; but Cynthia turned from it. It was a cool October night, the stars at the end of the street were, as Byron has described them, wildly, spiritually bright, and a northerly breeze was sweeping down the Hudson Valley.

"Let's walk," said Cynthia. "It isn't far. Do you mind?" He shook his head as if a little tired of explaining that he did not care an atom what he did, and she went on: "Let's walk beside the park, where we can walk on earth and smell the trees. We might even sit down on a bench for a minute. See how the stars twinkle. Do you mind sitting down here?"

"My dear Miss Brooks," he answered, "I don't mind anything, except a suggestion that you are trying in a kindly spirit to delay my going home. Now let us settle this matter once and for all—I am going home—I am going to commit suicide."

She did not answer this, but she did not sit down. It was so late that Fifth Avenue was deserted and only an occasional bus rolled by them. Suddenly she put her hand on his arm and they walked along thus in silence.

"You feel awfully strong," she said. "Do you take a lot of exercise?"

"I used to box a little," he answered. "I am one of those fortunate people whose muscles stay hard without exercise."

She gave a little laugh.

"That's the first thing about yourself that I've heard you admit was good," she said, and skipped to adapt her steps to his long stride.

He looked down at her.

"Would anyone consider me to be envied?" he asked, more simply than he had so far spoken to her.

"Oh, yes," cried Cynthia. "Oh, isn't life a mess? I envy you. You have something I want more than anything—except success in my profession."

"I have?" said Casley, more astonished than he could convey.

She nodded.

"Being educated—the way you are—knowing things. Oh, when I hear people quote something in the original Italian—when they say, 'Of course it's exactly the same as the German word "gumblegumble,"' or when you say something in Latin, as if everyone knew what you meant, my heart turns over with envy." She stopped and laid both hands on her breast.

"I want to be well educated," she said passionately.

"But aren't you?" he asked. "Your enunciation, your choice of words ——"

"I'm just a mimic," she answered. "I don't know anything, except what some ladies in the company taught me when I was playing Ariel—ages ago. Theo Benson was playing Miranda and she taught me how to pronounce and to love Shakspere. I do know a lot of poetry. . . . Talk of the dangers of the stage for children—all I ever really learned was from her. I taught myself to read French. I suppose you speak French and German and Italian."

He nodded

"And anything else?"

"A little bad Spanish."

She stamped her foot.

"And Latin and Greek, and I can't speak anything but English. Isn't that unfair? I'm not a fool. I could learn. I don't know anything about history. I read Wells—I almost learned it by heart."

"You should have read Breasted," he answered.

"There!" she cried. "To be able to do that! That's what I envy; not because I want to show off, but because, if I happened to know anything, it would seem so queer to me I'd be self-conscious about saying I knew it. I want to take it calmly. I want to be cultivated."

He looked down at her eager little face, and for the fraction of a second the thought came to him that it would be amusing to mold so keen a mind in a body so extremely lovely; but it was only for a fraction of a second. His answer came in a long sigh.

"Do I bother you, talking so much about myself?" she asked.

"No."

They went on in silence for a little while, and then she said, "We ought to turn east here—three long blocks." He did not respond to the faint apology in her tone. She ought to know by this time, he thought, that what he did between now and dawn made very little difference.

They crossed Madison Avenue. A young policeman was standing at the corner dangling his night stick. A watchman, hearing the feet of possible house owners, came out of the shadows of an areaway and walked about looking vigilant and protective. They crossed the park—monumental and empty, except for one taxi racketing down the hill. Cynthia's hand on his arm grew heavier and her steps slower. She began to feel sick with the sense of this doom that she could not prevent. Sensitive, wise and humble-minded, she knew that no direct appeal would have the least effect on him. If she asked him to live because his death seemed too horrible to her, she could see his slight mocking smile, could hear his drawling question as to whether she really thought he was likely to set her temporary shock against his deep-seated horror of life.

They reached Lexington Avenue, and there, before she crossed, she paused, and withdrawing her hand, she said, "Mr. Casley ——"

Exactly the smile, exactly the tone she had dreaded. "Miss Brooks, please don't," he said.

"I was only going to ask if you wouldn't come in and see my little flat. It's rather nice, and I could give you some fruit and ——"

"Not tonight, thank you," he answered, and smiled at his own little joke.

Cynthia did not smile. She was at the end of her rope. She saw that it was a matter of seconds now before he would take off his hat, shake her by the hand, crack some last bitter joke and be gone forever.

"Oh, kind heaven," she thought, "if I were clever! If I could think of anything to do to stop him!"

And then, without knowing it, she did it. She stepped off the sidewalk without looking to right or left, and an enormous truck, taking advantage of the empty street, came lurching and rumbling along at thirty-five miles an hour and just touched the point of her shoulder.

It just touched the point of her shoulder, but the impact was sufficient to spin her round and fling her on the sidewalk. She felt a sudden thick numbness back of her nose as if she had tried to scream and had been gagged or strangled; she was flat on the pavement as if molded into it; she was up again, aware of strange pains shooting about in various corners of her body; she was sick or faint; then she was half sitting, half leaning against a hydrant, while she felt different spots of her torso for injuries she was not clear-headed enough to place.

"I'm afraid I'm hurt," she said, and hearing her words penetrate the night unanswered, she looked about to see why her companion had not come to her assistance.

The reason was at once apparent, even to a mind slightly dazed—Casley was engaged in knocking down the truck driver again and again. Twice, before Cynthia grew too giddy to look at the process, she saw the unfortunate man pick himself out of the gutter only to fall there again, with a sort of tossing roll that had something gay and aerial about the high trajectory which brought him always to identically the same spot.

(Continued on Page 93)

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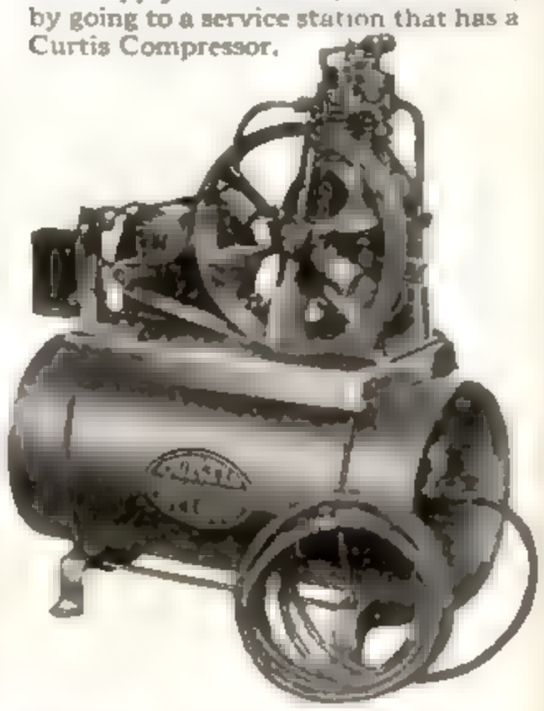

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(Continued from Page 91)

At this eleventh hour of his life Casley had experienced a genuine emotion. The truck, after knocking down Cynthia, had arrested its rollicking course a few yards beyond her; and the driver, thrusting a grinning face round the corner of his vehicle, had demanded as he saw her pick herself up why she did not watch where she was going. At this question, or perhaps at the manner of it, a simple and primitive anger swept over the professor. He took three running steps to the truck, hopped up on the hub of the wheel, grabbed the driver round the neck, pulled him from his box, set him on his feet and then began knocking him down; how many times he never could remember, the driver's subsequent testimony that it was ten being obviously exaggerated.

Nor did Casley allow the motives of his conduct to go unexplained. Each time he knocked the man down he said with a clarity born of enunciation in his classroom, "I'll teach you to knock a lady down and then laugh at her!" It became an almost continuous repetition.

The driver wasted no time in protesting his innocence; he began shouting for help, and presently the same young policeman whom Casley and Cynthia had passed so indifferently a moment before came running round the corner, his club in hand ready for action; he ran, as some people do, with a motion that looks as if their hips grew longer and longer as they run.

"Here, here!" he said. "Stop that!"

The driver, innocently believing that his opponent would obey the voice of the law even twenty feet away, relaxed his vigilance and began to shout his side of the story; at which Casley, seeing a superb opportunity, knocked him down again, thus prejudicing his case in the eyes of the police, who like to be obeyed instantly. The officer swept Casley aside with an unexpected swirl of his club.

"What do you think you're doing?" he said.

"Officer, I know exactly what I'm doing," answered Casley. "I'm teaching this fellow ——" Only he did not say "fellow." The driver broke in.

"As God's my witness, brother," he said, laying his hand on the policeman's shoulder, "I didn't lay a finger to him; he just hopped up on my truck ——"

"Oh, yes, I suppose so," said the policeman, who was as much a master of irony as Casley—more perhaps. "The truck drivers of this city don't ever do anything wrong—oh, no, not at all. Us and they have no differences of opinion."

"He knocked this lady down, going about fifty miles an hour," said Casley.

"Look at me, officer," said Cynthia, very plaintively from the hydrant. The art of conveying emotion had not deserted her, and she looked a sad, appealing little victim, perched on that uncomfortable seat.

The officer did look at her.

"Well, miss," he said, "I do see you; but look at this exhibit here!" And he indicated the driver, who had a cut on his forehead, an eye almost closed, and who, having bitten his tongue in one of his falls, was freely spitting blood.

Cynthia felt outraged that any injuries should be compared to hers and was injudicious enough to answer, "There's nothing the matter with him. He's just pretending."

At this the policeman laughed.

"He ought to go on the stage then," he said, "for he's a swell pretender."

Casley thought the time had come to interfere with all the weight of his personality—a power which had never failed him.

"Officer," he said, "perhaps I should not have taken the law into my hands; but when this man, having knocked this lady down, stuck his ugly face round the truck and asked her why she did not look where she was going ——"

"I didn't—I never did!" cried the driver.

"And why didn't you?" said the policeman. "It sounds likely to me. And even if he did," he added, turning on Casley with that magnificent ability to award blame to everyone concerned, shared only by policemen and experienced children's nurses—"and even so, what call had you to half murder him?"

"If you had seen a lady almost killed under your eyes ——"

"I never touched the little lady, brother," said the driver, who seemed to have great faith in this fraternal note.

"Oh, officer, he did, he did!" said Cynthia. She had risen in the excitement of the argument, but now she felt so queer again that she was obliged to sink down on the lowest step of a house. "He was going like smoke, and he knocked me down, and I think he broke my ribs, and my hip feels terribly."

"I never come within a mile of them! Say, they wasn't within half a block of my truck!"

"Oh, cut it out, cut it out!" said the policeman, suddenly deciding that the whole thing had gone too far in every direction. "Tell it to the lieutenant. Come along with me—the two of you."

"Now see here, officer," said Casley, "you are not going to arrest me, because the lady I was with was knocked down and almost killed."

"Right you are," answered the policeman; "I am going to arrest you for beating up a fellow citizen."

"But what about me?" said Cynthia, looking up from her position on the steps, her face small and intensely pale in the electric light. She made a motion to rise, and Casley, coming forward to help her, found her in his arms. "I must have him to take me home," Cynthia murmured, her head resting exactly against his heart, which she was delighted to hear was beating violently.

"Is he your husband?" asked the officer.

"No," said Cynthia.

"Ho-ho," said the driver, feeling that this was a distinct point for him. His tone was annoying, and Cynthia, stirred by this, and conscious that her position was a somewhat compromising one, had the inspiration to say, "We're not married yet—we're engaged."

It appears that nowadays the word "engaged" has some of the qualities attributed in a well-known saying to charity.

The policeman was justified in asking, "You mean you two are going to get married?"

"Yes," said Cynthia.

She knew Casley would not say this, but she also felt convinced that he would not think it worth while to contradict her. The officer was obviously impressed.

"Where does she live?" he asked Casley over her head.

Her position enabled her to whisper her address to him, and he tossed it to the policeman—"One hundred and seventy-six in this block."

The officer hesitated. But as ill luck would have it, at that moment another policeman appeared upon the scene and the problem from the point of view of the law was solved. The second officer was directed to take the two men to the station house, while the first one summoned a taxi to take Cynthia, not home, but to the hospital only a few blocks away. Cynthia saw that the game was up, but she did not move from her position within Casley's left arm. She looked up at him.

"Good-by," she said.

He answered quietly, "Good-by."

"Kiss me," said Cynthia.

He bent his head and their lips clung together for a second—a brief kiss, and yet not without meaning; only what meaning exactly was it, Cynthia wondered as she was lifted into the taxi by the policeman.

There had been several moments in Cynthia's life when she had experienced the extreme potency of being a celebrity. She thought this might be one.

"Officer," she said faintly, "I'm Cynthia Brooks"

"Yes?" said the officer, who was not in the least interested in the theater. There was a pause. Two years before, Cynthia had done a motion picture, and that picture had been at the officer's local motion-picture house the week before. It began to come back to him. "I saw you last week in The Kid Grows Up," he said. "My wife and I liked that picture better than any we've seen this year. Sure, it was you!"

Established thus in his favorable acquaintance, Cynthia started her story—a great deal may be told even in two blocks. She told him how she was acting in Professor Casley's play, what a great man he was, how celebrated, how the play had been a failure, how they were terribly in love, but how they had had a ridiculous quarrel and as a result Casley was threatening to kill himself. She knew there would be no use in telling anyone as full of life as the policeman that he was going to kill himself because he was bored with living—this was much better. She felt that if she were not so sick, and did not have such a pain in her side, she could have thought of a better story still. However, this one seemed to do very well.

"Don't let him kill himself, will you?" she said.

"No, indeed I will not," said the officer. "I'll get him locked up until you come round and get him."

He spoke seriously, and she suddenly realized that suicide was no unlikely possibility to him; he must have seen so many of them that there was no need to explain the danger.

It was the best she could do, she thought, as she limped into the hospital. People in white, who seemed to her to be of enormous height, began to surround her. The officer was evidently going away. She murmured, "Remember," and then everything grew first green and then yellow, and then a dancing, dazzling black before her eyes, and she fainted quietly away.

In the meantime the second policeman was conducting the prisoners to the station house; and since it was, of course, impossible to leave the truck alone and unguarded, they were going in the truck, the driver driving, Casley on the seat beside him and the policeman standing in a menacing position on the step.

Two young men who might have been the same two young men whom Casley had passed in the alley of the theater, but who were not, called out to the officer as the truck went solemnly by them, "Hullo, Donahue, what have you got? A couple of silk thieves?"

"Nothing important—just a couple of bums," said Donahue, without the least intention of giving offense.

The truck trundled slowly along—very different was its pace now from its former gay career. A sleek young cat, springing home, stopped midway across Lexington Avenue, astonished no doubt at so unusual a sight as a large truck moving slowly, and would have been run over but that the driver was enabled to stop within a few feet.

"You see how I drive, brother? I'm no speed king," he said appealingly.

"I guess you drive a little different with an officer standing on your step," said Donahue, who lacked the pungent power of sarcasm possessed by the first policeman. "Do you think I have no sense at all?"

"He hopes not, officer," said Casley. "I know all about it. I am a teacher, and the perennial hope of my students is that I am an utter fool."

"A teacher is it you are?" said the officer, who, like Cynthia, had an exaggerated respect for learning. "And what do you teach?"

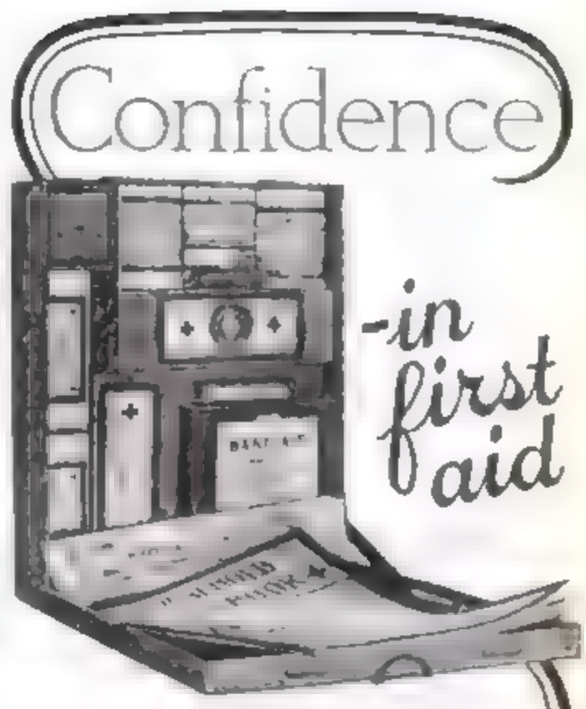
"I teach—I attempt to teach history, officer; but you have no notion how difficult it is, because history is just a series of incidents like this one; and there is always my story and the truck driver's story—and who is there to settle which is true?"

"The lieutenant will settle that," said the policeman, thus completely disposing of Casley's simile as the truck, still driven as if on eggshells, drew up before the lights of the police station, which were like two sickly drunken green moons in the night.

Casley had always—or at least for many years now—gone through life insured against a certain sort of disaster by a strong and convincing individuality. When he spoke everybody listened; when he asserted no one doubted his word. This quality is as easily recognizable as physical beauty—recognizable even in history, so that we know that Saint Paul and John Nicholson possessed it, and Napoleon and Lincoln for all their greatness did not. It has a little magic in it, and a little mysticism and a great deal of integrity. There had never been any disorder in a classroom of Casley's, never any petty difficulty in the history department getting what it asked of the trustees

It never crossed his mind that he would have any trouble in making the lieutenant see the situation as he saw it. As he drove through the empty streets he did not even review what he was going to say. A certain calming of the mind and freeing of the will were necessary—that was all.

The three passed up the steps between the two green lights, and into the bare space of the station house. Casley looked thoughtfully at the lieutenant and decided he was an intelligent man. The policeman who brought them in, not having been present at the series of events that led to the arrest, was not able to speak with complete authority, and the truck driver's voluble untruthfulness told against him from the start. Besides, the lieutenant, whose own car, standing peacefully before his door, had been smashed to splinters



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only the week before by just such a fellow as this, had no prejudice in favor of truck drivers. Everything, according to Casley's ideas, was going perfectly, when the first policeman, the man who had made the arrest, came running up the steps and, reaching the desk, held a hurried whispered conversation with his superior.

The next thing Casley knew was that he was taken downstairs and locked up in a cell, and for the first time in his life nothing that he said seemed to make the smallest impression on anyone.

He had a great deal to think about—or, more accurately, a great deal to remember—the swift delicious impact of his fist against the truckman's jaw, the round warmth of Cynthia's little head against his heart, her tone, her expression as she had said "Kiss me," the undoubted emotion of the next few seconds, her desire for education, and how he would bring it to her if—all the innumerable little flatteries by which she had soothed his spirit through the evening—the restaurant—the champagne—even the lobster—the suicide note. Awkward if he were still alive when that appeared, but a close thing—a matter of an hour at most—before he could get home. For a man who had ceased to feel he had a variety of emotions to recall—from that first one of all—his exuberant pride in his own physical powers.

He was aware of anxiety about Cynthia's condition. From something the patrolman had said he gathered she had fainted at the hospital. Suppose her career was injured, her life endangered, all owing to his generous impulse to offer her his suicide.

And then a curious thing happened to him. It was as if his creative instinct flared up, lit by a spark from all these other emotions. Without any conscious effort on his part, almost as if handed to him by an outside power, he saw exactly what to do with the fourth act—why the play was wrong. In following historical fact—fact as he saw it, though who knew whether he were right or wrong?—he had thrown away every thread of human interest. The story was a love story—or ought to be—the story of the love of Catherine and Derham. It unrolled before him like a map. Drama—emotion—that was what was needed. A play was not the place for him to exploit his theories as to the king's character, the political policies of Cranmer. This was a love story. Everyone had told him that, and yet now for the first time he saw it—discovered it for himself. Love! That was what people wanted to hear about. Well, he'd give it to them.

Rather to his surprise, he found no trouble in getting paper from the attendant. For the next four hours he rewrote his fourth act. At six he drank a cup of coffee. His play was magnificent. He'd almost be willing to live another day to see it in this form. If it weren't for that note ——

At half past seven—a little after—he was taken uptown in the patrol wagon with some fifteen or sixteen other prisoners—crap shooters and violators of the Volstead Act—a brilliant, lovely autumn morning. Casley actually enjoyed the drive.

At court he was again locked up, but this time in company with his fellow prisoners—not so good for creative thought, but his work was done—just one or two points about phrases. The great scene was to be that in which the queen said good-by to her lover, after he had been tortured to confess and had confessed nothing.

Other cases were being tried and it began to look as if Casley's had been forgotten. He yawned. Some policeman, coming in for a prisoner, had tossed down a morning paper. It had gone through several hands, and now a good deal crumpled, was lying on the floor at Casley's feet. He felt a mild curiosity to know what John Alban, the critic of this particular journal, had said of his play. He reached a long arm to the floor and gathered it up. The want ads, the real-estate page, the shipping news, the stock market —. He decided to start at the beginning in his search for the dramatic column, and turning the paper right side out, his eye lit upon the following headline on the front page: "Playwright Suicide for Love of Star." Benedict Casley reported self-slayer. A letter was in one of those enhancing frames called a box. But, good heavens, not his letter signed with his name, his own beloved name! But the letter ——

"My wonderful darling, my cold, unattainable angel, I don't want your splendid black eyes to shed one tear because I have passed over into silence. I believe, Cynthia, we shall not be divided always, though I know now you will never love me in this world. Why should you, with your youth and beauty and talent, which sets you so far above every actress on the American stage today?"

Oh, Grimes, Grimes!

"Ah, my angel, my tender little girl, you offered me such a sweet pure friendship as a sister might offer me, but I who am maddened for that sweet red mouth of yours ——"

He actually could not read any more; a dancing mist came before his eyes and blotted out the words. He had been a violent, quick-tempered child; but never in all his life had he been angry as he was angry now.

He took a visiting card from his pocketbook, with his college address on it—an impressive card; he said exactly the right thing, but the hand that wrote was not perfectly steady. He tore out the letter from the paper and sent it with the card to the magistrate. A few minutes later he was summoned to the bench. The judge dangled an arm over the edge of the desk and peered at Casley.

"You are Prof. Benedict Casley?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Of Boonton College?"

"Yes, your honor."

A son of a friend of the magistrate's had been there—had been in Casley's course. Casley knew the boy. This went off very well. His honor was prepared to listen, while Casley explained that a letter, extremely compromising to his reputation, had appeared in the morning papers—a letter which he had not written.

"Nor authorized?" said the judge.

"Read it," answered Casley effectively.

The judge did read it, very slowly and thoroughly. He seemed to weigh every syllable.

The authoritative personality was having its effect. The judge was impressed. Besides, he himself some years before had had a disillusionizing experience with a lady of the theatrical profession, and only the day before he had lost a golf match on account of a long dragging case which had been brought into his court—a question of a jewel robbery and a trapeze dancer—all nothing but publicity hunting as it turned out. He saw Casley's situation through friendly eyes.

"It had even occurred to me," said Casley, "that they maneuvered my arrest so that they might be free to get this thing into the papers." It had occurred to him.

The judge beckoned the policeman who had made the arrest to approach nearer; and the policeman, having nothing to conceal, at once admitted that the professor's arrest had been urged upon him by Miss Brooks. Casley looked at him sharply. It had not occurred to him that Cynthia was a participant in this ugly plot. He had distrusted Grimes—even possibly Weyburn; but Cynthia ——

"The young lady said, your honor," continued the officer, "that she and the prisoner were engaged to be married, and that they had had some sort of a misunderstanding between them, and that she was afraid he'd kill himself before morning, she being pretty well knocked out herself, and would we keep him safe for her until she could get around in the morning."

The judge looked at Casley.

"Were you engaged?" he asked.

"Certainly not," said Casley. "I never spoke to the woman until last evening."

"Was she sober when she made this statement?" said the judge to the officer.

"Oddly enough, the three of them was cold sober," said the officer.

A few minutes later Casley walked out a free man. He stopped at the corner and bought all the morning papers. Some of them were early editions and did not contain Grimes' literary product; but most of them did—on the front page. Casley had led the judge to believe, without exactly saying so, that his first action would be to seek out the college authorities and explain his innocence.

But his plan, and it was quite obvious that he had a plan, was different. As soon as he had torn the heart out of the newspaper stories, he hailed a taxi and told it to drive to the University Club, of which he was not a member. There he asked for Judge Lauderdale, and hearing that the judge was just finishing his breakfast, he sat down in the stranger's room and waited for him.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 22)

Breathing fast, the thief fell on his knees and began to scoop the money into his suitcase.

"So! I have caught you!" said a voice.

G. Scavinger Payne whirled about and found himself looking into the leveled barrels of two automatics, in the hands of a stern-faced man.

It was the Secretary of the Treasury!

"Put back that money where you found it," said the secretary, "and come with me."

"To ——"

"Jail."

"You are right. I am doing wrong; and I am caught. It is better so," said G. Scavinger Payne. He sighed. "For myself, I care not. But my boy—Prendy——" His hand trembled as he sorted the money neatly into the proper piles.

"Come. The jail is this way," commanded the secretary. He unlocked a small door marked Jail. The culprit, his head bowed, stepped toward it.

But hark! What sound was this! Chimes suddenly rang out on the night air. It was midnight! Christmas Day!

"It is Christmas Day!" cried the secretary. His eyes were far away.

"Come; do your duty!" urged G. Scavinger Payne impatiently.

"Why did you do this thing?" queried the secretary in a strangely gentle voice.

"It was for my little son. I had promised him a steam yacht. I could not bear to disappoint him. But now—ah, well, it will make no difference now." His great head bowed. His shoulders shook a little, silently.

"It will be a sad Christmas Day for him," murmured the secretary, as if thinking. Suddenly he spoke decisively, as if with decision. "Look here—if I let you go free—will you promise never to do this thing again?"

"You are a good man," said G. Scavinger Payne in a low voice. "I assure you that had my little Prendy not set his heart on a steam yacht ——"

"I will give him mine," said the secretary.

"But why—why ——"

"Do you not hear? It is Christmas Day!"

Outside, the great bells, as if overhearing the words, chimed forth with redoubled fervor their glad Christmas message.

—*Morris Bishop.*

A Conflict

TWO instincts clamor in my breast.
In one I note the tones refined
Of Airedale training at its best,
The accents of a cultured mind.
The other barks more softly, but
It hints of kinship to a mutt.

A simple pride my mother had!
She used to say that Fate was good
To send a fancy dog like dad
Exploring in our neighborhood.
(Between ourselves I might explain
My mother's side had all the brain.)
So, though I'm house-broke and au fait
And shun companions with the mange,
Sometimes I like to bust away
And hunt the alleys for a change
And seems as if I couldn't be
Quite satisfied without a flea.

—*Burges Johnson.*

Another Armageddon

THE match was square, the eighteenth green
Five hundred yards away,
When old Bill Brown swung grimly back
To lick young Jimmy Gray.

Bill failed to keep his elbows in,
But still he didn't miss;
His open stance, however, made
Him
slice
his
drive
like
this!

But old Bill was a fighting man,
A hard-boiled egg, and tough;
He yanked a brassy from his bag
And
hooked
'er
to
the
rough!

Young Jimmy Gray was down the course
Straight as an arrow's flight;
But old Bill Brown he didn't care,
He'd just BEGUN to fight.

Out in the rough, and a rotten lie,
Bill's niblick cut the air;
He topped the ball, away it rolled,
Zigzagging
here
and
there!

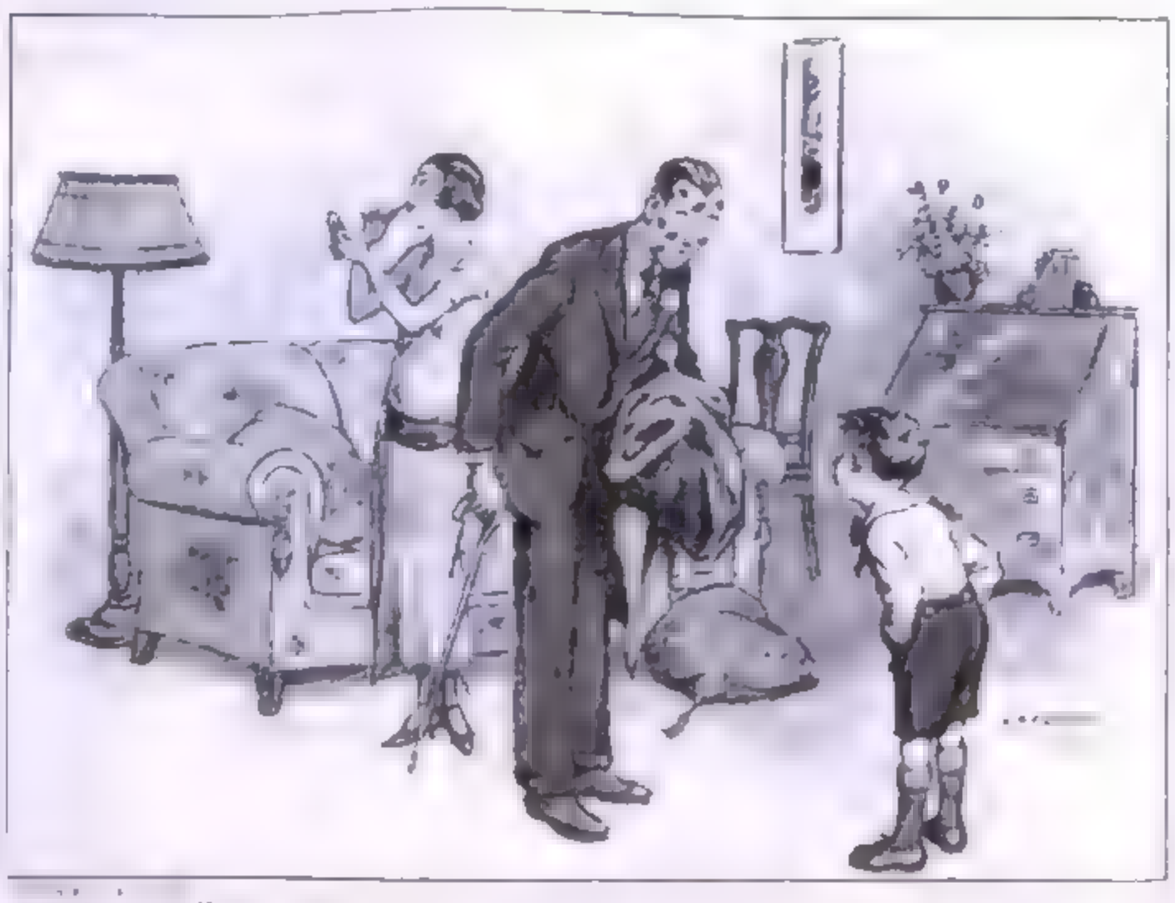
Now Jimmy Gray was grinning, for
His third lay near the pin,
And with two putts the kid was sure
He'd drop the globule in.

Did old Bill Brown give up the match?
Resign himself to fate?
Old Bill did nothing of the kind;
He hummed a Hymn of Hate.

And then he looked the distance o'er,
More than one hundred yards;
"I guess," mused old Bill Brown, "it's time
For me to play my cards."

He took his lightweight jigger, and,
Allowing for some roll,
Bill turned 'er loose; she struck the green—
And
shot
straight
in
the
hole!

—*C. F. Carter.*



Tommy—"Jiminy Crickets, Mr. Smith, Have You Been Playin' in Some Paint?"

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in a handsome metal box with cedar compartments

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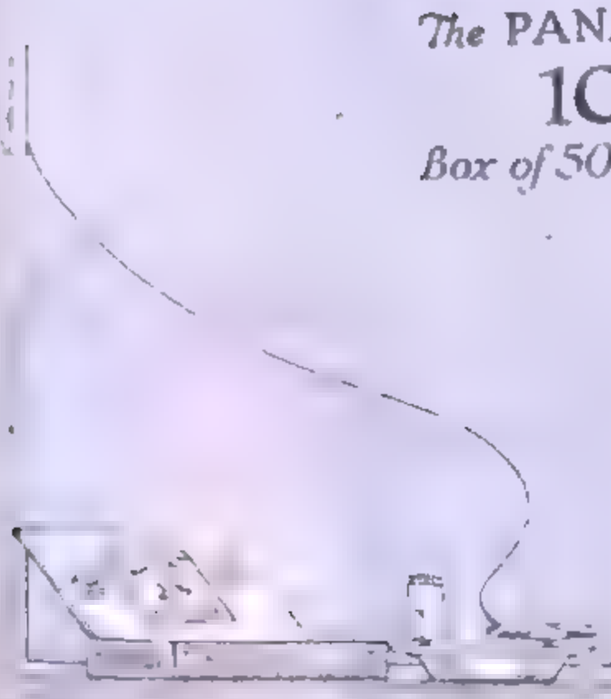

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AËRONAUTICAL ERA

(Continued from Page 4)

the important cities would be laid waste, the railroads and bridges destroyed, roadways constantly bombed and torn up so as to prevent automobile transportation, and all seaports demolished. Again the air force might bring victory, unaided, to the side which was able to control the air.

The third class of country is one which is entirely self-sustaining but is out of the ordinary aircraft range. The United States comes under this category. No armed force of a European or Asiatic nation can come against the United States except through the air or over the water. An efficient air force in this instance would be able to protect the country from invasion and would insure its independence, but would not be able to subject a hostile country to invasion or to defeat it without leaving its own country.

Consequently an entirely new method of conducting war at a distance will come into being. We have seen that a superior air power will dominate all sea areas when it acts from land bases, and that no seacraft, whether carrying aircraft or not, will be able to contest its aërial supremacy.

Strings of island bases will be seized by the strong powers as strategic points so that their aircraft may fly successively from one to the other, and as aircraft themselves can hold these islands against seacraft, comparatively small detachments of troops on the ground will be required for their maintenance. An island, instead of being easily starved out, taken or destroyed by navies, as was the case in the past, becomes tremendously strong, because it cannot be got at by any land forces, and while supremacy of the air is maintained cannot be taken by sea forces.

In the Northern Hemisphere there is no stretch of water that has to be crossed in going from America to Europe or from America to Asia greater than the present cruising range of airplanes.

The farther north we go the narrower the intervals of water between the continents. The Bering Straits are only fifty-two miles wide, while in their center are two islands that make the widest stretch twenty-one miles, scarcely a longer distance than across the English Channel. The greatest straight-line distance over the narrowest water course between America and Europe is about 400 miles, or four hours' flight.

The Hours Before Dawn

Cold is no impediment to the action of aircraft. In fact, the colder the weather the clearer the sky and the better the flying conditions. The sun's rays are what make most of the trouble for the aviator. In the first place, they cause heat, which makes the air hold more water. When the air cools it causes fogs, clouds and haze, because the moisture congeals as the air can no longer hold it. The heat from the sun causes ascending currents of air and the air around rushes in to take the place of the ascending currents. This makes storms of all kinds—causes what we used to call holes in the air, which are up-and-down currents, and introduces the same difficulties that storms at sea cause to ships.

Light also interferes with our radio or wireless telegraph and telephone communication. Radio waves are really elongated light undulations, and whenever there is light in the air we hear some of the overtones and undertones from it. That is why the best time for radio telegraphy is at two or three o'clock in the morning, when all the light has gone out of the air and before more light has come. That is also the best time for flying because, on account of the coldness of the nights, the moisture has been deposited on the earth, the absence of light and heat has ceased to make up and down currents in the air and there are no heavy winds. This is the reason why all migratory birds, knowing this, fly at night in their migrations from north to south. It really is easier for the airman to fly at night instead of in the daytime, and in the future much of our traffic, especially for all heavy planes, will be conducted at night. Ice and snow cause the little holes, furrows and ridges in the ground to be filled with a soft substance that makes natural airdromes everywhere, and the sheets of water are turned into ice which can be utilized for landing.

Our aërial routes between continents will not follow the old land routes and waterways parallel to the equator which have been used heretofore, because our old means of transportation used to be confined to land and water in warm parts of the earth. The new routes will follow the meridians of longitude, straight over the top of the earth, which cut off hundreds of miles, save weeks of time, untold effort, dangers and expense.

What will this new element in warfare result in? Unquestionably the amelioration and bettering of conditions in war because it will bring quick and lasting results. It will require much less expense as compared with that of the great naval and land forces which have heretofore been the rule, and it will cause a whole people to take an increasing interest as to whether a country shall go to war or not, because they are all exposed to attack by aircraft, no matter if they live in the remotest interior of the country.

Now, much of a country's population thinks because it does not live near a seacoast or a land frontier, that its homes will be safe from attack and destruction. The worst that can happen to them, in case of defeat in war, would be higher taxes to pay and war debts, because navies cannot reach them and armies only with the greatest difficulty. Let us look back and see what warfare used to be and how it evolved.

Primitive man fought his neighbor with his teeth, his hands and his feet. His adversary was killed in the struggle. Great individual fighters developed who were stronger than their fellows. Next, the man obtained a club with which to hold his enemy off at a distance. Then came the thrown missile, such as a stone. Then, getting others to assist him, there gradually became what we call armies today. Good steel weapons were invented. Great armies were created using steel. This brought them body to body in their contests. Those who were vanquished were entirely destroyed; their cities looted and burned, and the whole country laid waste. At that time an entire country went to war. The men fought the enemy while the women and children supplied their wants, manufactured their clothing, and accompanied them on their marches. Gradually, the method of working steel became so excellent that armor could be made which would resist the attack of all known weapons, but, as armor cost a great deal and was hard to get, it developed into a few armed men doing all the fighting for their people. Instead of the armies being universal-service institutions in which every man had to take part, as was formerly the case, only a few did the fighting while the others worked at their civil occupations. The advent of gunpowder changed all this. The knight could no longer resist the peasant armed with a musket and, gradually, all the fighting nations were organized again so that all their man power would be called to the colors or into the workshops when war was declared.

This is the condition that exists today in all countries. The armies themselves, their operations, their strategy, and even their tactics are little different from what they were in the days of the Romans.

Wars of the Past

As weapons have been improved and made more terrible, such as the long-range cannon, the machine gun and toxic gas, just so much have the total casualties and losses been reduced, because the enemy and those engaged in combat are held farther apart. Victories are sharp and decisive, because it can be seen what the results will be long ahead of time, and the defeated side can get away with its men, as they are far off from their opponents and not body to body as they were in the days of the Romans.

The Great War in Europe, barely finished at the present time, was not so severe a contest for the fighters as our own Civil War in America was sixty years ago. The casualties at that time were much heavier in proportion to the numbers engaged. The proportion of the population serving under the colors of the armies was also much greater, and the destruction was worse than anything that happened in Europe. This was because in 1914–1918 weapons of greater range were used, the machine gun gave greater defensive strength, and the men fighting were held farther apart.

As air power will hit at a distance, after it controls the air and vanquishes the opposing air power, it will be able to fly anywhere over the hostile country. The menace will be so great that either a state will hesitate to go to war, or, having engaged in war, will make the contest much sharper, more decisive, and more quickly over with. This will result in a diminished loss of life and treasure, and will thus be a distinct benefit to civilization. Air forces will attack centers of production of all kinds, means of transportation, agricultural areas, ports and shipping; not so much the people themselves. They will destroy the means of making war, because now we cannot cut a limb out of a tree, pick a stone from a hill and make it our principal

Continued on Page 101

Bombardment Squadron in Flight. Each Modern Bombardment Airplane Will Carry From One to Two Tons of Explosives. During the Great War They Could Hardly Carry One-Fifth of That Amount. The French Maintain About Two Thousand Airplanes Actively in Service in Their Air Force and Have About the Same Number in Reserve to Take Their Places

INGERSOLL'S

AMAZING NEW INVENTION!

Robt. H. Ingersoll to whom the world owes the Dollar Watch and the first line of low priced dependable watches, is now bringing before the American public another article of great economic value—the Ingersoll Dollar Stropper, an ingenious invention for resharpening all makes of safety razor blades.

The INGERSOLL DOLLAR STROPPER

is constructed on an entirely new principle. It is so designed as to automatically bring the edge of the blade in contact with the leather strop at the proper angle, thus insuring a keen cutting edge. It can be used by anyone without skill or practice. The user cannot fail to get a supersharp edge.

A Real Christmas Gift

Give him an Ingersoll Stropper and he will feel grateful to you as long as he lives. The first time he will think it a Godsend. There is almost magic in the speed, comfort and pleasure to be had by the use of the INGERSOLL.

TEN DAYS' TRIAL

It is the unanimous verdict that the Ingersoll Dollar Stropper is a real boon to the man who shaves. It is more than an accessory to your shaving kit—it is a life investment in a new kind of shaving comfort. We would like to prove to you it costs no more than a few blades and will save you blade expense and [illegible] Blade torment. Send $1.00 for complete Outfit, including patent Stropper, blade holder and [illegible] 10 days' trial. If you do not get the most satisfactory quick and pleasant shave you ever had, return your $1.00 and we will return your $1.00 at once.

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This clever invention is meeting with nation-wide approval—in fact it is sweeping the country. We want good men to present it to the millions of men who are just waiting for it. No experience required. Sells at sight. Write for agent's terms.

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The way you like your hair best—

you can keep it so!

HOW long does your hair stay the way you like it best?

Stacomb will make the most unruly hair stay in place the whole day long. It will keep *yours* just the way you want it, from morning till night.

Not sticky or gummy. In jars and tubes. At all drug and department stores. (Now also in liquid form.)

Stacomb

Free offer

Standard Laboratories, Inc., Dept A-56
113 W. 18th St., New York City

Please send me, *free of charge*, a generous sample tube of Stacomb.

Name .....

Address

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN

with a Christmas List

THE turmoil of last minute Christmas shopping! The frantic selection of presents—then the doubts—wonder if you selected the right thing for the right person. Not so the wise young man whose unerring judgment and good taste prompt him to send Johnston's. • • • His Christmas shopping is simple. And his is the satisfaction of knowing that besides appreciating his gift, each of the recipients is impressed by his thoughtfulness in selecting candy that they prefer.

Johnston's
CHOCOLATES

You will find a Postal agency for Johnston's Chocolates in one of the better class stores in your neighbourhood

ROBERT A. JOHNSTON COMPANY MILWAUKEE

(Continued from Page 99)

weapon. Today to make war we must have great metal and chemical factories that have to stay in one place, take months to build, and, if destroyed, cannot be replaced in the usual length of a modern war

Navies, it is interesting to note, came into being as organized units as parts of armies to be used merely as the vehicle of transportation of the soldier so that he could get at close grips with the enemy and determine the possession of the sea areas. As long as the boats were propelled by oars and could go where the army officers told them, with certainty, they remained under the control of the army. Only within the last couple of centuries have the navies become independent of the armies. This came when navies used sails for propulsion and they could not tell with certainty whether they could go where they were ordered or not. Now that steam and the internal combustion engine have come for propelling seacraft, both surface and subsurface, and their power in war has been so tremendously curtailed by the advent of aircraft, it is probable that they will again revert to being an auxiliary of armies and air forces.

A comparatively small part of a population ever serves in navies, and, compared to armies, they, alone, practically never bring a war to an end. They have acted as auxiliaries to an army in clearing the sea of enemy ships, so as to be able to transport an army close to the enemy.

A Construction Representing the Sky Line of a City Being Bombed by Airplanes

The Mobility of Air Forces

In considering the relations between armies, navies and air forces, we may say that the armies have reached an epoch of arrested development in which the controlling factors, as they have always been, are a man's physical strength, his power to march, and his power to see. The use of his weapons entirely depends on these attributes. Their augmentation by mechanical transportation and raised platforms for observation do not alter this general condition. Of course, everything begins and ends on the ground. A person cannot permanently live out on the sea, nor can a person live up in the air, so that any decision in war is based on what takes place ultimately on the ground.

The rôle of armies and their way of making war will remain much the same in the future as it has in the past, if air power does not entirely prevent them from operating.

Navies, however, are able to control only the areas of water outside of the cruising radius of aircraft. These areas are constantly diminishing with the increasing flying powers of aircraft. It will be impossible for them to bombard or blockade a coast as they used to, or ascend the rivers, bays or estuaries of a country adequately provided with air power.

The surface ship, as a means of making war, will gradually disappear, to be replaced by submarines that will act as transports for air forces and destroyers of commerce.

The advent of air power holds out the probability of decreasing the effort and expense required for naval armaments, not only in the craft themselves, but in the great bases, dry docks and industrial organizations that are necessary to maintain them. Differing from land armies, which are in a stage of arrested development, navies are in a period of decline and change. The air force is the great developing power in the world today. It offers the hope not only of increased security at home but also, on account of its speed of locomotion, of the greatest civilizing element in the future, because the essence of civilization is rapid transportation. It is probable that future wars again will be conducted by a special class, the air force, as it was by the armored knights in the Middle Ages. Again the whole population will not have to be called out in a national emergency, but only enough of it to man the machines that are most potent in defense.

Each year the leading countries of the world are recognizing the value of air power more and more. All the great nations except the United States have adopted a definite air doctrine as distinguished from their sea doctrine and their land doctrine. To develop anything, the underlying thought and reason must govern, and then the organization must be built up to meet it. The doctrine of aviation of all these great countries is that they must have sufficient air power to protect themselves in case they are threatened with war. Each one solves the matter in a way particularly adapted to its own needs.

All of them started out by having the aviation distributed under many different heads—the army having its part, the navy having its part, the civil and commercial aviation having their parts, airplane constructors having another part, the weather or meteorological service and wireless communications still another. All these services considered aviation as auxiliary or subsidiary to some other activity whose principal application was not aviation. Just as the navy always thinks first of the battleships and makes aviation secondary to that, the army thinks of the infantry and also makes aviation a secondary matter.

The armed services of a nation are the most conservative elements in its whole make-up. To begin with, they antedate the governments themselves, because all governments have been brought into being by great popular upheavals which have found expression in military forces. The traditions among all the armed services are much older than any government, more conservative than any department of government, and more sure to build on a foundation that they are certain of rather than to take any chances of making a mistake. As they have changed so little in their methods and ways of conducting war for so many centuries, they always look back to find a precedent for everything that is done.

The First Line of Defense

Hindenburg looked back to Hannibal's Battle of Cannæ, and made his disposition to fight the Russians at Tannenberg. Napoleon studied the campaigns of Alexander the Great and Genghis Khan, the Mongol. The navies draw their inspiration from the Battle of Actium in the time of the Romans, and the sea fight of Trafalgar.

In the development of air power one has to look ahead and not backward, and figure out what is going to happen, not too much what has happened. That is why the older services have been psychologically unfit to develop this new arm to the fullest extent practicable with the methods and means at hand.

The trend in all nations has been to centralize their aëronautical efforts with a view of developing aviation for aviation's sake first; next, to cut out all the duplication and expense incident to having several agencies do the same thing.

Great Britain leads the world in this conception of air power. She now has an Air Ministry which is coequal with the Army and Navy. Her air force is designated by law as "the first line of defense" of the United Kingdom. The country is completely organized into aëronautical defense areas with the pursuit and bombardment aviation all under one command, so that the maximum power may be brought to bear anywhere desired, and not have it split up between the army and navy as it used to be. In addition to this there are home-defense air forces assigned for the permanent defense of London and other important cities. In case of war these would never leave their posts. Radiating out from these aviation centers are listening and operation posts all along their coasts and even out at sea, so that any hostile aircraft approaching will be promptly

Ezra Meeker, Who Crossed the Continent by Ox Team Sixty Years Ago When the Trip Required Several Months, and Lieutenant Kelly, Who, With Lieutenant Macready, Flew From New York City to San Diego, California, in Twenty-Seven Hours Without Landing

Insure the evening's *radio pleasure*

WESTON Table Voltmeter

Do you ever wish you actually knew whether your batteries were all right?

There is one way to know and to find out whether weak signals are the fault of the set or of outside conditions.

This ingenious little Weston Voltmeter will tell you the voltage of "A," "B," or "C" batteries and remove all guesswork and uncertainty.

See it at any good radio shop tonight.

A small pamphlet giving complete instructions for testing "A" and "B" batteries, will be sent promptly on request, with diagram for testing filament and plate voltages.

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WESTON
Electrical Indicating Instrument Authorities Since 1888
STANDARD—The World Over

For Christmas—
Ask Him For One!

On Christmas morning, when the curtains are pulled aside and the tree in all its splendor is disclosed to the happy, expectant children, be sure that among their gifts they will find a Hohner Harmonica.

There's nothing like good music for Christmas; and there's nothing like a Hohner for good music. Get a Hohner Harmonica today—50¢ up—and ask for the Free Instruction Book. If your dealer is out of copies, write M. Hohner, Inc., Dept. 195, New York City.

If you want a musical treat ask to hear Victor Record 19421, by Borrah Minevitch.

HOHNER HARMONICAS

BIG BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY

Kni-Lee Company, 320 N. 19th St., St. Louis, Mo.

Molasses pie··Gingersnaps

—with the teasing flavor of real, old-time molasses.

This is the way famous Southern cooks make Molasses Pie:

Pour 1½ cups of scalded milk over 1 whole egg and yolks of 2, slightly beaten. Add ⅓ cup Gold Label Brer Rabbit Molasses, ¼ teaspoon each cinnamon and nutmeg, and ¼ teaspoon salt. Line a ten-inch tin with pastry and fill. Bake until a knife comes out clean. Cover with meringue made of the two remaining egg whites and 2 tablespoons powdered sugar. Brown in hot oven.

FREE RECIPE BOOK: Send to Dept. P-6, Penick & Ford, Ltd., New Orleans, La., for the Brer Rabbit book of delicious molasses recipes.

Pure molasses is rich in the mineral salts doctors say we need. Like milk it is rich in calcium and like spinach it is rich in iron.

The Brer Rabbit Recipe Book will tell you how to make Old Mammy Cabin Style Ginger Cookies. Brer Rabbit gives them the flavor you've been longing for since you were a child.

Made in two grades—*Gold Label* for table use and fancy cooking—*Green Label*, a somewhat stronger flavored molasses for general cooking.

Brer Rabbit Molasses

reported. The air-force personnel of air officers, part of whom is on permanent duty with the air force, and might be called "regulars," and the other part is in the "reserve." The reserve officers fly for a short time each week or month, and turn out for a period of a couple of weeks each year with their organizations.

Now it is reported that the organization of Great Britain's whole military force has gone so far as to make an air officer responsible for the whole defense of the British Isles. In case of a war in the future, this air officer will have under his orders not only the air force, but also the army and navy for the protection of the islands. This may be extended to the whole empire at a later date.

An air officer was selected because his training gives him an insight into the land and sea operations, which no other service can possess. His means of reconnaissance and of gaining information of an enemy hundreds of miles away from his frontiers are greater than any means possessed by either an army or a navy. His air forces move many times as fast as any ground or water service, consequently he is in a better position to know where an enemy will hit and what measures should be taken to protect his country and combine everything in the national defense—air, land and water. This also makes it possible for a state to hold one man responsible for the conduct of the national defense and not have the duty divided between entirely separate commands handling air, land and water forces.

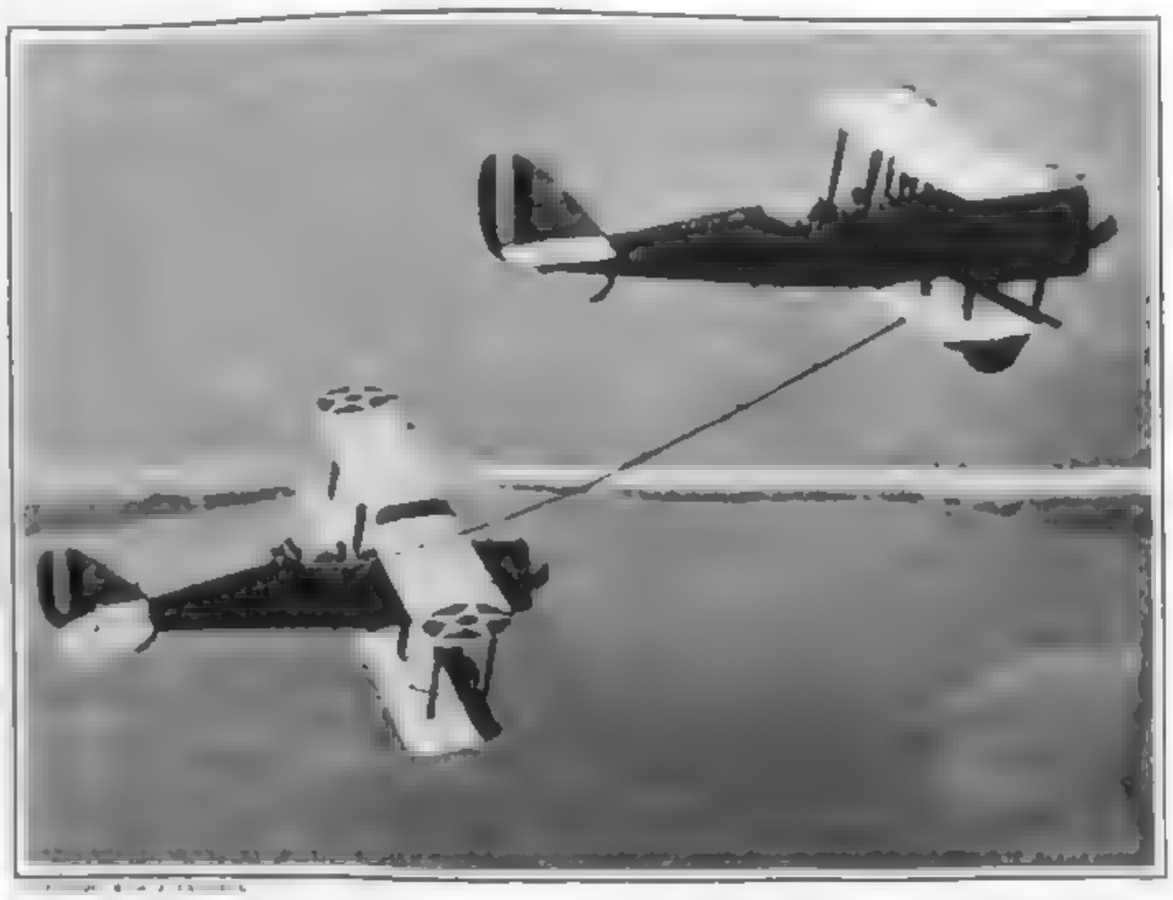
In Mesopotamia, Irak, as it is called, the air force handles the military occupation of the country in a manner similar to that in which armies have in the past. The result of this occupation has been very satisfactory. The airplanes fly over the country at will, transport troops to places where they are needed on the ground, and cover much more country with less effort than is possible by any other means. In this area, all the detachments of the army are made auxiliary to the air force, and are under the air-force commander. The great nations of Europe and Asia are now approximating this organization more and more, as it becomes increasingly evident that air power, to be given its maximum chance, must be developed as a main arm instead of as an auxiliary.

Not every nation is capable of developing an efficient air force. To create one, two things are necessary. First, a strong national morale, a patriotism and love of country which will impel its pilots to withstand tremendously high losses in case of war. Only a few nations have this power. China, for instance, is organized on the basis of family, commercial relations and a biological supremacy, rather than on a pedestal of national defense by armed forces to keep foreign nations from disturbing them. They cannot create an efficient military aviation at this time because there is no central government upholding the basic principles or maintaining the ideals which the intelligent people are willing to give up their lives and their all for. On the other hand, the American aviation at the battle of Château-Thierry, with seventy-five per cent of its strength killed, wounded and missing in little over two weeks, kept right on fighting with as great a morale as if these losses had not occurred. Suitable pilots can be drawn only from certain classes, such as the young men who go to our colleges and not only are proficient in their studies but in athletics such as football, baseball, tennis, polo and other equestrian exercises, which make the body and mind act together quickly. The United States has the greatest reservoir of this kind of personnel of any nation in the world.

The second important element in the creation of an air force is the industrial condition of a country and its supply of raw materials that go into the creation of aëronautical equipment, engines and airplanes. Seventy-eight different trades are represented in the building of a single plane. From the time it is devised until the time it is turned out in production, it takes as long as it does to build a battleship. Everything in the airplane revolves around the engine. Again we find very few countries capable of manufacturing suitable aeronautical engines. Think what is involved in this—the mining of all metals, their conversion into the toughest and lightest alloys that are known to science, then the designing, building and testing of these engines that weigh little over a pound to the horse power and that are capable of pulling an airplane through the air, once they are in flight, with hardly the use of any wings. Again using China as an example, we find that no aëronautical engines are made in that country, nor any internal-combustion engines for that matter, as her industries have never been organized along those lines. The United States, on the other hand, has the greatest motor industry on the earth, in the form of automobile manufacturers. These are conversant with all phases of the internal-combustion gasoline engine. For this reason we lead the world in the excellence of our aëronautical engines at the present time.

If a nation ambitious for universal conquest gets off to a flying start in a war of the future, it may be able to control the whole world more easily than a nation has controlled a continent in the past. The advent of air power has made every country and the world smaller. We do not measure distances by the unit of miles, but by the unit of hours. Communication over all the world today is instantaneous, either by the submarine telegraph, by the land line or by radio telegraphy. Airplanes can be talked to while in their flight anywhere. The airship or Zeppelin can cross any ocean. Should a nation, therefore, attain complete control of the air, it could more nearly master the earth than has ever been the case in the past.

Just as power can be exerted through the air, so can good be done, because there is no place on the earth's surface that air power cannot reach and carry with it the elements of civilization and good that come from rapid communication.



Lieutenant Smith, Who Conducted the Round the World Flight, Refueling His Plane While in the Air. It is No Longer Necessary for an Airplane to Land to Get Gas and Oil. It Can be Refueled in the Air With Greater Ease Than a Vessel Can be Refueled at Sea

Federal Radio, the Gift Supreme—
for All the Family

RECENT announcement by Federal of its new line of *two-control* Radio Receivers has brought forth a nation-wide endorsement that is inspiring and satisfying. It again proves Federal superiority.

These new Federal sets are built and guaranteed on the same sound principles that have maintained Federal leadership in the electrical world for over a quarter-century.

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Financial Accommodation

Your Federal dealer will explain convenient terms under a sound banking arrangement which permits the immediate enjoyment of your Federal Set while its purchase price is carried on your monthly budgets.

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Boston New York Philadelphia Washington, D. C. Pittsburgh Chicago Kansas City San Francisco Bridgeburg, Canada

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OF A MIGHTIER
DETROIT

The palatial 29-story Book-Cadillac Hotel is the forerunner of a civic plan fostered by J. Burgess, Frank and Herbert Book, to re-create Washington Boulevard, Detroit's widest and finest business thoroughfare.

Other units already erected or under way include two 20-story office structures; a 32-story club building, and a 40-story tower addition to the present Book-Building.

Newest of the World's Luxurious Hotels

The Book-Cadillac Detroit

FINEST IN APPOINTMENTS AND SERVICE—NO HIGHER IN PRICE

YOU will find at the new Book-Cadillac Hotel in Detroit every luxury and convenience that the finest of European or American hotels provide.

But you will discover also, a managerial policy that gives thoughtful consideration to individual requirements.

All guest chambers of Detroit's tallest hotel structure, are located on floors seven to twenty-nine. Every room has full outside exposure. Express elevators give rapid access to all upper floors.

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For the convenience of motorists touring with personal servants, chauffeurs' and maids' bedrooms are situated within easy reach.

Dining at the Book-Cadillac will prove a source of both pleasure and variety. The gorgeous Venetian restaurant on the lounge floor gives a gay setting to the formal dinner party.

On the mezzanine is the English grille, with its air of a well-ordered club. Charcoal and electric grills in this room are flanked by refrigerated display cases from which special foods may be selected.

Leading from the lounge is a commodious café where an excellent dance floor and orchestra provide entertainment for lighter moments.

For the hurried breakfast or luncheon, a coffee shop served by the hotel kitchens is located on the ground floor level.

The Book-Cadillac Hotel at Washington Boulevard and Michigan Avenue is most accessible to all important rail and steamer terminals of Detroit.

Special sample accommodations; private dining rooms; circulating ice water; eighteen shops and broker's office in building.

ATTENTION
RADIO FANS!

Tune in Tonight on WCX
Broadcasting from Roof of the
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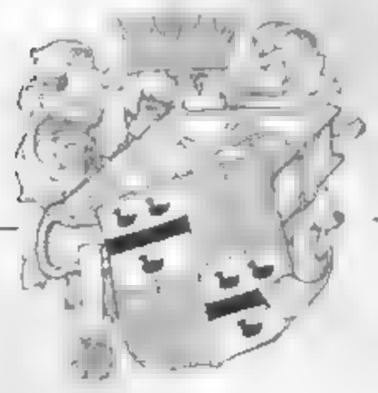
One of the loftiest radio stations in the world—Station WCX, Detroit Free Press—now broadcasts from the roof of the Book-Cadillac Hotel.

Four hundred feet above street level, Station WCX sends its powerful wave lengths from coast to coast.

Tune in tonight. Hear world-famous orchestras, playing in the cafés and public rooms of the Book-Cadillac, Detroit.



BOOK-CADILLAC HOTEL COMPANY · DETROIT

ROY CARRUTHERS, *President*
R. J. TOMPKINS, *Resident Manager*

INTERNATIONAL SHOW WINDOWS

(Continued from Page 21)

into it. The effect of modern publicity, which perhaps has excited national fears much more than the so-called secrecy of old-fashioned diplomacy, enters into it. The increased emphasis put upon democracy and upon the control of foreign affairs by legislative bodies, such as Congress, the House of Commons or the French or the Italian Chambers, enters into it, because debates on foreign business in process of negotiation arouse animosities and expose diplomats and delegates at international conferences to barrage attacks for having conceded something. This is the situation in modern diplomacy and modern international dealing.

My experience abroad taught me that too many well-intentioned Americans talk always about foreign affairs, and the machinery for conducting them, as if we could depend upon finding in the back of the shop the same kind of pretty goods one sees in the show window. There is current a strangely innocent and schoolgirlish faith that international machinery works as its designers hope it will work. It is folly to believe that superstate or coöperative institutions will, for some magic reason, be immune from such half-concealed faults of human nature and human practices as afflict handsome models of other kinds—say, models of municipal government.

Benes, who has conducted with extraordinary ability the affairs of Czecho-Slovakia as Minister of Foreign Affairs, and who, although a professor, has absorbed information and dealt with realities so that he has been able to make large contributions to effective European conciliation, once said to me, "When the older figures in European politics give way to the younger men who have lived less with apprehensions and perhaps cling less tenaciously to safety in their political life at home, we shall have an easier time of it."

I pointed out that he was emphasizing the importance of the human element and was admitting that mere new machinery and new institutions and new ostensible manners and customs of international dealing had not affected in any vital way the goods which still remained behind the show windows.

The Three Silk Hats

Some persons will not wish to believe this. I did not wish to believe it. It is easier and perhaps more pleasant to believe whatever we desire to believe. But it is silly. If we wish to be intelligent—and intelligence is among one's first moral duties—we ought to realize that, with real advances in the standards of international dealing, there has come a great deal of window dressing, and that this window dressing is capable, without any person or group being to blame, of deceiving the average man or woman who has never walked around behind it.

Look at this picture with me:

A hatrack with three glistening top hats just outside a door at the end of a long corridor. The door is closed. The door is the door of Colonel House in the Crillon Hotel at Paris, and this is April, 1919.

The Paris Peace Conference has been centered for months in a wet and weary city. The hotels are filled with delegations from nearly every race and nation on earth. Here, under rules and formal organization, the nations have come together, as the expression has it, "to sit around a table for open discussion and exchange of views and to reach, through friendly conciliation, settlements of vexing questions." The delegations and their staffs number into thousands, the miles traveled for all to come here are rated in the millions. Ships have put to sea, engines have drawn trainloads. Medals have been struck, kings have granted farewell interviews, delegations have left stations, crowds have cheered themselves hoarse bidding good-by to their representatives who are to write their names in a flourish across the pages of history. New clothes have been cut, new gold braid sewed on. Oppressed peoples have sent their carloads of representatives. Printing presses have been busy in every corner of the earth. Men and women in little villages have knelt praying for the welfare of the hope of the world, newspapers have been rushed into streets of every continent, telegraphs have clicked forth the news and camel trains have stalked into deserts with it. Thousands of experts have turned out volumes and volumes of figures behind windows that never close their eyes upon Paris. Fleets of automobiles have switched grim-faced delegates about on errands of supposed importance. Millions and millions have been spent on food and trappings. Women of beauty and distinction have whispered into ears. After a time—perhaps tomorrow—there will be a meeting—a solemn and utterly meaningless meeting around a green-baize table in an ancient hall. The Peace Conference is on!

All over the world the innocent go on conceiving of a peace table where long rows of delegates representing the aspirations of nation on nation, and their claims and their willingness to forgo claims, are now engaging in a new and open diplomacy, or as the expression used to be, "openly arrived at," and we suppose arrived at by democracy and for democracy. The picture in the world's mind is of some kind of forerunner of some kind of great and beneficent family of nations having a full discussion of justice and conciliation, unafraid, frank, open, promising an absolute guaranty of peace, promising hearings of the claims of the weak, promising complete resurrection of godlike qualities in the strong.

The Men Who Had the Chips

I faced, however, as I approached the door of my friend, just three silk hats.

Struck by a whimsical mood, I started forward toward that doorway behind the three silk hats. I made that movement merely to fill out the picture. Whereupon an American marine—a nice boy with clear eyes, deep of chest, in a spick-and-span uniform—stepped forth. He was shocked. He was shocked almost into speechlessness.

He said, "Don't you know the conference is going on in there?" The world would rock if I heard one word of it.

"What conference?" I asked, feigning ignorance.

"THE!" he replied.

He described it in a voice with capital letters—The Conference. He was right to describe it so. He was right to point to the three silk hats. Let people around the world conceive of long baize tables; let them imagine the delegates of nations, big and little, weighing their words; let them believe that the morning paper would bring them the news of the real deliberations and real conclusions. And here were only the three silk hats: Wilson's hat, Lloyd George's hat, Clémenceau's hat.

I stood back and looked at these three silk hats and at the closed door, and I asked myself why those particular three hats were there. I was not cynical about it when I realized that the thousands of little delegates and secretaries and typists and kings of small places and claimants and experts crowded into the show window were not THE conference. I was not cynical about it when I realized that these particular three hats were not there by reason even of the virtue or wisdom of three heads from which the three moist warm white sweatbands had been lifted.

With philosophical good nature I reached the inevitable conclusion that those particular three silk hats were there because the owners of them, as poker players say, had the chips.

I had merely passed, as I have since passed often, beyond the show window of a modern international diplomacy shop and come to the portal behind which real diplomacy, not villainous or dangerous or inferior diplomacy, but practical, workable and actual diplomacy, was doing business—perhaps good and kindly business—in the old way, and with full appreciation of the fact that having the chips is the best ticket to the room behind the closed door. Since then I have been behind a great many closed doors myself. Since then silk hats have hung outside my door. Since then I have learned that no one is to blame for this inevitable result of attempts to conceive "a meeting around a table for a frank and friendly discussion," or an assembly hall "where nations can heal their differences," or councils where "great and small stand equally in a democratic family of nations."

We shall still have conferences. They are necessary and good. We shall still build toward the idea of international assemblies and councils and conventions, for they may serve their ends. But let the innocent put away from them the idea that until facts and human nature are greatly altered, these are more than show windows where are exhibited the goods manufactured beforehand by the old methods, or where are shown those goods which are being baked behind closed doors for daily exhibit in the open. Let the innocent put aside the futile and frivolous belief that any institution, by virtue of its show-window qualities, is going to revolutionize mankind and suddenly by machinery and institutions place morals and idealism in the seats usually occupied by power and resource. I wish it were so; but it is not.

For example, the League of Nations is in meeting. An international crisis arises and the peace of Europe is threatened. Does the presiding officer on some vital day allow discussion? On the contrary, he shuts off discussion. One great power has asked this action. What are the facts? Foreign offices have been busy. Telegraph wires are hot. Secretaries of embassies in half a dozen capitals jump into cars and ambassadors talk to ministers of foreign affairs with low voices in high-ceilinged rooms. Two great powers exchange views privately and secretly. Perhaps the very thing to bring about a volcanic eruption is the meeting around a table for a free and frank discussion.

The presses of several countries are inflaming their peoples. Furthermore, two greater powers are jealously lining up with one or the other of the smaller powers who are snarling at each other. None of this appears in the show window of the League. Why should it? It might break the window! Behind closed doors two powers decide that it shall not appear in the show window and a lot of smaller powers are nonplused because the greatest real crisis suddenly takes a dive and goes under the surface. A week or two later old-fashioned diplomacy, practical, quiet, and sometimes, if results count, not bad but conscientiously good, has brought about peace and security.

Such is an actual instance. I watched it with interest from a point of vantage. I thought during those days many times that the show window has tremendous educational advantages, but that those who desire to labor intelligently for international accord must do so with the full recognition not only of their own idealism but of the practical and sometimes wholly useful realities of convenience and necessity.

Reply to Lord Curzon

The differences between the show windows of international relations and the practical forces, which make private conferences like those of the three silk hats necessary, are not differences created by the will of any man or any group of men. They arise from the surrounding circumstances. They arise from inescapable facts. They arise from old-fashioned expediency. No man can stop them. Perhaps to stop them, instead of serving peace, would serve conflict and misunderstanding and would not lead mankind away from war but toward war.

We have idealized the show windows of diplomacy and international dealing: against this I have no objection unless the innocent fondly believe that institutions such as the League are not and will not be operated by forces which arrange beforehand what shall be done—before the results can be set forth in the show window.

I have no quarrel with the aims of the League or its successors or its possible evolutions in the future. Lord Curzon once attributed to me, unjustly, contempt for the League. I replied, "One does not have to marry a lady in order to respect her."

Particularly, I have respect for the League as an administrative body, as a volunteer agency for undertaking to put into effect all the variety of nonpolitical administrative functions which are the common interest of all nations—standardization from railway gauges to sanitation, codification of regulations, suppression of destructive traffics. In addition to this nothing could be more useful than the existence of an agency which provides international good offices to administer commissions, such as the Danube Commission, to supply a trusteeship for refinancing and rehabilitation of

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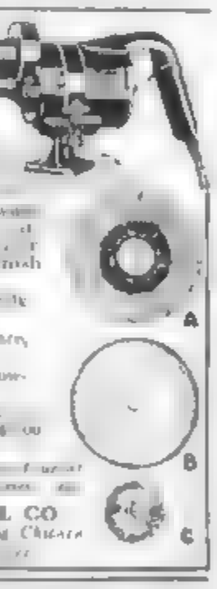

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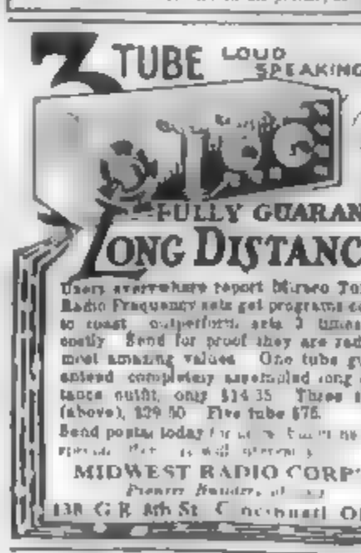

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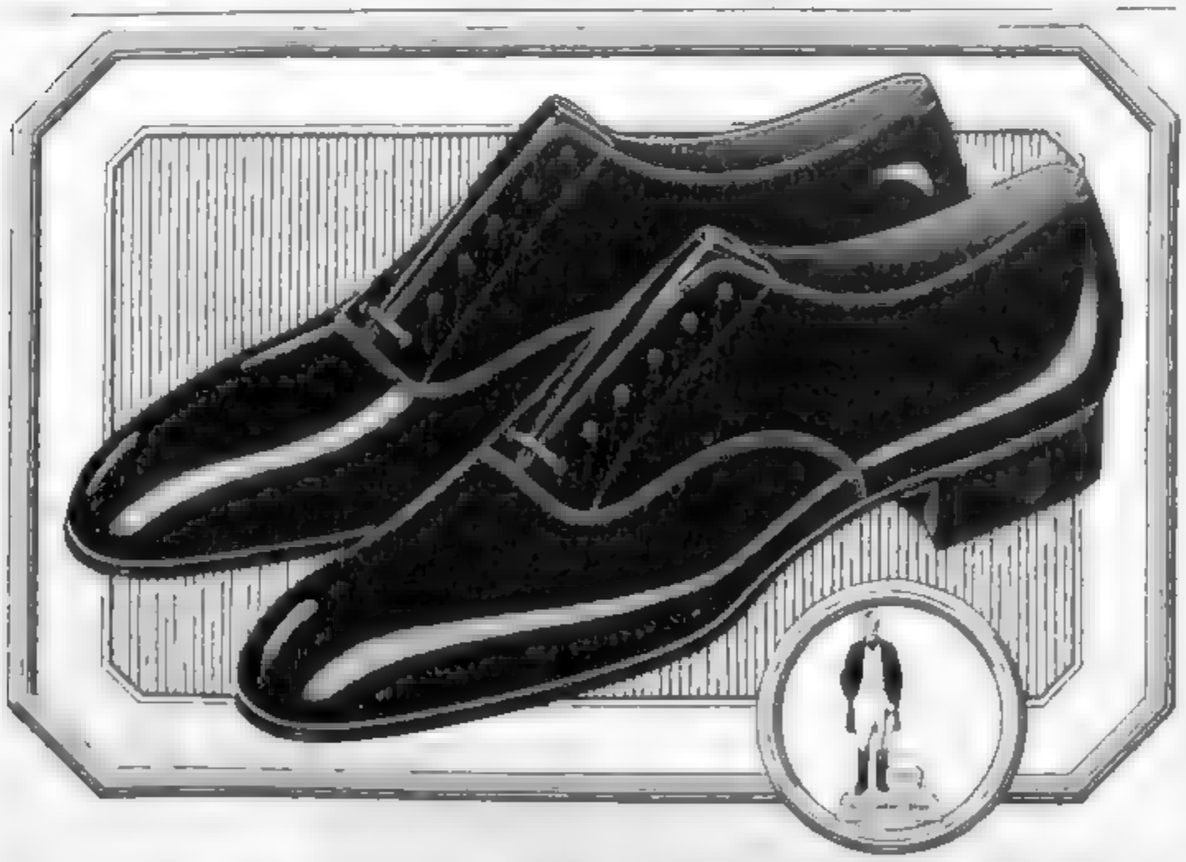

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nations in difficulty and to father voluntary arbitration machinery such as the World Court.

I have listened, since my return from Europe, with respect and full approval to those who point out these good things in the show windows of the League; but I am amazed that anyone should confuse these virtues with the functions and failures of the League as a political legislature. It is when enthusiasts endeavor to show that the League show window contains political action that we all must look and listen. What is then exposed, I am sorry to say, does not appeal to me as a sample which represents the goods on the shelves behind the show window.

No one seriously would assert, for instance, that the League is likely to interfere in European politics unless the old-fashioned diplomacy of Downing Street first allows the British representative to go ahead. It is not at Geneva but in Rome, Paris and London that one must search to find out what the League will do. The ear listening to the open assemblies is only hearing the results of weeks of negotiation and interrogation between those who can swing the decision.

Whatever is not mentioned and is ducked has probably been made taboo by some nation's Ministry of Foreign Affairs. The ear which would know in advance the same old forces behind the scenes must eavesdrop through the same old green-baize doors, not because any villainy exists there, but because great national interests will not go before the open world on unprepared ground, ignorant of the move or mood of some other great power. Great national interests will continue to use the old-fashioned conversations of old-fashioned and useful diplomatic practice. Great national interests will continue to seek agreements and therefore a preponderant weight in any international body before risking everything in open discussion. It probably will continue to be true that only when all possible has been done to finish the baking of each really important international pie will the world, as the world is today, ever see it exposed in the window of any international assembly. The baking is all done behind closed doors, and no one is to blame for that. The world never sees the botched cakes thrown out the back door. This is the inevitable result of the surrounding circumstances, and perhaps any other course would not reduce fears and conflicts but increase the hazards of them.

Old-Fashioned Diplomacy

There is a good deal to be said in favor of old-fashioned diplomacy—the quiet, uphill, sometimes painfully tedious and slow working out of usually good and peace-preserving agreements between nations. I will give examples of its efficiency later on; but now I desire to show that whether or not we like the idea, necessity, convenience and expediency force it upon men. More than that, it is forced upon the very men who are trying the hardest to conduct international affairs upon the sit-around-a-table-for-a-free-and-open-discussion basis. It forced itself upon Wilson, and has forced itself upon conferences such as Genoa and Lausanne, where ostensibly everyone starts out with a fair measure of desire to have everything done in the show window. And it has forced its way into dominant importance in every important conference since the war

The three silk hats are not a symbol of Wilson, Lloyd George and Clemenceau cheating the world by their own selfish desire to make secret agreements and accords to put them out later in the show window of the Peace Conference; the three silk hats are merely the symbol of three men short of time, trying to do their best, having to reckon on forces, financial, commercial or military, which press upon them as inescapable facts. They are baffled in attempts to bring any matter to peaceful conclusion in the presence of the wrangle and endless words of any assembly or council. Therefore they fix up some conclusion in final form behind closed doors, not because they claim exclusive wisdom or virtue or, if time allowed, would fail to submit their judgment to the world, but because they happen to be those who, wise or unwise, can decide. The very description of what these men represent indicates something of why they are there alone.

Said the marine at the door, speaking as a matter of course, "They are the three great powers!"

Let us not blame them, but let us not be fools enough to believe that anything very important is decided in the show windows of international conferences. For Americans to believe any such fond notion is to be mere tyros in the field of international politics, foozled and fooled by foreign lecturers and propagandists and by the whole tribe of domestic phrase makers, window dressers and impractical idealists, who have never been behind the scenes, have never known the scene shifters and view the presentation of the play as if they were viewing realities.

Assume that you go as a Scandinavian representative to the Conference of Genoa. The Conference of Genoa drew the delegations of more nations than have ever been assembled since the war. Lloyd George has advertised it as a great show, for it is an "economic conference to settle the economic future of Europe," and especially to deal with Russia. It is well known by everyone, and therefore no secret, that the French fear that in the presence of Germany reparations—the most important by all means, and the key to European economics—may by some horrible inadvertence be discussed. Before the conference assembles, old-fashioned diplomacy is busy for weeks arranging behind closed doors what shall be done about that particular subject in the "meeting around a table for a frank and open discussion," and finally the subject is made taboo and the conference opens.

Conference Pageantry

Just as in Paris, here come the delegations and the experts, here come complainants and demands, applications for admission of uninvited nations and for hearings, with tons of printed propaganda. My table is piled high with it; soon it threatens to cover the floor. Here come trappings, automobiles, evening clothes, gold braid, serious secretaries with portfolios of agenda and voluminous studies and statistics under their arms. Hotels are commandeered, the flags of nearly forty nations blow in the breeze of the Ligurian Sea.

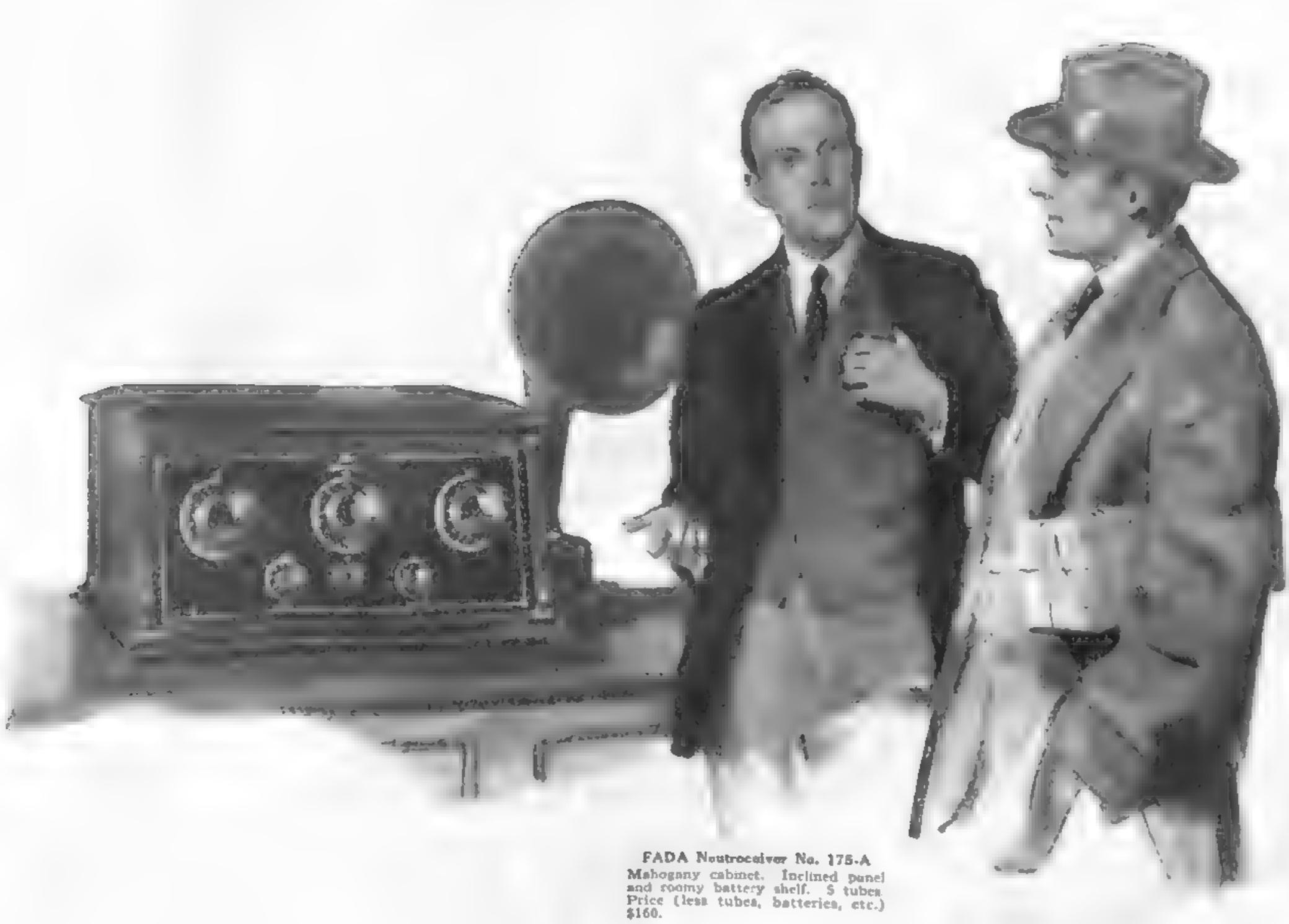
Italian soldiers, regia guardia, carabinieri, line the way for the parade of motors bearing diplomats to the old palace hall where once assembled those councils which made Genoa a great sea power. A plenary session! Something impressive in the word "plenary!" Speeches—discreet, though inspirational in tone. No striking out from the shoulder, no mention of anything vital. There are announcements of committees and commissions. Committees on transportation, on finance, on loans, on dozens of the threads from which the whole new economic life of Europe is to be woven. Telegraph wires are busy with press dispatches. And then ——

Then, after the session is ended, every vital key question suddenly makes a backward dive out of the show window! The imaginary delegate who comes from the Scandinavian country, throbbing with new ideas, desirous of making himself effective, dreaming hopeful dreams of his effect upon the history of the world, suddenly with all the other delegates who have not come with the cards and the chips, might as well be in the Aleutian Islands so far as real information as to what is really going on is concerned. He may discuss gold banks and discount banks for Europe, and stabilization of exchange and methods of breaking down economic barriers. He may be an expert with a lifelong experience in such matters. But in spite of the show window, none of these considerations seem to touch the vitals of the conference.

Week after week goes by. The delegate who comes to help make history walks in the afternoon along the sea wall and dines with another nation's delegation in the evening. He writes to his wife. Occasionally he sees Lloyd George and the French delegate Barthou rushing away from their respective villas to unknown destinations Every day or two the noncommittal surface emits a couple of gaseous bubbles of gossip It is said that the Germans and Russians have signed a treaty right under the nose of the conference: it is confirmed. Most of the negotiation were carried on in Berlin! It is said that Barthou has made a protocol with the English; various plays in that game were made in conversations between Paris and London. A matter comes up which involves a proposed course of action by the United States; again the telegraph wires are busy, and Downing Street and the State, War and Navy Buildings in

(Continued on Page 109)

FADA Radio



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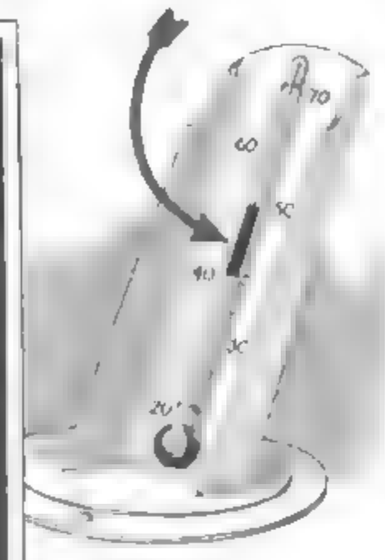
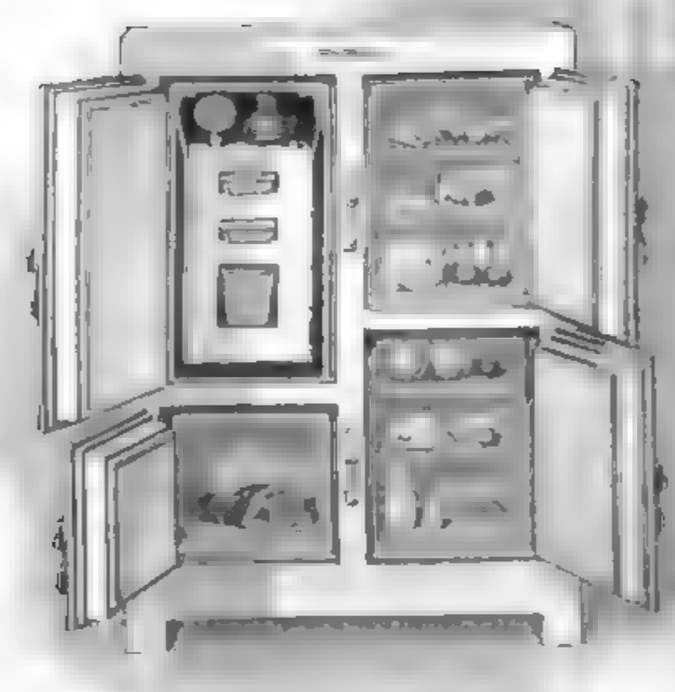


It requires a temperature *below* 50°—all the time—to keep foods properly. Kelvination maintains this.



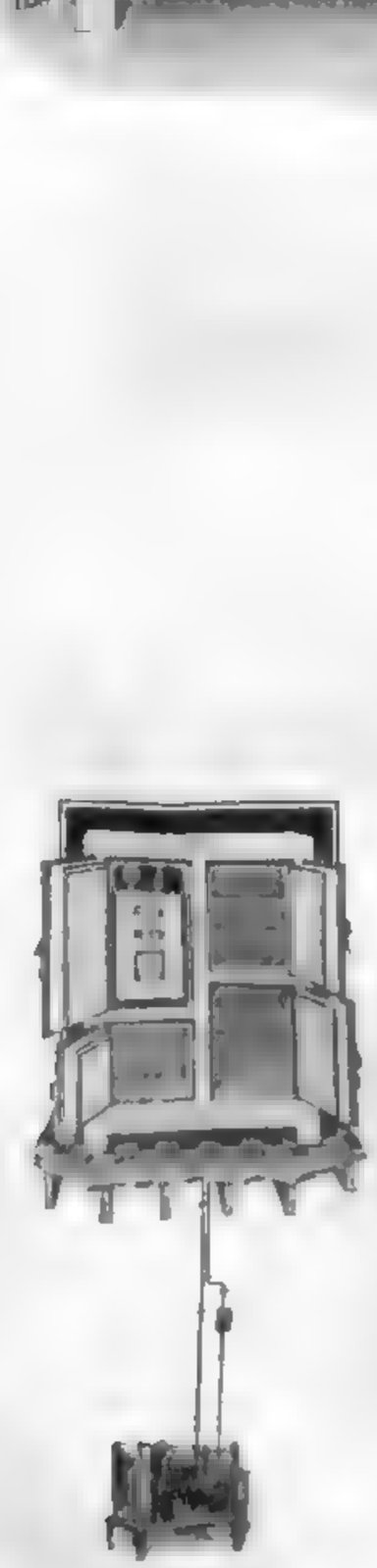
Thick steaks that almost melt in your mouth; green salads so crisp they fall apart at the touch of a fork!

You have often wondered how these and other foods are so deliciously prepared and attractively served in the best hotels. There is no real secret about it. The foods you, yourself, buy will acquire the same delicious qualities under the influence of the Zone of Kelvination.

Kelvinator—the electric method for chilling refrigerators without ice—creates a condition in any refrigerator that affects foods in a remarkable way. It reduces the temperature to 10 degrees colder than when it is ice cooled, but does something more. It crystallizes the moisture out of the refrigerator, leaving the interior not only cold but *dry*. All moisture disappears. The air takes on a sharp, frosty "sting".

Under the influence of this Kelvinated air, foods not only stay fresh and sweet for *days*, but actually *improve*. Meats mellow and acquire a delicious tenderness. Green vegetables "crisp up" and are better than when fresh from the garden. New frozen dainties can be prepared that will delight your family and amaze your guests.

You can install Kelvinator in your present refrigerator and be prepared for every occasion; family dinner or entertainment. You will escape forever the annoyances of ice delivery, as Kelvinator refrigerates for months or years without attention. You can keep a liberal supply of food on hand, and market only once a week. And with all these advantages, Kelvinator is an actual economy.



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Kelvinator

The Oldest Domestic Electric Refrigeration

(Continued from Page 106)

Washington see calls from the American ambassador, Mr. Harvey, and from Geddes. The Russian delegation issues a saucy memorandum and are chided for it behind closed doors.

The nearest the press comes to what is going on is to see a few silk hats hanging in the hallways of the Villa A, where Lloyd George and his family are becoming almost permanent residents; or at the Villa B, where my fellow ambassador in Rome, Monsieur Camille Barrére, paces backward and forward in his study; or at Santa Margherita, where the Russians are isolated. The weeks go by and the world sees only the window dressing of a great world conference, and hears of the advantages of "meeting around a table for a frank and open discussion."

And finally the closing days arrive. A motor car climbs a winding driveway and two men get down and find another man sitting asleep in a willow chair beneath a tree in a villa garden. He awakes. There is a brief conversation. One man shrugs his shoulders. Another says he is sorry. A bird twitters in a tree above.

"Well," says one man, looking up at the spring skies, "it is nice to see the sun after all these cloudy weeks. Conferences should be held in sunny places."

The Plenary Session

So do conferences approach an end. Unsuccessful, there is nothing much to put out in the show window. The conference is not to blame. It really has had nothing to do with the big game. The big game has been played by telegraphs, code messages, foreign offices, partly by diplomats far away, bids for hands entered by premiers dealing outside the conference organization. And now to put up the shutters.

Two men are leaning over a white tablecloth on a terrace, overlooking the harbor of Genoa. One takes a sip of coffee and says something as to the proper manner of bringing the conference to an end. The other says the easiest way is to refer everything to a future conference.

There is a twinkle in the first man's eye and the second knows that he can go back to his telegraph-code clerk and accurately prophesy in his message to his government how the conference will end.

And so a week later comes the second and final plenary session. Something impressive. Again the line of soldiers, again the procession of motor cars, again the green-baize table, again the speeches, again something said about how good will come from a friendly meeting. I hear Rathenau deliver something from his heart and I hear the spontaneous applause from men otherwise baffled and cynical; I hear given to a German the first applause from the heart that internationalism has known since the war. Perhaps that little moment justifies these weeks of show window.

The shutters are put up. Why? I have been this time on the inside of the closed doors, and I know, just as I knew in Paris, that no one is to blame because everything is not set forth in the show window. I know that an attempt to put the vital things into the show window might bring on a crisis. Old-fashioned diplomacy, private negotiations, quiet meetings, the formal and informal exchange of views on one government with another have been preserving peaceful relations and deciding what shall be set forth in the front windows. And I know that this is not because of intrigue or villainy, but because it is the method forced upon men who do not let delicate questions charge about a conference hall like bulls in the world's china shop, and who are faced with necessity—necessity of confining ultimate decisions to that small group of forces powerful enough to make them before the show window will ever have anything to exhibit.

"Diplomacy by conference." How that phrase rang in our ears! I believe in it still. We all believe in it; but if public opinion is to be enlisted in the guidance of foreign relationships, it should be intelligent, it should be educated, it should know the limitations put by a practical world, by realities and by inevitable forces, upon international dealing. It should learn to value the show windows for exactly what they are; it should learn to value old-fashioned diplomacy for exactly what it is. Old-fashioned diplomacy is a convenience, a necessity, a practical method which even those who attack it have to adopt in the end, just as Wilson adopted it in Paris. Sometimes it is an instrument to preserve peace, when peace might be challenged or even shattered by a discussion in some assembly debate, or by being pawed around that fair-sounding institution, "a table for frank and open discussion."

These tables for "frank and open discussion" may sound inspiring when mentioned in the mouths of earnest persons seeking panaceas to prevent wars, and I will join in approval of the use of the conference method within the scope of its usefulness. Anyone can see its usefulness; it is only practical experience which exposes its limitations and its dangers. Let me indicate out of my experience what some of these limitations and dangers may be.

A European conference is opening. Fearful of any show of heat, the hosts have been discreet in their invitations to speak. It is understood that the speeches shall contain only conciliatory matter. But one chief of delegation who has not been asked to speak comes from one of the new democracies of the world. He knows that back home a proud people is waiting to hear the voice of their own land; he knows that his legislative body, and particularly the extreme party opposed to him, demands something hot off the griddle about their national pride and independence. If he says nothing he will appear at the very beginning of this "free and open and friendly meeting around a table" as having been swamped. If he says anything conciliatory he will appear to be intimidated at the outset. Being one of the shrewdest diplomats I have ever met, when his eyes meet mine I know that he knows that the mere fact that he is confronted with a problem of the new open diplomacy is going to force him to say things he never would dream of saying if he were alone in my room with the chief delegates of two other great nations. I sit listening to him, knowing that at the outset of a voyage toward peace the open-conference method has forced him to speak with a chip on his shoulder, irritating everyone. He has been forced by the surrounding circumstances of publicity to hold his power with the nation which has sent him. I naturally find myself wondering whether any kind of an international debating institution will not light as many fires as it quenches.

Spades Called Spades

And forever through the conference runs this influence of public opinion back home, driving delegates who are forced into the open to take stronger positions than they would ever take in the old-fashioned conversations of old-fashioned diplomacy. Let no one believe that the pressure upon a delegate from the public opinion or political forces of his own country is ever on the side of concession. The millennium has not yet arrived, and there is always the opposition party and opposition propaganda back home that find it no difficult task to seize upon any retreat the delegate may make to show that he is a mollycoddle, that he is being outjockeyed and wheedled by statesmen more shrewd and selfish than he.

Let us call spades by their names. When, for instance, the Italian delegate was metaphorically pulled out into the middle of the floor at the League of Nations for a rebuke, he had no two courses open to him. If he represented his country and his people in any degree, he had to resent the rebuke. More than that—common sense insisted that he should not remain on the defensive, but should take the offensive. Sparks began to fly. An institution designed to preserve peace had come near to a lesson showing that a debating circle to avert wars may suggest and bring about conflict as well as avert it.

Wisely enough, in the case I am citing, the matter was skillfully shifted to the hands of old-fashioned diplomacy; within two weeks it was settled, with scarcely a ruffled feather in Europe.

To suppose that "frank and open discussion around a table" leads always to peace rather than conflict is an idea which still remains in the habit thinking of many of our crusaders for a new world. Some of my friends who ardently desire the United States to join one or various international tables, and who demand always the broad light of day upon all negotiations, would be shocked to know that their proposals, carried out, would lead straight away from peace and straight toward misunderstanding and war.

For instance, I was attending as representative of the United States a conference of vital importance to peace. One side was

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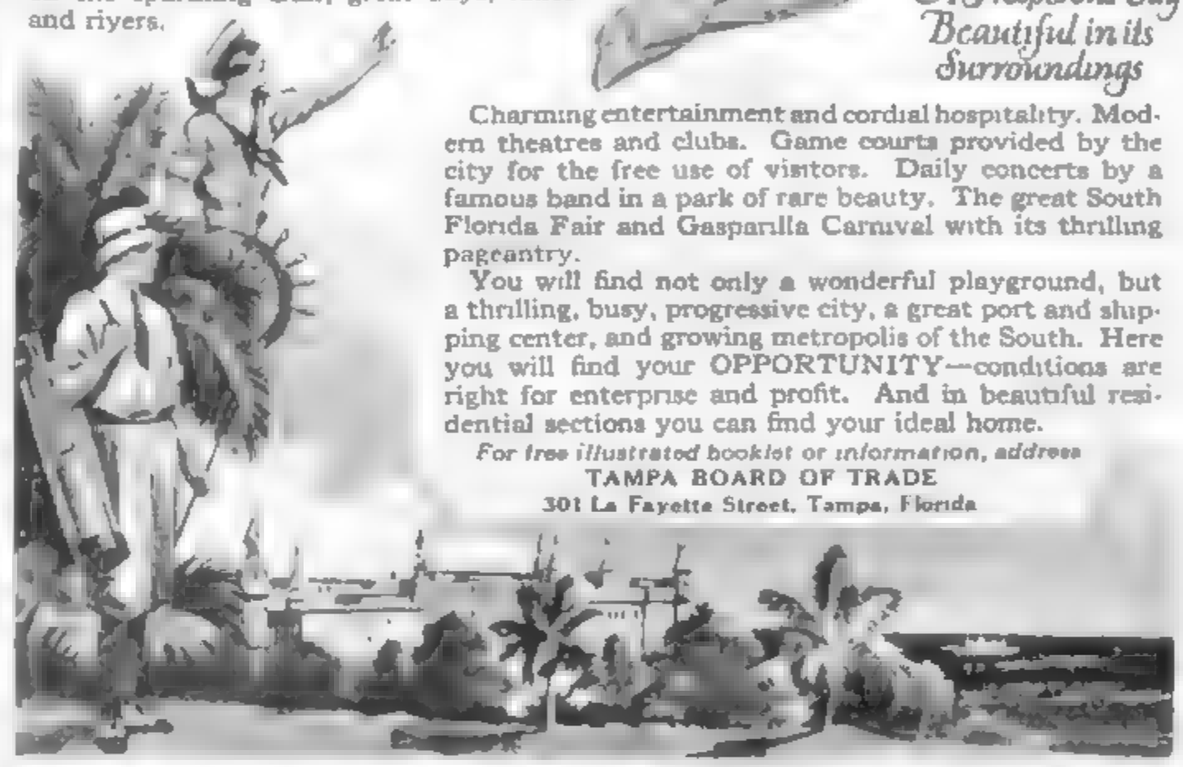

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demanding a principle of far-reaching importance. Days had been spent at the conference table, supposedly behind closed doors, but with the usual leakage to the press, in an endeavor of a majority of nations to drive back by their combined assaults the spirited refusal of one nation to yield. Military and naval experts had met and argued and wrestled with the experts of the reluctant nation. The chief delegate of that nation had explained over and over again that, for his nation, the yielding of any such concession would mean the giving up of national security. Things began to look black. I went to see the chief delegate of the nation standing out against the others. To my surprise, he inquired deeply into our American public opinion and as to the real feeling of our Government. He took out a map. To be brief in the telling, I went away with his promise to yield, provided the circumstances were made such that he could yield in a manner to satisfy his own people back home, and without humiliation.

To prepare the ground for this man's concession I knew would take time and delicacy. Certain other nations would have been glad to see him forced to yield and exposed as weakening. Other nations would have been glad to have had the issue deadlocked. At the moment, if what I knew had been thrown out on the conference table, it might have set fire to all the tinder in one corner of Europe; on the other hand, if I could bring about conciliation quietly the United States might contribute substantially toward peace—and that was one reason for my presence at this conference. At my door I met newspapermen.

"They telephoned down that you had left his room," said they. "What did he say? What is he going to do? Is the conference going to break? What cards did you play with him? Did he yield?"

These are the practical situations which meet the new open diplomacy "openly arrived at."

The correspondents, to whom I refused information, went away, and left one of them, a lifelong friend and fine old veteran, to argue with me. As I remember it, we went for a long walk through the snow when it was nearly midnight.

"You are adopting the tactics of the same old-fashioned diplomacy which the world has condemned," he said. "The people of the United States have a right to know what you are doing. Diplomacy is now the negotiation of peoples with peoples. It is open, aboveboard."

Secret Sessions, So-Called

He was quite sincere; he was not a correspondent talking for his own benefit; he was my old friend advising me; he was talking theory and I was dealing with practice. So I said to him:

"Soon after this conference opened, the chairman of one of the three sections invited me to luncheon. He was very solemn in his warning to me. He said that he feared I might feel free to give out information to the American correspondents. He asked me to remember that to be a member of the conference was to abide by its rules of secrecy. And so I told him that I was sorry such was the case; that so far as the affairs of others were concerned, the United States representatives would give out nothing, but that the position of the United States as to various matters was in no wise secret and would be given out by me directly and through no other agency or censor. And then I took out of my pocket a Paris newspaper which contained a complete text of a statement he had made the day before at a so-called secret session!"

I said to my friend, the old newspaperman:

"There is a vast amount of nonsense on both sides. These conferences which meet around a table and set up rules for secrecy are about as secret as a bridge table. Every delegation agrees to secrecy, everything comes out through every back door, there is a scandal, and after that the bars are down. Then the conference is driven to do most of its real business in hotel rooms, and sometimes the one thread which holds peace is secrecy. I have one of those threads and I am going home to bed and only pray it will not break before I can use it tomorrow."

This thread of secrecy did not break and, perhaps solely because it did not, a peaceful agreement was woven.

The deepest impression made upon one who has had experience with international assembly, whether it be in Geneva, at the League, in Washington with the Disarmament Conference, at Paris, Genoa or Lausanne—wherever an international conference is going on—comes from the realization that the very elements which the innocent believe will give free hands to their representatives to arrive at justice and preserve peace sometimes are the factors which cause the greatest embarrassment, tie delegates' hands the tightest and lead toward irritation, suspicion, ultimate weariness and occasionally awaken all the forces of conflict. These factors are the open conference table, free discussion and publicity.

One of the most useful personal forces for peace in Europe sat in my rooms one night when things were going badly.

I said to him, "You are the man to save this conference. You have the knowledge. You have the ability. You have the personal power. You have the ear of European peoples. If you reach it now through the meeting tomorrow the conference will have to go your way. You can save the day."

Diplomatic Limitations

I still believe that I was right, but this is what he answered:

"Perhaps you fail to distinguish between your position and mine. The United States has its own foreign policy, and it is simple compared with the foreign policy of my country, of which I am the custodian. We have years of complicated agreements and accords, jealousies and suspicions, behind us. If I struck out with my opinion in the open it would disturb and awaken a thousand echoes. You know my opinion and you trust it. Well, I shall try to use it; but I shall only try to use it under the following conditions: First, behind locked doors, because it is so vigorous that in the open it would upset not only our allies and friends but also our whole internal party politics at home. I could be a martyr to my own bravery and frankness, but what right have I to overturn my country's relations with other nations and what right have I to put my political party at home into jeopardy? Secondly, I can only use my power in a way exactly the opposite of the one which occurs to you. That is, I must keep it out of the press.

"Do you expect the press of Europe to take the view that I have no ulterior motive? Do you for a moment believe it would attribute to me the unselfish motives which you do? Are you not able to see that the nations which would be reluctant to adopt my policy will use their press to prevent it and misinterpret it? You expect me to tear away the weavings of years in one speech. Well, that is the American idea. You can go in a path. We have to walk through a labyrinth. You can say what you please so long as it is what you call moral. If you are careless—well, it costs you nothing. If we are careless it costs us everything."

One of the reasons for his cynicism was that a few days before the press of one great European nation had been filled with a story utterly false that had predicted the failure of the conference.

The sum total of any close observations will show an American, particularly one who has been not only on the sidewalk just outside the show window but also inside the shop, that even the most idealistic machinery for international relations may not be as it appears on the plans or on the surface of its practice. The show window plays a large part and a useful part, perhaps, but behind these show windows the real business is still being done. Sometimes it is being done there for the best of ends—peace and justice—and has been put back into hands of old-fashioned diplomacy to have it safely and well done. At other times it is being done for ends we consider evil, and then the show window, with its pretty exhibits, is a snare to those who are foolish enough to believe that the show window is not still in control of the foreign offices of powerful governments apparently so far away. Fortunately we are able to keep our idealism and our hope and our willingness to help, without growing cynical and without much fear.

If the show windows disappoint us because they set forth only the best and only a part of the goods, there is a comforting thought in this: It is easy to be an idealist dealing with a world as one wishes it were and with facts which are not.

It is much harder—but more useful—to be an idealist dealing hopefully and bravely with a world of realities whether or not we like them.

IN the teachings of all great religions, the place of first importance among social institutions is given to the FAMILY—its foundation—the constant need of its guiding influence—*the necessity of protecting it.* And because of these teachings candles burn as a symbol in the windows of millions of homes at this holiday season—their mellow light coming down thru the ages with the blessed message of *Peace in the Home.* And of such also is the holiday message of Prudential—

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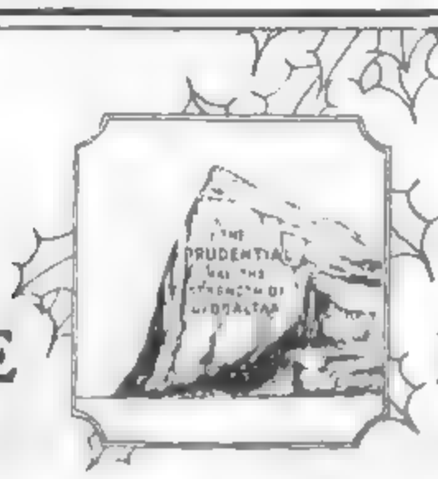

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DIRECTED BY ANDY

(Continued from Page 17)

the script girl at the time and had been attached to the Gil and Shorty unit for two years before Andy strayed into the scene. She was admittedly the best cutter in the studio, and when a movie company finds a girl who is a combination of script holder and cutter, it has a possession beyond diamonds and rubies

Another thing about Amanda Glosfoot was that she undoubtedly happened to be one of Nature's left-handed efforts, by which I mean to explain that she was neither charming nor beautiful. Script girls in motion picture studios, for some inexplicable reason, are usually unfair to look upon; and Amanda was one of these.

Her complexion, I regret to say, was the kind you could readily keep from either touching or loving. Her hair was all wrong and no hairdresser in the world could right it; it was the color and texture of hay that has been in the stack through a hard winter. And there was a futuristic look about her garments as though she had slid into them on the run. Miss Glosfoot was interested in none of the external niceties of life and avoided the beauty shops. She loved the feel of glossy film. The dimness of the laboratory raised her to wordless ecstasies, and surrounded by a mile or two of helter-skelter, confused and uncut negative, she was happy in her way.

At any rate, Amanda, tall, lean, bony of jaw and pale-blue of eye, stared in silent sympathy as it slowly crept into her consciousness that the two comedians were at Rainbow River not to make a comedy but to run Andy Getty off the pay roll as rapidly as possible.

"This," she said to me on the fifth day, "is a raw deal."

"Sure it is," I agreed. "What did you expect?"

"Why don't they give the man a chance?"

"Which isn't your business," I said, "or mine. Ask Gil if you want the facts."

I spoke a bit roughly, but then, everyone spoke roughly to Miss Glosfoot.

Undeniably Joe Murfin was at that time, and still remains, the poorest gag man in the known world. He has the reputation of never creating a gag, but always of using old stuff, going back generally into the chronicles of the business.

"We know," Gil said to him on the train to Rainbow, "that any gags we get from you will not only be no good but they will also be old, and that's what we want."

Mr. Murfin grinned and reflected that, as he was receiving two hundred a week, the conversation of a star was unimportant.

"Before we start shooting this picture," the comedian continued, "we will line up a row of old and cheesy gags and we'll see that Mr. Getty sprinkles them into his story. What's the worst gag you can remember?"

"Well," replied Joe, screwing his forehead into a frown, "there was that thing we were going to use five years ago with Slim Doble. The company finally threw it out because they were afraid of it."

"Was it one of your gags?"

"It was—and the reason we didn't dare touch it was because it had a hearse in it, and likewise a casket. You know yourself you can't monkey with those things in a comedy."

"You can in this comedy," grunted Gil. "What was it?"

Joe rapidly sketched the ancient wheeze, rejected as unfit, and Gil took it with a whoop. It was the first gag shot after we moved into action, although it had nothing whatever to do with the farm story. Gil inevitably switches things about when the shooting begins, director or no director, and the opening scene of Farm Days, instead of showing the lady losing her pearl, was a long shot of a romantic episode, wherein the fervent Gil was suitor for a dairymaid's hand. Shorty Hamp became his rival, instead of a hired man, and it was necessary for Shorty to die unexpectedly to bring about the payment of insurance money and also to start the casket gag. The chicken story began to fade almost immediately.

Shorty, as the deceased rival, was placed in his casket and a wake was arranged. Gil, the delighted and remaining lover, spent his last dollar for flowers. The humor of the gag seemed to lie in the fact that Shorty was not dead at all, but was deceiving those about him.

During the wake, he sat up among his candles, ate the mourners' sandwiches, drank their beer and conducted himself indecorously. At Gil's suggestion, Mr. Getty shot all this truck in the Allison kitchen, never suspecting it was meant for his ruination.

Sharing the pretended enthusiasm of Mr. Gilfillan, he worked his way through the entire coffin-and-hearse episode, which was quite elaborate. A hearse was borrowed at Rainbow and Shorty was loaded aboard. En route, the horses ran away and, as intended, the casket fell from the hearse and passed through a series of astounding adventures. Shorty crawled out of his box, which eventually rolled down a long hill into a lake, which became an ocean for the time being. The casket floated to sea, pursued by the entire funeral party, and there was a spirited marine-chase scene, the undertaker and his cohorts pursuing in a steam launch and the casket traveling rapidly seaward, towed by a shark. The gag ended with the discovery that the deceased was missing.

"It certainly sounds terrible," said Gil, listening to Murfin's detailed recital.

Mr. Getty shot it all, in the childlike innocence of his mind. Each night, when the day's work was over, Gil gathered his people about him and there was laughter on the front porch of the Allison homestead. Everyone rejoiced except Amanda Glosfoot, whose unshakable opinion it was that to each man should be given his chance, even if he was a small-town editor with a hook nose.

Under ordinary circumstances, a comedy company on location sends its film in daily to the home shop so that the officials can run the stuff in the projection room and have an idea of how their money is being spent; but not a single foot left the Allison chicken ranch, and Gil's reasonable explanation, which he was saving up, was that there was no postal service out of Rainbow.

The casket-and-hearse gag was not the only aged slice of gag wreckage foisted upon the unsuspecting Andrew. Joe Murfin pried off the cover of the past and brought out a flock of hoary gags, none of them brilliant, but all reeking with age, so hackneyed that only a raw director would have given them more than a scornful glance.

Fragments of the story remained and were shot into the picture by the bewildered Getty, along with the veteran japes.

"How does it seem to be going?" was Getty's nightly question.

"Great," was Gil's reply. "You've got a future, Andy. At first I was a little leery, but you're there. You know!"

"It's a shame," muttered Amanda Glosfoot, but Amanda was only a script girl and knew her place.

Gil and Shorty suggested the skunk gag, which is not elaborate, but which, as every movie fan knows, goes back to the days when Robert E. Lee bought his first safety razor. A character mistakes a skunk for an ordinary kitty-kitty and the results are sometimes alarming and sometimes funny, but the gag is a worn-out thing. Andy shot this with great interest. He had never heard of it before.

They threw pies. I have never seen so many pies thrown in one comedy before, and yet pie throwing has lost a bit of its novelty, because in the early days they did little else. Pie throwing is now a rare thing in comedies, but Andy didn't know that. Gil threw them at Shorty and Shorty threw them at Gil. Minor characters threw them. There was one entire afternoon of pie tossing, with the sun beaming down upon the merry scene and the cameras clicking steadily.

In an unguarded moment Mr. Getty said it would be rather good if he could get a close shot of the heroine entering the airplane, and Gil agreed with cheerful alacrity. Requisition went in that night by special messenger for one complete airplane, the director never suspecting that he could wait until he returned to Hollywood with his unit and take his airplane shots at the studio, without expense. The plane arrived, fully equipped for flying, and an aviator came with it, both of them traveling by train. The flying man glanced about him and observed the mountains.

"Where do we do this flying?" he asked.

"Here," said Andy, while Mr. Gilfillan turned away to conceal a smile.

"You ain't never flew up here, have you?" asked the bird man.

"No," said Andy.

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"And neither has nobody else. Look at them mountains! Are you all daffy?"

The cameramen took one close-up, and the bill for that single shot of an airplane on the ground was nine hundred dollars, counting everything. O'Day and Grogan were already making faint twittering sounds of distress, which Gil intended to convert into leonine roars before he finished his job.

"And if you want an old gag that is old," suggested Joe, thinking of his two hundred a week, "go after that thing where the man runs uphill and catches his pants on a cactus."

"And loses them," shouted Gil. "Zeek! We'll do that one tomorrow morning. I knew it was going to pay to bring you along, Joe."

Mr. Getty shot the trousers gag, and in addition took the other ancient gem of the hen laying the egg and the egg immediately hatching forth a chicken. On Saturday night of that week Gil found a piece of paper and a pencil and proved that, up to date, they had incorporated into Farm Days fourteen of the very oldest gags in motion pictures.

"Wait till they look at this junk!" Shorty said in jolly anticipation, and Gil added, "It will cost them ten thousand dollars to try out their raw orator. After this they'll learn to let me alone, no matter what New York says."

Toward the conclusion of the three weeks at Rainbow I observed that a peculiar phenomenon was taking place under our eyes. Amanda Glosfoot, who never spoke to any living man, was beginning to speak to Andy Getty. I could not believe that there was anything romantic about it or that sentiment was entering our little group; but I encountered them once or twice, after supper, walking slowly along the single street of Rainbow, and I wondered if Amanda would inform the novice that he was being played as a victim. She apparently did not, because he shot on and on to the grim finish, and we presently returned to Hollywood with what might be described as a complete motion picture. There were five reels of it, which would have to be cut down to two.

"Hello," said O'Day cheerfully on Monday morning when we reported at the studio. "What have you got?"

"I hate to say," Gil answered.

"Why?"

"You wanted your way. You wanted to put a director over me, a raw bird, and ——"

"Is it as bad as all that?"

"It's worse. This man Getty is a complete failure, and was never meant for pictures anyhow. You wouldn't believe me once, but you will now."

"Let's look at the stuff immediately," said the president. "If it was bad, why didn't you send it in?"

"Because there was no way to get it in," said Gil.

A grave assemblage met in the projection room on Monday afternoon, including Messrs. O'Day and Grogan, Charley Breyton, the studio manager, Gil and Shorty and half a dozen lesser ones. Andrew Getty was notable by his absence. The wall lights oozed out, the projector started its song, and we saw the ingredients of the picture which would be Farm Days when it was assembled. What we looked at, of course, was the usual hash, just as it came out of the cameras, with repeated scenes, scene numbers held aloft by grinning prop boys, and all the litter of uninteresting truck that clutters up a film in its early stages. The first half hour passed and I could feel astonishment growing about me. Presently the lights came up and the operator halted to change reels.

"Sweet spirits of light!" said Mr. O'Day in a low, tense voice.

He had been sitting silently in the darkness, plucking at his right eyebrow, which is a habit he has when distressed. I imagine the floor about him must have been strewn with discarded eyebrow.

Mr. Grogan, the vice president, tried to speak, but his voice trailed off into a groan.

"Why in heaven's name, Gil, did you let him take such stuff?" O'Day demanded. "You know better than that!"

"I do," admitted the star; "but he was your director, doing what you told him to do. I didn't direct the picture. You got him at a banquet and here he is."

The operator again began his ruthless work and I could hear Mr. Grogan cursing in low whispers. There were five reels of the sorry mess, a hodgepodge of feeble film story splattered with ancient gags, the leading one being the festivities surrounding the casket and hearse. O'Day, Grogan and Charley Breyton stood the anguish for three reels and then rose up.

"That's enough," said O'Day in a hollow voice. "We don't need to see any more of this. Everybody come to my office and we'll talk it over."

The Gil and Shorty unit wandered down through Stage Four into the presidential suite, with Gil poking Shorty in the ribs and the little fat man grinning in delight. O'Day stood behind his desk and gave orders.

"This," he concluded, "has been a mistake. We all make mistakes, and let's forget this as fast as we can. Gil, you start tomorrow on the story you had ready and tear into it. We've lost something like six weeks, not to speak of the money."

"What are you going to do with the Getty film?" Shorty asked.

"Leave it out on the curb with the morning garbage," answered O'Day, and the conference broke up. I glanced across the room at Amanda Glosfoot, and when she rose to depart I saw that she looked sadder than ever, which seemed impossible. At eight o'clock the following morning Mr. Gilfillan began in triumph to direct and play the lead in the comedy he had intended to make before the New York office halted him with telegrams.

At eleven o'clock the shambling figure of Andy Getty strolled through the front gate, had an altercation with the Cerberus on guard and was finally admitted to the office, where O'Day and Grogan made it brief.

"Three weeks' pay at two hundred a week is six hundred dollars," the president announced. "A check for that is ready for you, Mr. Getty. I am sorry to say our experiment was a failure. It didn't work out. The particular kind of humor you have doesn't seem to lend itself to picture comedies. As I said, I'm sorry."

"So am I," Andy agreed. "No good at all, eh?"

"It's all wrong—completely wrong. It's what we used to do years ago, and it costs us about ten thousand."

"Of course I was new to it," said Andy, who didn't seem particularly conscience-stricken. "I couldn't do much with Gil and Shorty, because they know this business and I don't."

"You don't indeed," Grogan admitted. "I thought you had other gifts which would take the place of experience. Hereafter," he continued grimly, "we let the other studios train our directors. We're through starting in raw men."

"I'm sorry," repeated Mr. Getty, and the ceremonial was ended.

The editor shuffled down the hall, collected his six-hundred-dollar check and passed through the gate and out of the motion-picture business after one brief fling. In his absence the Weekly Argus had been conducted by the office boy and seemed to be doing nicely.

For the next few days we were busy on the hurry-up picture which was to replace the failure, and the debacle of Director Andy Getty rapidly faded into the limbo of studio mistakes. O'Day ordered the Getty film shelved and the incident would have been ended, in my mind, except for my noticing Andy one night about ten o'clock. He was walking slowly, with the familiar droop of shoulder and shuffling pace, down the asphalt path between Stages Three and Four, and at his side, talking earnestly, was Amanda Glosfoot. I smiled at the thought of these two dank and dismal souls, tossed somberly together by the fates on a chicken ranch and now apparently carrying on. Rascoe, walking with me, chuckled.

"Love's young dream," I remarked.

"If them two are in love," answered Rascoe, "all I want is the phonograph records of all conversation, because that'd be something worth hearing."

We assumed that Andy was chumming with Amanda, keeping her company in the watches of the night, while she worked, because a cutting-room girl's task is a lonely one; and Amanda, like all cutting girls, toiled days, nights, Sundays and holidays, including Christmas. I felt happy that the sad-eyed editor had rescued something from the wreckage of his experiment, even if only a dash of romance.

Within a week from the night I first saw the lone figures on the asphalt walk, Amanda Glosfoot entered the office of President John O'Day and in casual conversation informed him that she had cut

(Continued on Page 117)

How old is your waist line . . ?

A nation of active men—yet this figure is typical of millions!

ARE YOU DEVELOPING the flabby trunk-muscles of physical middle-age?

Hundreds of thousands are—even men in their thirties.

What's to be done about it?

Exercise, you say—yet leading physical trainers and physicians say that *90% of the exercise we take is actually useless for these vital muscles.*

They also explain that when these muscles are continually drawn in at the waistline, they *tend to relax*—gradually to weaken—just as the muscles of your arm would weaken if held in a sling.

That is why they advise today, not only special exercises designed particularly for the strengthening and development of the trunk muscles, but the wearing of suspenders. * * *

THE PRESIDENT SLIDING-CORD SUSPENDER, by its special self-adjusting feature, adapts itself to every movement of the body. It permits that thorough physical freedom and ease which we know today is essential.

This explains why the President Sliding-Cord Suspender not only gives unusual comfort, but assures a constantly even hang to the trousers. You will appreciate this with business as well as evening clothes.

Furthermore, the webbing comes fresh from our own looms. It not only possesses a large amount of elasticity, but it keeps its elasticity over a long period of time.

The President Suspender line today includes not only this self-adjusting President Suspender, but for men who prefer it, a straight "cross-back" style.

Also extra heavy, wide-web suspenders for outdoor work.

These suspenders all carry the President label and guarantee. The long-wearing quality of their webbing, made in our own mills, will appeal to men everywhere.

No matter what style of suspender you want, look for the President label! It means physical freedom, added comfort and longer wear. President Suspender Company, Shirley, Mass.

THE PRESIDENT SLIDING-CORD SUSPENDER

The ideal suspender for physically active men. Notice the flexible, self-adjusting back which permits motion of any kind without tension either on the trousers or across your shoulders. 50c, 75c and $1.00.

THE "CROSS-BACK" STYLE

President made and wearing the famous President guarantee band. For men who prefer the straight "cross-back" type. It is built to give a high degree of elasticity and to keep this elasticity.

The President label means greater comfort and longer wear.

Look for this label no matter what style suspenders you want

for CHRISTMAS

4 reasons why Presidents are the ideal gift suspenders

[1] Their careful design insures perfect comfort.
[2] They fit the shoulders right.
[3] They insure trim appearance.
[4] Their unusually elastic webbing gives extra long wear.

President Suspenders

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Size 7 x 12
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How to Work and Finish Celoron Bakelite Panels

Will not soften with heat or deteriorate with age

Build your set around Celoron

Celoron is accepted as the standard insulating material by leading radio and electrical equipment manufacturers. It is the choice of more than a million radio fans.

USE a Celoron Panel in the next set you build. Insist on it in the set you buy.

The distinctive characteristics of Celoron are its mechanical strength, waterproof qualities, high insulating properties and machinability. Tests have proved that it is the ideal insulating material.

Celoron Panels do not soften with heat or deteriorate with age as do ordinary materials. They do not split, warp, or discolor. They never lose their beauty or their insulating properties.

The more you expect of your radio set the more you need a Celoron Panel

A Celoron Panel gives you thorough, leak-proof insulation. It guards your instruments against loss of precious electric current. It improves the appearance of your set. It helps you get the best possible results from your radio hook-up.

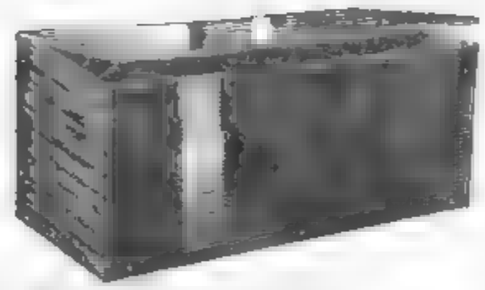
Celoron Tubing—Celoron tubing has all of the insulating qualities of sheet Celoron. It is used extensively by manufacturers of the best radio instruments. Coils wound on Celoron tubing hold their shape and give the most durable service. Celoron tubing is made in all sizes and diameters.

Celoron comes in eight panel sizes and in sheets, rods, and tubes. There are four beautiful finishes—gloss black, a dull mat black, mahogany, and walnut.

Send for FREE booklet

We have prepared an interesting booklet, "Getting the Right Hook-up with Celoron," which contains many helpful suggestions for building and operating a radio set. Send for one today, giving your dealer's name and address.

Wherever chimneys smoke and wheels turn there are countless mechanical and electrical uses for Celoron and Diamond Fibre.



When you buy a kit, when you build a set, mount it in the first and only bakelite cabinet—the new Vulcawood Cabinet. It will furnish complete insulation. Its design and finish will give your set a snappy, professional appearance.

TO DEALERS: Let your customers know that you handle Celoron Bakelite Panels. This handsome display rack gets attention—it talks for you—it makes sales easier. Write for information regarding it

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BRIDGEPORT, PA., and CHICAGO, ILL.

Branches and Sales Offices in Principal Cities

We are the largest and oldest manufacturer in the vulcanized fibre-laminated bakelite industry.

(Continued from Page 114)

the picture which they had once intended to call Farm Days.

"What?" O'Day asked.

"I cut it sort of rough," Amanda continued, slightly embarrassed.

"Who told you to cut it?" O'Day demanded in annoyance. "I told you to throw that stuff away."

"You said to put it on the shelf," the girl said. "I cut it on my own time, just for fun, and so it didn't cost the company anything."

"No, but it's a ridiculous way to waste time," snapped the executive. "Did you put in titles?"

"Temporary titles"

"Who wrote 'em?"

"I did."

"You did! Huh! Must look good."

Miss Glosfoot disregarded this reference to her ability and went on:

"It seemed this way, Mr. O'Day. You spent nearly ten thousand dollars on the picture and I thought it might be possible to save some of it, or get some of it back anyhow."

Vice President Grogan entered the room and was acquainted with Miss Glosfoot's activities.

"We might as well look at the thing," he remarked, "seeing she's gone and cut it."

Notice was posted on the information board and a dozen of us gathered in the projection room at two in the afternoon, and I found out before I left the dim building why Andy Getty had been coming to the studio of an evening. With loving hands Amanda Glosfoot had stuck the ineffable mess together, and wherever she needed a subtitle Andy had written one for her. I suppose that's what love does for people. Remembering the days of derision at Rainbow, smarting at the thought of the raw deal given Andy, the cutting girl had clipped away with her scissors. There were just eighteen titles in the two reels, and as it unfolded we sat in a solemn row in the darkness and stared.

"Terrible!" said O'Day at the finish.

"All you did," said Grogan to Amanda, "was to waste more time. It's just as putrid now as we knew it would be. Put it away somewhere and don't ever remind me of it again, because it makes me sick."

Amanda accepted the judgment without a word, took the metal canisters in her arms and walked silently back to her lair. Gil and Shorty were hopping along on the new picture and were not even present at the dismal running, but there was one mind in that little group that declined to accept O'Day's verdict as final. Charley Breyton, studio manager, granite-faced and taciturn, sat in a corner while Amanda's patched-up job was run off, and he walked back to his office alone. He has been over many a rough spot in his ten years with the studios and has seen many a sick cat get well.

"It's pretty bad," he said to O'Day. "I don't know when I've seen so much junk in two reels, and the titles are murderous. Still and all, we've chucked ten thousand into it and we might just as well take it over to Burbank and see what they think."

"Go ahead," said O'Day, "only don't ask me to look at it again."

Two people started for Burbank that night—Charley Breyton and Amanda Glosfoot. The girl piled her two reels into the back of Charley's car in front of the studio, and before it moved away a gawky figure came out of the shadows and Andy Getty silently nodded.

"Is he coming?" Breyton asked.

"If you don't mind," replied Amanda. "He's sort of interested."

The so-called comedy went on in the Burbank Gateway Theater without announcement, by arrangement with the manager. It was not the regular preview of a new picture, but more the surreptitious and guilty showing of a lame duck. Amanda and Andy sat side by side in the back row and I have no doubt they held hands. Breyton watched the two reels of stupidity, and to his surprise the audience laughed.

"They'll laugh at anything in Burbank," he said to Amanda when the show was over. "This means nothing."

At ten the next morning he informed O'Day and Grogan that an audience of supposedly sane persons found the Getty picture amusing.

"I know you can't go by anything that happens in Burbank," Breyton said apologetically; "but I mean to tell you that they actually laughed, and they laughed at those old gags. That's what knocked me—the gags."

"I don't believe you," O'Day said frankly. "You are standing there filling me with hot air. Let's try the blasted thing tonight in Pasadena."

"We will indeed," said Breyton.

Once again the sick baby was chucked incontinently into an otherwise respectable program at the Pasadena Theater, and again Amanda and Andy sat together. O'Day, Grogan, Breyton and several others listened to the laughter and walked out into the night air in bewilderment.

"They either think this is funny," said O'Day on the sidewalk, when the crowd was going home, "or else these villagers are kidding us."

Mr. Grogan actually stopped two people, who appeared to be man and wife.

"Did you think that comedy was funny?" he demanded, and they looked at him, somewhat startled.

"Yes, sir," the husband replied. "I certainly laughed at that fat man in the hearse."

"My God!" said Grogan.

"Put someone on the titles, snap up the opening and shorten the early scenes," O'Day said. "We're going to run this thing again."

"Yes, sir," Amanda said obediently.

Fresh titles were rushed through and printed, because up to this time the picture was dappled with typewritten titles. Cuts were made and the opening scenes trimmed, and once more the Getty opus was run, this time in Alhambra. Gil and Shorty attended, having been notified that the dead had apparently come to life. The Alhambra citizenry sat back in its chairs, chortled over the coffin episodes and howled when the hero mistook the skunk for a kitty.

"These people," Gil said in deep disgust, "are crazy."

"Yes," Amanda answered; "but what do you care how crazy they are if they laugh?"

It required ten nights and ten theaters to convince officials of the O'Day and Grogan Pictures Corporation that the people of California were actually laughing at the comedy and not trying to hang a spoof upon the guilty necks of the makers thereof. Gil's utter unbelief never left him. A print of the picture was sent to New York and there came back the following telegram from Hard-Boiled Garrison:

O'DAY HOLLYWOOD NIGHT LETTER PAID FARM DAYS BY FAR THE FUNNIEST THING DONE BY GIL AND SHORTY IN TWO YEARS STOP A KNOCKOUT WITH THE SALES FORCE STOP HOWARD WILDLY ENTHUSIASTIC AND WE MAY RAISE THE RATES STOP PROVES WHAT I ALL ALONG CONTENDED THAT GIL NEEDS DIRECTION STOP BEST REGARDS AND ALL HANDS SEND HEARTY CONGRATULATIONS TO DIRECTOR GETTY STOP GARRISON

O'Day read this telegram aloud to Messrs. Grogan and Breyton and there was a momentary silence in the executive chamber.

"What do you make of that?" the president demanded. "Are we all lunatics around this shop?"

"We were right," said Grogan, "and we didn't know it. Our hunch about Getty was correct, only we got our cold-foot attack too soon."

"And another thing," Breyton said thoughtfully; "if this farm thing goes over like Garrison seems to expect, then we're ready to shoot Gil and Shorty into their first five-reeler. The time is ripe."

"Exactly," agreed O'Day. "They've been nagging me for a year. We will find a first-class story, and of course there's only one man to direct them when they start on the feature stuff."

"Andy Getty," Grogan nodded, "I knew that fellow had what we needed."

Mr. Gilfillan was informed in writing that an important change confronted him and that the ambition of his life was at hand—a long feature comedy, raising him to real stardom, increasing his salary, and Shorty's too, with big-sheet advertising and all the hullabaloo that goes with five-reel production.

"Absolutely great," Gil said, staring at the pink slip and torn between strange and conflicting emotions. "I said from the very beginning that that man Getty was a natural genius."

"So did I," said Shorty, peering over Gil's shoulder. "What I want to know is how much more dough do I get?"

They called hurriedly upon John O'Day.

"When do we start this five-reeler?" the comedian inquired.

"Immediately. Mr. Getty is coming in this afternoon at three to sign his new contract."

NEIGHBORS

When Ephraim Crosby made a clearing far out on Valley Road and built his house, he had no neighbors. He lived an independent life, producing on the farm practically all that his family ate and wore. Emergencies—sickness and fire and protection of his homestead from prowlers—he met for himself. Later he had neighbors, one five and another eight miles away. Sometimes he helped them with their planting and harvesting, and they helped him in turn. Produce was marketed in the town, twenty miles along the cart-road.

Today Ephraim Crosby's grandchildren still live in the homestead, farming its many acres. The next house is a good mile away. But the Crosbys of today are not isolated. They neighbor with a nation. They buy and sell in the far city as well as in the county-seat. They have at their call the assistance and services of men in Chicago or New York, as well as men on the next farm.

Stretching from the Crosbys' farm living-room are telephone wires that lead to every part of the nation. Though they live in the distant countryside, the Crosbys enjoy the benefits of national telephone service as wholly as does the city dweller. The plan and organization of the Bell System have extended the facilities of the telephone to all types of people. By producing a telephone service superior to any in the world at a cost within the reach of all to pay, the Bell System has made America a nation of neighbors.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
BELL SYSTEM
One Policy, One System, Universal Service

How to Avoid "Rings" in Removing Grease Spots

Saturate a clean cloth with Carbona and rub the spot gently back and forth with a sweeping stroke. Never rub in circles. Raise your hand after passing the edge of the spot so as to blend the cleaned spot with the rest of the material. Place a clean white cloth or blotter under the Grease Spot to carry away the grease which Carbona dissolves—otherwise the grease spreads to the outer edges and hardens again, leaving a "ring." Use Carbona freely and rub gently. It is Carbona that cleans—not the rubbing. Dries instantly—leaves no odor.

For Safety's Sake demand CARBONA UNBURNABLE Cleaning Fluid
REMOVES GREASE SPOTS
Without Injury to Fabric or Color
20¢ 30¢ 60¢ & $1. Size Bottles at all Drug Stores

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Syracuse, N. Y. New $1,000,000 Hotel. 600 rooms—all outside with bath, servidor circulating ice water. Rates $3.00 up. Sample Rooms $4.00 to $9.00
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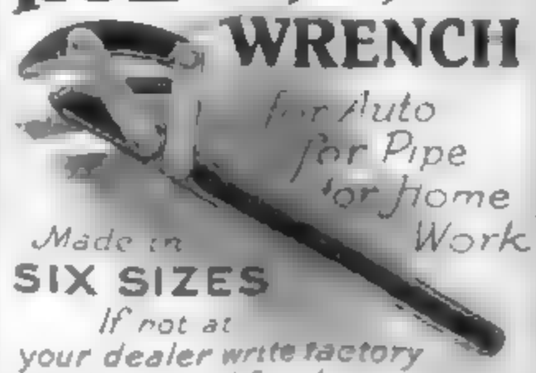

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NEED MONEY? BOYS!

A Dollar or more for you every Thursday afternoon if you sell *The Saturday Evening Post* to folks you know. Extra prizes [illegible] Start *right now*

MAIL THE COUPON TODAY!

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, *Sales Div.*
342 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

Dear Friends: Of course I need more money! Help me get it by selling *The Post*.

*Your Name*_____

*Street*_____

*Town*_____

"We'll be right here, waiting for him," said Gil. "And say, what we'll do to them with a five-reeler is a sin."

Promptly at three in the afternoon Andy Getty stood before O'Day's mahogany desk, fiddling with his hat and looking as bleak and worn as ever. O'Day shook him warmly by the hand and Vice President Grogan opened a box of rare cigars.

"Frankly," said O'Day, "we made a mistake about you, Mr. Getty, and I want to acknowledge it."

Andy coughed.

"Your picture wasn't so bad as we thought. In fact when we get through with it in the studio we're going to release it, which at first we never thought we could do."

"You changed your mind about me?" Andy asked.

"We did indeed. I have here a new contract for you. We want you to direct Gil and Shorty in their first big feature picture, and I'm raising your salary to three hundred a week."

Andy fumbled with the gift cigar, looked out of the window and said nothing. In the hall, immediately outside the presidential door, Gil and Shorty nervously smoked cigarettes and waited to be summoned for the happy ending.

"When can you start?" asked the president.

"I can't start at all," Andy said slowly.

"Why?"

"Because it's like this: You and your studio previewed the two-reeler so often that people began to hear about it and get curious. The Red Star Studio sent their whole comedy department over to San Gabriel to see it the other night and the result was that they offered me a job at five hundred dollars a week, which I took. I'm all signed up."

Mr. O'Day placed the contract upon his desk and smiled weakly.

"I'm sorry," said Andy, "but I couldn't help it."

"I congratulate you," returned O'Day. "And I wish to state that we certainly skidded into the ditch all through this deal."

Mr. Grogan silently returned his box of cigars to a lower drawer and the door opened. Gil and Shorty entered smilingly to discuss their new feature picture, which would bring them large advertising and higher pay, but the smiles melted from their faces.

"Mr. Getty," explained O'Day, "is going to direct Red Star comedies."

"Then," muttered Gil huskily, "we don't make that five-reeler?"

"No."

"We don't get any raise in pay?" Shorty asked incredulously.

"No."

The silence grew and grew and grew.

"There's one more thing," said Andy, putting on his hat as Amanda Glosfoot walked in with a manuscript. "It's about Miss Glosfoot."

He turned to the girl and smiled for the first time.

"What about her?" demanded Gil bitterly.

"Why," said Amanda, speaking up for herself, "I'm leaving the company."

"You're quitting?" O'Day asked.

"Yes, I'm going to help Andrew with his new comedy for the Red Star."

"We won't let you quit!" Grogan shouted.

"I must go with Andrew," returned the best cutter in Hollywood, "because, you see, we're arranging to be married on Wednesday, and on Thursday, if we have time ——"

"Sweet spirits of light!" O'Day said, sitting down in his large chair.

There was one more telegram and a reply:

O'DAY HOLLYWOOD DAY MESSAGE PAID DON'T LET ANYTHING KEEP YOU FROM SIGNING UP THIS MAN GETTY STOP HE'S GOT TRUE COMEDY ANGLE AND WILL ADD THOUSANDS TO GIL AND SHORTY SALES STOP PAY HIM WHAT HE ASKS ONLY DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY GARRISON

The reply was:

GARRISON NEW YORK STRAIGHT TELEGRAM PAID KINDLY ATTEND TO YOUR OWN DEPARTMENT AND LET US RUN THIS END OF THE BUSINESS STOP GETTY SIGNED UP WITH THE RED STAR AND ANYHOW IS NOTHING BUT A SECOND-CLASS DIRECTOR AS ANYBODY KNOWS WITH A GRAIN OF SENSE STOP O'DAY

Your Daughter

How much of *her* life must be spent in filling oil lamps, scrubbing clothes and pumping water?

None.

For our generation has made a great contribution to human progress: it has transferred to electricity the burdensome work that women used to do. Your daughter entered the world at a fortunate time.

On many of the motors that make hard housework easy you find this monogram. It stands for General Electric Company, a nation-wide organization which produces apparatus and machines that have made electricity into a servant that works for all.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

BOYS A NEW RADIO SET— that doesn't cost you a cent!

THE Radio of your dreams, and the fun it will bring, can be yours *without costing a cent!* Accessories, too—loud speaker, amplifier, a book of instructions—useful even if you have a Radio right now!

OTHER prizes, too,—your choice of skates, basketball goods, scout equipment, watch, a jack-knife—can be yours without cost if you sell *The Saturday Evening Post* to friends near your home (in U. S.). And it's easy, for we show you how to sell. To learn how, mail this "ad," with your name and address —and tune in—RIGHT NOW!

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343 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pa.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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Table of Contents

December 20, 1924

Cover Design by J. C. Leyendecker

SHORT STORIES

	PAGE
Something Squishy—*P. G. Wodehouse*	6
Touchstone—*Josephine Daskam Bacon*	8
The Fourth Grace—*Mary Brecht Pulver*	12
The Anachronism—*Hugh MacNair Kahler*	14
Directed by Andy—*Frank Condon*	16
White Lights and Amber—*Octavus Roy Cohen*	33
The Sure Shouter—*Sam Hellman*	36

ARTICLES

Aeronautical Era—*Brigadier General William Mitchell*	3
Life on the Shenandoah—*Captain Stanford E. Moses*	5
Tips Within Tips—*Ralph McAllister Ingersoll*	10
Roadside Markets—*Elizabeth Frazer*	11
International Show Windows—*Richard Washburn Child*	21
Auction Hounds—*Walter Prichard Eaton*	30

SERIALS

The Last Night (Second part)—*Alice Duer Miller*	18
Barter (Third part)—*Henry C. Rowland*	24

MISCELLANY

Editorials	20
Short Turns and Encores	22

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THERE'S no gift like a watch, nothing used so much, consulted so often, carried so long.

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Your dealer can show you Ingersolls to fit every purse and purpose. Sizes for men and women, boys and girls. Radiolite dials that tell time in the dark. Jeweled models in nickel and gold-filled cases. Prices from $1.75 to $11.00.

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The New Ingersoll Improved Yankee

The New Yankee in its cheery red box makes a fine Christmas gift.

This new model has the dependability that everyone expects in an Ingersoll, and in addition has many new features of grace and beauty, such as the antique bow and crown, closer casing and a new dial.

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Most parents don't forget them—as evidenced by the overwhelming demand for the Ingersoll Midget during the past few years.

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Give your boy a new model Junior. It's a fine looking watch, 12-size, thin model, and it keeps dependable time.

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The jeweled Waterbury. Stylish 12-size; "silver" dial.

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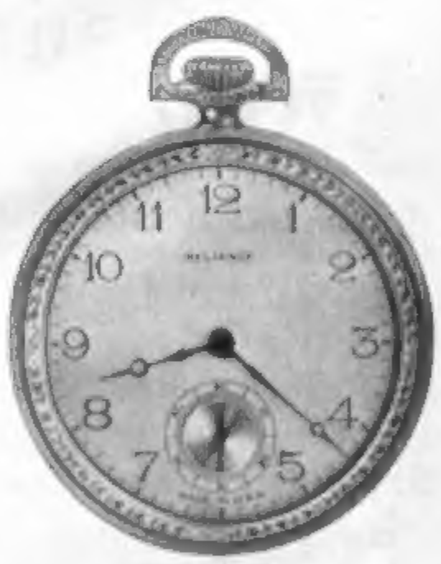

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An Ingersoll will serve well as a watch for day-in and day-out use; or as an "extra" for knockabout use.

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The Ingersoll Waterbury, like the famous Yankee leads in its field. It is a jeweled watch that combines stamina with style. 12-size; solid nickel case.

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remember this as the Christmas you gave him his Ingersoll?

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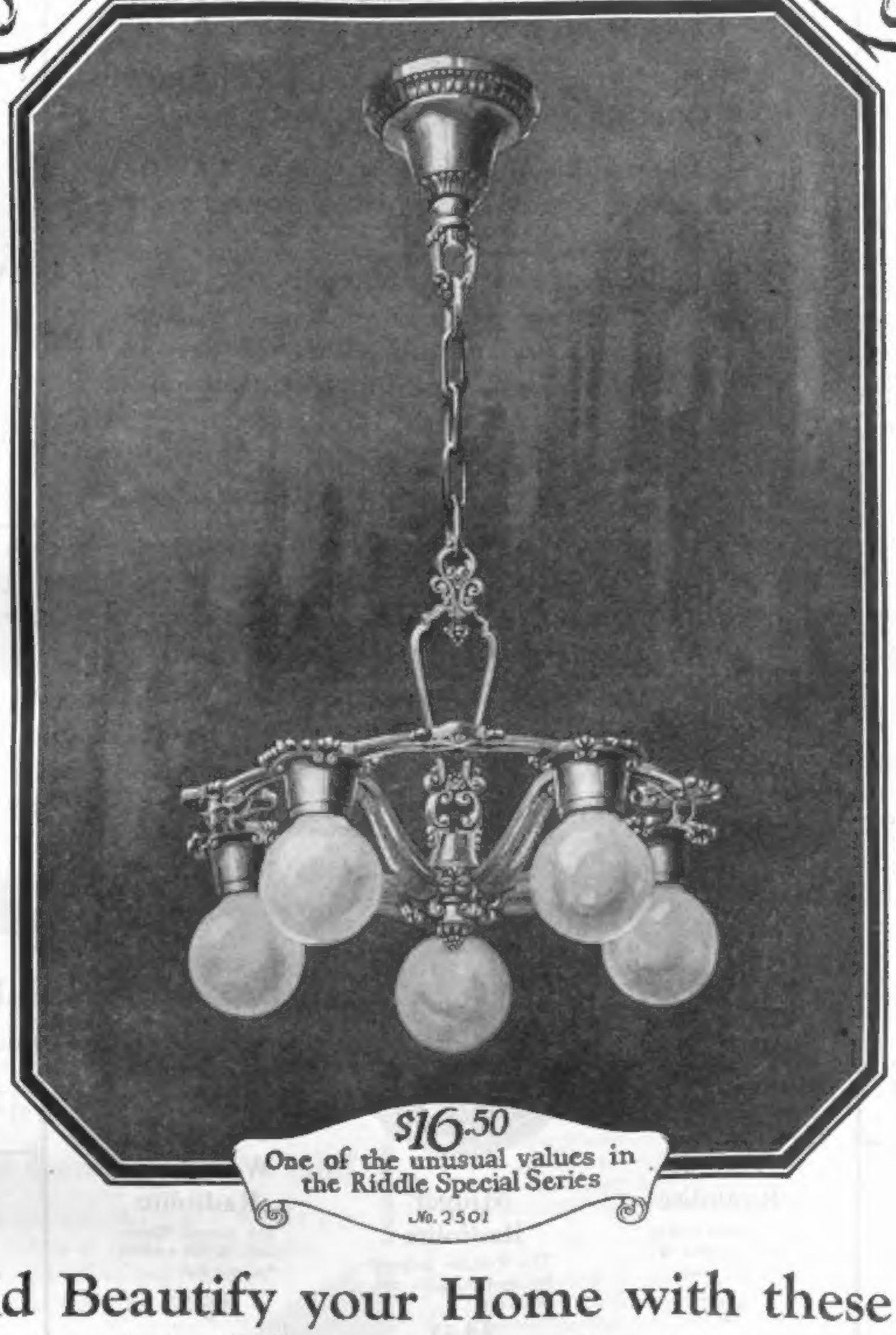


$16.50
One of the unusual values in the Riddle Special Series
No. 2501

Riddle Special Series 3-candle fitment, No. 2506, $12.50. Same style in 4-light fitment, No. 2503, $14.50.

Riddle Special Series 1-candle wall fitment, No. 2508, price $7.50.

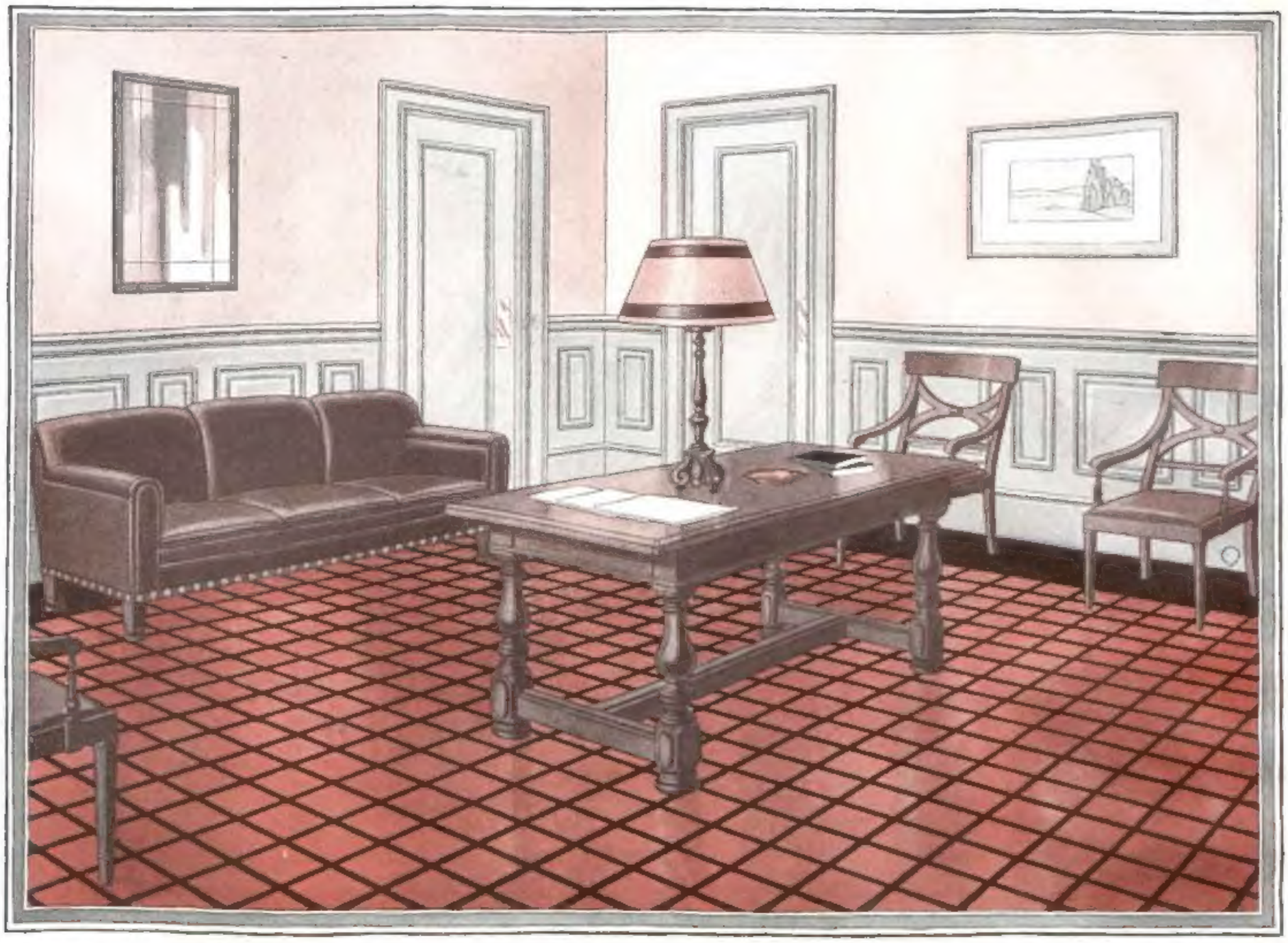
Prices do not include Mazda Lamps

You, too, should Beautify your Home with these New Fitments

The recent announcement of the Riddle Special Series Fitments caused a widespread demand for this beautiful new lighting equipment on the part of many home owners who appreciated the opportunity of securing lighting fitments of genuine Riddle make at even less than the cost of ordinary lighting fixtures. Designed by the regular Riddle staff of decorative lighting experts, and produced under exactly the same conditions as the highest priced Riddle pieces, the Special Series truly offers unusual advantages for beautifying homes new or old with decorative fitments now widely recognized as the standard of residential lighting. The ten pieces in the series provide appropriate fitments in harmonious design and decoration for all the major rooms of homes and apartments. They are now on display by Authorized Riddle Dealers at the advertised prices. Illustrated color folder showing all ten styles sent on request.

Fitment No. 2501 illustrated in the center above may also be had as a 5-light candle piece (No. 2500), price $16.50.

THE EDWARD N. RIDDLE COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO



Where the Anxious Public Waits

THE doctor, the dentist, the lawyer! We must all wait in their anterooms. There we sit with our eyes on the floor; and the floor tells much about the kind of man we are waiting to see.

What sort of floor has your anteroom? Is it neat and spick and immaculate? Or is it like a soiled collar, a dingy reminder of its owner's carelessness? People jump to impressions of you through *your* floors.

Armstrong's Linoleum should be the floor of the doctor's office, as it is already the floor of the hospital; it should be the floor of the lawyer's office, as it is already the floor of the courthouse; it should be the floor of the dentist's office, as it is already the floor of the dentist's college.

Linoleum is displacing the worn-out wood floor, because it is a cleaner, smoother, more sanitary floor, without open seams for dust to lie in, or germs to breed in. Also, because it is a silent floor and a springy floor. And because it is a beautiful floor which can harmonize in color with the walls and furniture.

So easy to care for

Floors of Armstrong's Linoleum are not only clean—they are easy to keep clean. Wax your linoleum floors once or twice a year, rubbing the wax in thoroughly until it hardens and takes on a firm polish. Then go over it as needed to remove dust with a dry mop that has been moistened with liquid wax. So treated, a linoleum floor actually improves in looks. The wax coating not only protects the linoleum surface, but softens its color. It mellows and glows.

For any place of business new linoleum floors, well selected, will elevate the tone and add to the dignity of the establishment.

Consult your merchant or architect

In your city, probably on your street, there is a merchant who makes a specialty of designing linoleum floors for offices, shops, and other places which the public frequents. Call this merchant on the telephone and ask him to submit samples of designs and colorings in Armstrong's Linoleum to suit the decorative needs of your particular office. Ask him to tell you about the marble tiles, plain tiles, in grays, blues, reds, browns, greens, to be laid with a border of contrasting color. Such a floor, though easy to choose and low in cost, seems built to fit the room.

If you are planning new offices, consult your architect, and tell him to look into the matter of linoleum floors for you. There are many designs and patterns in Armstrong's Linoleum to enable you to select a floor that exactly fits the architectural plans.

Our 48-page book, "Business Floors," is illustrated with colorplates showing the different patterns of Armstrong's Linoleum, including Jaspés (two-tone effects), tile inlaids, marble tiles, rich plain colors, and parquetry inlaids. It contains information on the care of linoleum floors and directions for laying Armstrong's Linoleum over concrete or wood. Write for it.

Look for the CIRCLE A *trademark on the burlap back*

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY, *Linoleum Division*, 834 Liberty Street, LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA

Armstrong's Linoleum

for Every Floor in the House

Keep the whole year

1925

bright and cheerful
with healthful sanitary
cleanliness

By using Old Dutch every day of the year, you will enjoy the comfort and satisfaction of healthful, sanitary cleanliness throughout the house.

The fine flaky particles of Old Dutch Cleanser remove all visible as well as invisible impurities, making everything wholesome and hygienically clean.

Old Dutch will save you money too, because its particles being flat-shaped, cover more surface, therefore, it goes further. There is no waste; furthermore, it doesn't hurt the hands nor does it scratch.

There is nothing else like it

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